

SOME CURIOUS SCHOOLS



D. CLOTHROP
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AT THE PICTURE GALLERY.

SOME CURIOUS SCHOOLS.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (N. Y. ART SCHOOL); THE BOSTON WHITTLLING SCHOOL; REFORM SCHOOL AT METTRAY; THE TRAINING SCHOOL-SHIP MINNESOTA; ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SEWING-SCHOOLS; THE BOSTON SCHOOL FOR DEAF MUTES; THE FLOWER SCHOOL AT CORLEAR'S HOOK; PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL OF REFORM; CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT; THE PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND; THE CHINESE MISSION SCHOOL; LADY BETTY'S COOKING SCHOOL, ETC., ETC.

OVER ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS,

By MISS L. B. HUMPHREY, JESSIE CURTIS, MARY A. LATHBURY, AND HERMANN FABER.

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SOME CURIOUS SCHOOLS.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR; A NOVEL ART-SCHOOL.

BY MISS F. E. FRYATT.

I.

ONE of the most unique and delightful schools in the city of New York is the quaintly named "Children's Hour," conducted by a society of women-artists, and founded in 1878 by Miss Mary Cook, a lady well-known for the past thirty years in the art-circles of that city.

One of the first pupils of the School of the National Academy of Design, at a time when it was about to close for want of funds, she came generously to the rescue, paying the coal bills for the season; becoming a Fellow for life of the National Academy, she was, in this way, one of the first to contribute to its present financial independence.

Miss Cook gave her time, means and influence largely toward gaining for women-artists recognition and broader opportunity for the study of art, being instrumental, in connection with seven other ladies, in founding in 1867 the present "Ladies' Art Association," of New York, a society that has sent teachers to all parts of the Union. Her chief labors, however, have been among the young, and long observation of the child-nature led her to believe in the value and necessity of a much earlier training of the eye than is usually given.

Miss Cook did not live to carry out her views re-

garding the school she founded, her death occurring shortly after its organization. An able successor was found in Miss Alice Donlevy, whose extensive knowledge of form and color, as she is one of the finest designers of illumination in the United States, peculiarly fitted her for training the young in the first principles of art, and leading them, either to its higher walks, or so preparing them that they may apply their knowledge of drawing industrially, or to the surroundings of daily life.

With a quick intelligence and great originality, added to enthusiasm in her work, Miss Donlevy has quietly and modestly developed so successful a method that the "Children's Hour" is rapidly becoming a most interesting and valuable educational institution; so beneficial indeed, has been its first season's lessons that similar schools are to be organized in Boston, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Jersey City and New York, to be taught by teachers especially trained for this purpose in the art-industrial class of the "Ladies' Art Association" of New York.

Attracted by the sweet, suggestive name I recently visited this little art-school on Fourteenth street, and found the teacher preparing for the first session of the new season.

The season is divided into three terms of ten weeks each. Miss Kyle teaches the Wednesday

classes, Miss Donlevy the Saturday, and leads the Monthly Hour trip, talk, or whatever it may be. Pupils enter at any time. Though the school is not free, the terms are almost nominal, being only five dollars per quarter. The teachers are not salaried. The school opens October 4th, and closes the last Saturday in June. It is patronized by the intelligent wealthy classes, and those in moderately easy circumstances.

The school is divided into classes of ten, the number being thus limited because the system is such that a teacher cannot do justice to a larger number.

The room is large and airy, lighted by a spacious window, whose broad sill, filled with potted plants, forms an impromptu conservatory for the use of the school, the plants being chosen for the grace, boldness, or delicacy of their foliage, not for ornamental purposes only, but as models for study of design, no drawing being done from the flat.

The neutral tinted walls are hung with casts of decoration, framed illuminations, and brackets supporting vases of various forms. An open cabinet near the window displays on its shelves dainty bits of porcelain in the way of Indian, Chinese and Japanese plaques, cups, saucers and vases of admirable form and color; these also will serve as models.

The most attractive feature — certainly what pleased me most — was a great portfolio of pencil and water-color sketches from object and nature, the work of little children in all parts of the Union; for the ladies of this association ask all the little boys and girls who can make original drawings (I might as well tell them just here, for the WIDE AWAKE goes everywhere) to send in their little pictures that the scholars of the "Children's Hour," seeing them, will work all the harder to do as well or better, if possible. This collection of children's pictures was originated by requests made at meetings of the Association, and by notices in the New York papers. I may here state that Master Montgomery Wood, a direct descendant of Matthew Thornton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was the first child to send in sketches — in fact he is the "Montie" of this article.

A large round table occupies the center of the room; on it the teacher has picturesquely grouped the material for the morning lesson — a jar of oil, a pitcher of water, a vase of green leaves, a small

flower-pot, an earthen cylinder, a lemon, some paper and paint-brushes, and finally, two bowls filled with white powder.

As she gave the finishing touches to the arrangement, we heard a hum of childish voices; the door opened; in came a troop of little lads and lasses, and "*presto, pass!*" as the magicians say, the teacher (who by the way, is a bright wee little body herself,) became so surrounded and smothered in twining arms and waving tresses, that for a moment I couldn't tell where she was except for the sound of kisses all coming from one spot. When I tell you that this is



MAKING CASTS.

a Saturday school you can put that fact and the love of the pupils for their teacher together, and the sum of it will show you what a pleasant school it is.

"Are these all to be artists?" I ask, when the hum of the children's greetings subsides.

"In every case, no!" decidedly replies the teacher. "Of course some will draw landscape and figures, and perhaps excel. But I will tell you what all my little people will be — if not artists in the

future, at least refined, intelligent and useful citizens. My boys, for instance, will probably turn their knowledge of drawing to account industrially: they will neither design or buy a grotesque carpet; apply ornament falsely; or cover the natural beauty of the graining of a piece of oak or maple with dull paint. Ah, I could tell you many things—but you will judge for yourself."

"And what of your girls?"

"My girls?" replies the teacher brightening, "ah, they'll never waste their precious youth in Berlin-wool portraits and square-eyed monsters! One will be able some day to wear with honest pride exquisite lace of her own designing; another shall show you in her house curtains whose chief value lies not in the material, however rich, but in the lovely border which shall be the creation of her own fancy."

I may say here, that one little girl of eleven, under this system has shown such remarkable talent that she has been sent to Italy to study for a time, and observe the art treasures of that country.

"Many a child," adds the little lady, "has a special ability that only needs discovery and development to prove a source of joy and profit to it in its after-life; without that discovery and development it is like the 'talent folded in the napkin'—wasted."

Meanwhile the little folks who had disappeared for the moment reappear from the dressing closets; hats and wraps have been doffed, and now they look like true little workmen in their rolled-up sleeves and gingham aprons.

However they do not seem quite ready for business; something important is on foot; all their faces twinkle with mysterious merriment. See, they gather in groups, put their small heads together and murmur like a hive of bees! Little packages in tissue paper are drawn forth from sly pockets and cunning baskets—and look, an elder boy advances as spokesman of the party:

"Teacher, we remembered what you said about our gathering autumn leaves during vacation, so we've brought you a magnificent lot—oh, the loveliest you've ever seen!"

"And we know the names of every one of them and how they grow—" exclaims a sunny-haired lassie of seven summers. "And we do so want to paint them some time!"

Package after package being opened, the little folks fairly clap their hands in delight over the rainbow-tinted treasures of wood and field. Not until they are promised a talk on autumn leaves and a painting lesson at some future period, and the lovely things are packed away and hidden from sight in the drawers of the cabinet, do the little chatterers become quiet and settle down to the lesson of the day.

"Who can inform me what plaster-of-Paris is?" inquires the teacher, as all are seated at the round table.

A small brown hand is held up, and an eager voice exclaims:

"I can, teacher; it's gypsum!"

"That is correct, Bertie; and now since you are one of the older scholars, I will ask you to explain to the class what I am going to do with it and why!"

"Yes, ma'am; you are going to make casts of leaves and other things on the table, and they will have to be solid, of course. Now the gypsum was once solid, but all the heat—no, I mean all the water has been driven out of it by heat, making it into a powder; so you put water into it again, enough to make it paste or cream, and then it will harden again taking the form of anything you put it on."

"Very good, Bertie, and thank you! Now Montie be kind enough to show the class what to do with the tissue paper."

With an air of importance Montie prepares a small pad of paper something in the shape of a leaf, dampening it with water; he then takes a leaf from the vase, and with a small brush covers its surface lightly with oil.

Scores of bright eyes watch him, and busy hands follow his example.

"Children, do you notice any peculiarity about your leaves?" inquires the teacher, just here.

"Mine is green and pointed," exclaims a bright little girl, holding up her leaf and eyeing it with critical examination; "and, let me see—oh, yes, the veins all run to the middle line; it is a rose leaf."

"Mine isn't a bit like Dora's at all, even in color," it is round like an umbrella, and pale green," cries another wee damsel. "All its veins run to a spot in the middle where the handle—no I mean the stem—comes up. It's a nas—eh, nas-turtium?"

"Mine is a lily leaf, dark green and shining, and like a spear men used to fight with!" exclaims Eugene, "and all the lines run right down to the stem."

"Very fine, children; I see you remembered your thinking-caps this morning!"

A ripple of laughter greets this little speech, and one little fellow exclaims:



THE CHILDREN AT WORK, IN THE STUDIO.

"Why, I have never taken mine off since I first came here last fall."

As conversation is encouraged as a means of drawing out ideas, the children frequently ask ques-

tions of each other or propose them to the class. Listen, for Eugene is asking one now:

"Why do we use oil on our leaves?"

"To keep 'em from stickin' to the plaster," lisps

Horatio, the smallest tot in the class.

"Smart little chap," returns Eugene patronizingly.
 "Yes, and because oil and water won't unite."

The little pads of paper are now hollowed on the top, dampened again, the plaster mixed into a paste, poured into the hollow, the leaves pressed lightly on the plaster, and then carefully set aside for hardening.

Meanwhile Edith, and Dora, and Jessie, are busily engaged filling the flower pot and the bottle with this same liquid paste; and Bertie is making a little plaster-bed to lay the lemon in, first having carefully oiled the front.

The teacher looks on approvingly, giving advice, and explaining in simple language the peculiar process of rapid crystalization by which the plaster hardens, giving out heat when at the point of setting. Hearing this the children touch their molds daintily, and start with surprise on finding them hot.

Soon the leaves are gently stripped from the solid plaster; with exclamations of pleasure the children see every vein, point, and curve traced on the white surfaces. But what is their delight to find something more wonderful still, when the teacher takes a wooden hammer and deftly breaks away the flower pot, and the bottle, to find these forms reproduced in hard, white stone!

There was once, my little readers, a great stupid fellow named Peter Bell — at least I think that was his name — and he was not the only man of his kind who could look on the beautiful sky, and the trees, and the golden grain in the fields, thinking nothing more than whether it would rain, or how much wood the trees would make, or how many bushels of wheat could come from the acre — he saw none of the wonderful beauty that lies in all these lovely things:

"A primrose by the river's brim,
 A yellow primrose was to him;
 And it was nothing more."

And why? simply because he had not gone to a school where his ideas could be awakened, and his eyes opened to the inner beauties of nature, probably he had not been to any school at all, at any rate, no one had ever put a "thinking cap" on his poor little head when he was a child, and that was why he was so stupid. And let me tell you here, children, you are very fortunate to live in these good times when there are so many wonderful schools, and books, and magazines for little folks, and it will certainly be your

own fault if you should not take advantage of them, and grow up like "Peter Bell."

Dear me! I have left the class waiting a long time. As I was saying, every vein, and point, and curve appeared distinct and clear on the white stone, and all the scholars studied them closely, and talked about them, thus ending the first lesson in Color and Form. I am very certain that no girl or boy in that school will ever look at a leaf or flower without studying it.

What is very pleasant about this school is this: the pupils may ask questions about everything in any way pertaining to the lesson, and they get such entertaining and instructive answers that they soon understand what was previously a mystery to them. The teacher knows quite well that a child is not at all like the majority of grown persons who pass many beautiful and wonderful things without noticing them, but is full of a healthy curiosity to know the nature and uses of everything surrounding it, from the stars to the smallest insect.

The children of this school, when the lesson of the day is finished, do not rush heedlessly off leaving the teacher to place the room in order. Oh, no, then comes the lesson in neatness and method. Four girls and boys are now chosen as House Committee. Deftly they work in their little blue aprons; the boys bring the basin of water and towels, and the girls set to work washing the cups and bowls, and brushes, drying them carefully while the boys remove the oil, and the plaster, and bits of broken molds.

II.

Time has passed none too quickly for the small inquirers. It is Saturday again, and our little friends are once more seated at the round table.

What a hum I hear as they try to decide the subjects for the pictures to-day! Some of the elder scholars of a previous session compose little studies from objects in the room; one chooses a vase with a bit of drapery for back-ground; another a small easel with a tiny palette hanging on it; here a boy draws from his pocket a bag of bright-colored marbles — agates, he calls them — and is allowed to pile them with pretty effect on a ground of blue paper; another draws from a toy ship placed in a wash-bowl, and Horatio has brought his ball and asks whether it will make a good picture for painting —

for to-day one can see by all the little boxes of water-colors, there's going to be a painting lesson.

Each child is allowed to compose, as it were, the subject, the teacher looking on and occasionally giving a hint as to arrangement, watching the bent and method of each scholar.

"Draw bold, decided lines, children," she says,



MIXING COLORS.

"because if you make a mistake they can be as easily rubbed out as weak, trembling, slowly drawn lines."

She says this while the ball, the marbles, the vase, the ship and the easel are being outlined on the drawing pads. The girls have chosen the autumn leaves as subjects, pinning them in pretty groups for sketching.

Silence reigns for a time, so intent are the little workers, until now wee Horatio speaks up with an air of discovery :

"Why, teacher, I thought my ball was all black until just now, but it looks gray in some places, and on top it is almos' white where the light shines on it!"

"Very true, Horatio," speaks the teacher ; "and, Montie, what can you say about your vase?"

"It is straight up and down, and hollow like a reed ; it is a Chinese vase."

"Yes, the Chinese have a plant in their country called the bamboo, and you will notice this vase is an imitation of a section of bamboo stem. The Chinese artist got his idea from that ; all nations copy the forms of the fruit, flowers, and leaves of their country in the forms of their ornaments, and domestic or sacred vessels."

"Wouldn't a morning-glory make a lovely shape for a vase?" suggests Dora, meditatively.

"Teacher," exclaims Bertie impatiently, "may I say something about my marbles? for papa took me to a factory and I saw them blowing glass, and I know all about how this color gets into the glass!"

As I listened to the child's graphic description as he told the process, step by step, I wondered at the amount of information so

small a child could obtain in one visit to a factory, and this visiting, by the way, is a feature of the "course" in this wonderful little art school, the teachers desiring at every opportunity to instruct the children in the uses of art in its application to industry.

Bertie has finished his account which has been listened to with open-eyed wonder. The teacher now passes around examining each sketch ; she then directs

how to prepare and lay on the first washes. This is a trying time to the young painters who must wait for each wash to dry. With what an air of knowledge the little painters hold their sketches at a distance, put their heads on one side, and examine them with an air of criticism droll to witness.

"Time and the hour run through the roughest day," says the poet, but it has flown for these little ones. It is just a quarter to twelve; Master Brush and Miss Easel, Miss Palette and Mr. Paintcup, as the children have quaintly named to-day's House Committee, have their duty to perform. In quick order all signs of the morning's lesson are removed.

"I have something to say to you, children" announces the teacher. "My clever little girls and boys, you all failed to discover a very important part of a picture to day; in fact none of your pictures can be finished without it. Who can tell me what it is?"

"No one? Then I'll appoint four boys and girls to discover the mystery. Eugene, Dora, Edith, and Horatio, search every part of the room; everything in it, and indeed every boy and girl, has one. Now look everywhere!"

Down go four little heads at once; inquisitive eyes peep under chair and table, search the floor and walls.

"I know, I know," suddenly cries Dora jumping up and clapping her hands in glee, "guess, guess, what it is! It's only a shadow—see, we all have one—oh, weren't we stupid though?"

"What a hunt for a shadow!" chimes in Jessie, "and there it was hunting with us all the time!"

"That will do, children. Next Saturday I shall expect to hear ever so much news about this subject, so you hunt and watch shadows as much as you like, and come prepared for a shadow talk next week."

When the Saturday arrives one boy tells his experience; he has learned that the shape of a shadow varies with the time of day; another says a shadow has a shadow of its own; Montie declares they are blackest near the object they fall from; Dora affirms they have no will of their own but go up and down or round everything, trying, poor things, to keep a proper shape all the time.

While they add this important part to their pictures the teacher pleasantly explains the cause and philosophy of shadows and shading. Then follows a lesson in lines to give accuracy. T. squares, compasses,

and other instruments are given them. Fences will be the subject—a board, a rail, a picket fence or a fancy railing, as each child may select, and invent, or sketch from memory. These sketches are afterward made into pictures or ornamental designs by the addition of sky, trees, flowers, dots, vines, and lines, according to the fancy of each child.

The girls, with one or two exceptions, converted their sketches into pretty, though simple patterns for lace or embroidery, showing in this way the awakening of the spirit of design, however rude the beginning. The boys ornamented their fences, or imitated the grain of the wood in the color, one or two showing considerable invention.

The children's sketches and casts, products of their lessons, are exhibited at the regular monthly meetings of the Ladies' Art Association.

The crowning pleasure of each month is an entertainment taking the place of the usual lesson. An hour is devoted to illustrated talks on general art or art-industrial subjects. Sometimes there will be a sketching trip to Central Park, the "little men and women" taking their sketching materials; there they study the forms of animal and vegetable life for future designs. At other times there will be a peep into some establishment where art is applied to industry. About fifty children usually assemble for these trips.

It is Saturday again; the little folks are going to visit a Picture Gallery this time; let us go with them.

The exhibition is one in "Black and White." To the average adult all the pictures are simply black and white—not so to these earnest young thinkers. Listen to this small critic while he speaks!

"Why, Jessie, this is an etching; and that is a pen and-ink; don't you see how much finer one is than the other?"

"Yes, but what is an etching, Eugene?"

"It's a drawing done with a fine needle on a metal, or glass plate—then they print from that; this is a print from an etching," answers Eugene.

"How clever you are," exclaims Jessie. "Miss Donlevy told you, though!"

"Of course she did, and lots more. This is a sepia drawing—I guess you don't know what sepia is; it comes from the cuttle-fish!"

"That is what my bird loves and he never paints;" laughs Dora. "Mamma says the white substance is

thrown from the fishes' backs in the Mediterranean ocean, and—oh, dear, I remember now—when the cuttle-fish is chased by an enemy he throws out a sort of dark colored ink to hide himself in."

"And yet he never writes, Dora," whispers Eugene mischievously.

And thus they chatter, moving in little groups from picture to picture, asking questions in no idle spirit of curiosity, but in thoughtful mood. There a little maid with sunny hair claps her hands in delight, she has recognized the original of a "*Wide Awake*" picture. Another stands in ecstasy regarding a "*St. Nicholas*" fairy scene.

The most wonderful thing to me was the recognition of various artists' work by their style; one boy

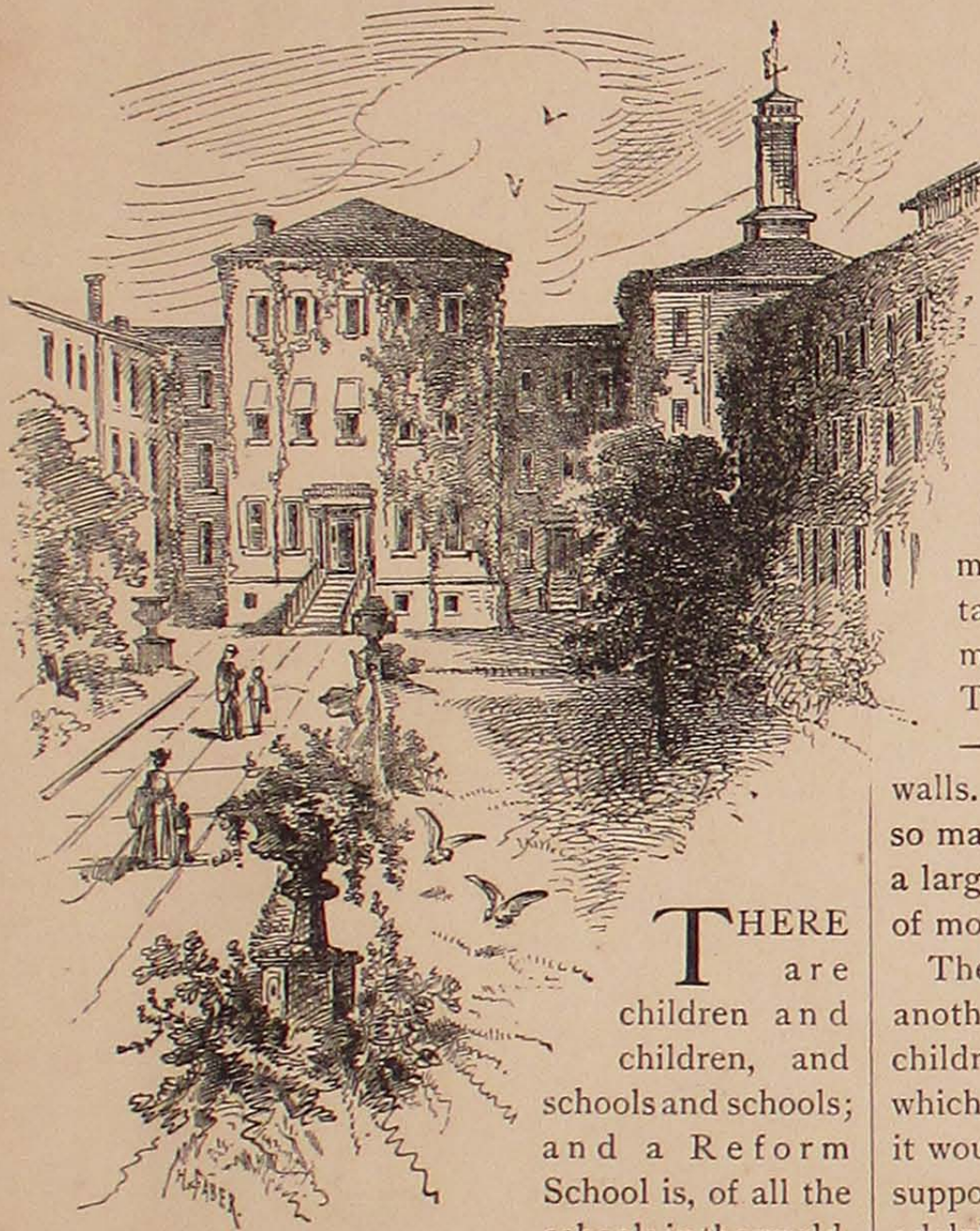
discovered a Moran, another an Abbey, and a third a Greateorex, giving their reasons very clearly, and in most instances correctly. I could not have believed that young children can discriminate, compare, and judge so well had I not heard for myself; nor would I have believed that mere lines and forms, without color to attract, would so delight and absorb them.

"Teacher, do you know what I would like to do when I grow up, above all things in this wide, wide world? Oh, if I could do it, I would be as happy—oh, as happy as happy could be!" said a little girl as the school passed from the gallery down to the street. "I would like to draw for the '*Wide Awake*' and '*Harpers*!'"

Perhaps she will some day.

PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL OF REFORM.

BY MRS. MARY WAGER-FISHER.



ENTRANCE TO THE PHILADELPHIA REFORM SCHOOL.

THERE are children and children, and schools and schools; and a Reform School is, of all the schools in the world, one to which children most dislike to

be sent. There are two reasons for this: one is, that a *good* child is *never* sent to it, and the other reason you will discover as you read further on. In large cities, more than in the country, there are a great many children who, from various causes, are so disobedient and unruly that their parents cannot control them, and sometimes so wicked that it is dangerous to allow them their liberty. Sometimes they steal, set fire to buildings, and sometimes they run in the streets, mere vagabonds and tramps; sometimes

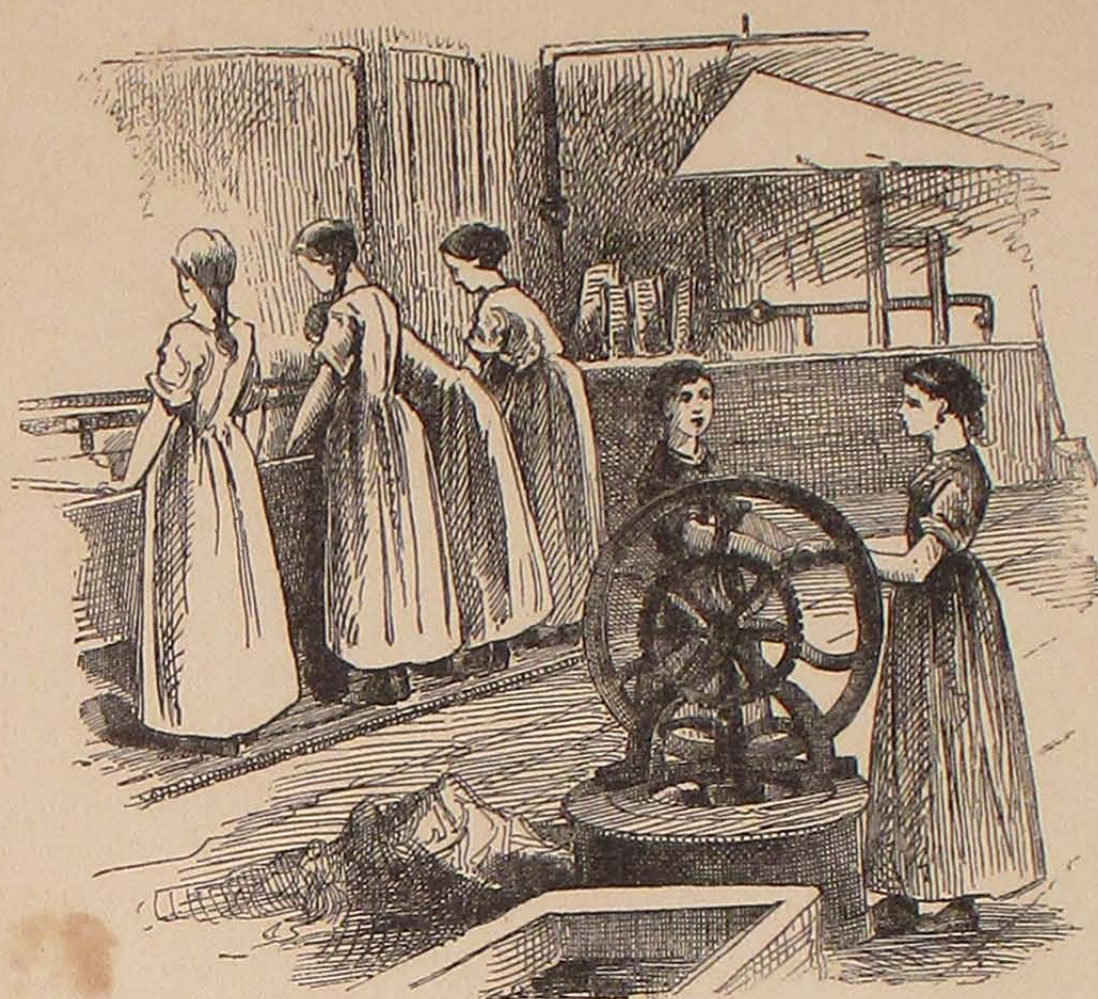
they are the children of respectable parents, but oftener are orphans or worse than orphans, and have not a friend in all the world. For such unhappy children as these Reform Schools have been established, for the express purpose of reforming them, teaching them to be honest, industrious, and well-mannered, to read and write, to work, to play, and to be good, useful and happy; at all events, to be much better boys and girls when they leave the school than when they entered it.

The Philadelphia Reform School, which is commonly called "The House of Refuge," was established over fifty years ago, and has cared for more than fourteen thousand boys and girls. There are rather more than six hundred children — white and colored — every year within its walls. To feed, clothe, lodge, teach, and care for so many boys and girls requires a great deal of room, a large number of teachers and managers, and plenty of money.

There are several buildings — one for white boys, another for white girls, and still another for colored children — all of brick, and these are in a large park which is surrounded by a high stone wall, over which it would be difficult to climb. The money for the support of the school is supplied by the city of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, by donations from people interested in the School (one gentleman, Mr. Frederick Kohne, bequeathed the large sum of one hundred thousand dollars to the House), and by the earnings of the children themselves, which last year amounted to ten thousand dollars.

And how do they earn money? They make shoes, bottom chairs, knit stockings, weave wire, make brushes, toy watches, match boxes, baskets, and wicker-work. They have nine hours for sleep, six or seven hours for work, three hours for school, and the rest of the time for their meals and for play.

And now having told you this much about the



WASH-ROOM, WITH GIRLS AT WORK.

the name, age, and the offence of the child is noted down in a book, and, nearly always, the superintendent or matron has a talk with the young offender, and tries to win his or her confidence. The child is then taken for a bath, made thoroughly clean, the hair is neatly cut, and a clean suit of clothing put on. Every child has three suits—one for work, one for school, and one for "Sunday." The boys' suit for work is a gray flannel shirt and gray pantaloons. The underwear of the girls in winter is of Canton flannel—if one is delicate she wears woolen. Her frock for work is blue-check gingham, for school a check of red and black, with a clean linen collar, and for Sunday a frock of blue and black check.

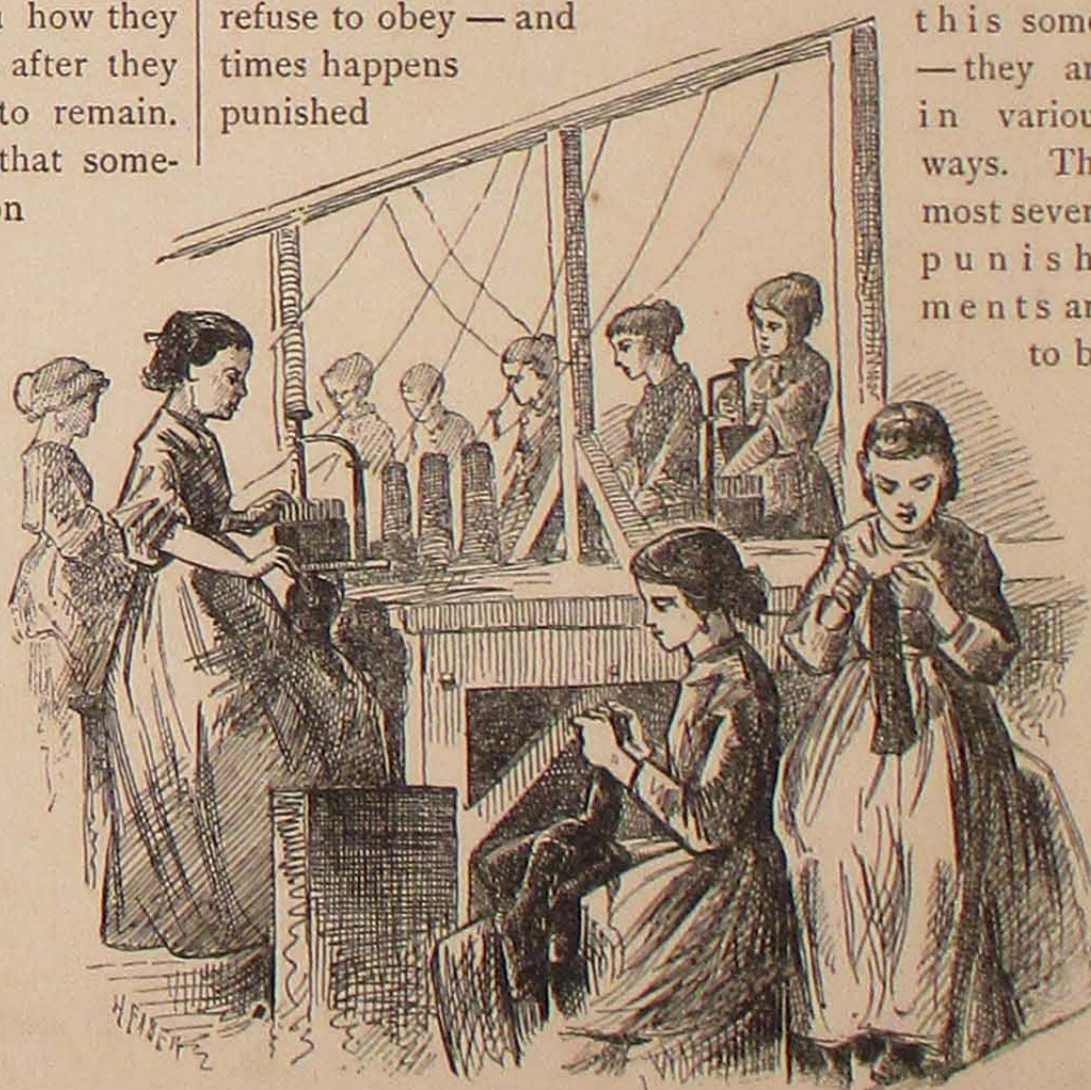
The first thing the child in this School must learn is to *obey*, and to obey promptly, the rules of the House. With most of the children obedience is quite a new thing, and, for the first time in their

Philadelphia Reform School, and that children do not like to be sent there, I must tell you how they *are* placed in this institution, what they do after they are once in it, and how long they have to remain.

lives, they learn this very important lesson. If they refuse to obey—and times happens punished

When a boy or girl becomes so "bad" that something beyond the usual method of correction must be resorted to, his or her conduct is complained of by a parent, step-parent, friend, or public officer to a magistrate's court, and if the magistrate finds that the complaint made is true, he commits the child to the House of Refuge for one year. Most of the boys who are committed have been guilty of larceny, but very few of the girls have committed theft. Most of these, the matron told me, were committed for bad conduct, that nearly all of them had either a step-father or a step-mother, that their homes were unhappy, and they had been neglected and oftentimes treated with cruelty; so they ran away from home, associated with bad company, and of course soon became bad themselves.

this some—they are in various ways. The most severe punishments are to be



GIRLS KNITTING AND FINISHING UP STOCKINGS.

Immediately after arriving at the House of Refuge

a given signal in the morning the children rise, have so much time to dress, to go to their lavatories, where they wash their face and hands and comb their hair, a signal to march in military line to the dining-rooms, others to stand at table and repeat a "grace," to sit down, to rise up, to march to chapel for prayers, to go to their shops, to leave them for a recess, to prepare for school, to go to their recreations, to assemble for evening devotions, to retire to their dormitories, to undress, and to get into bed.

For small girls there is one large dormitory, or sleeping-room, and a similar one for little boys. The larger children each occupy a separate dormitory, and sometimes a girl shows much taste in ornamenting her little room with its narrow window, as you see in the picture.

The dining-rooms are very pleasant, large and light, with prettily-tinted walls, on which are painted mottoes and texts well worth committing to memory. The tables are long, neatly covered

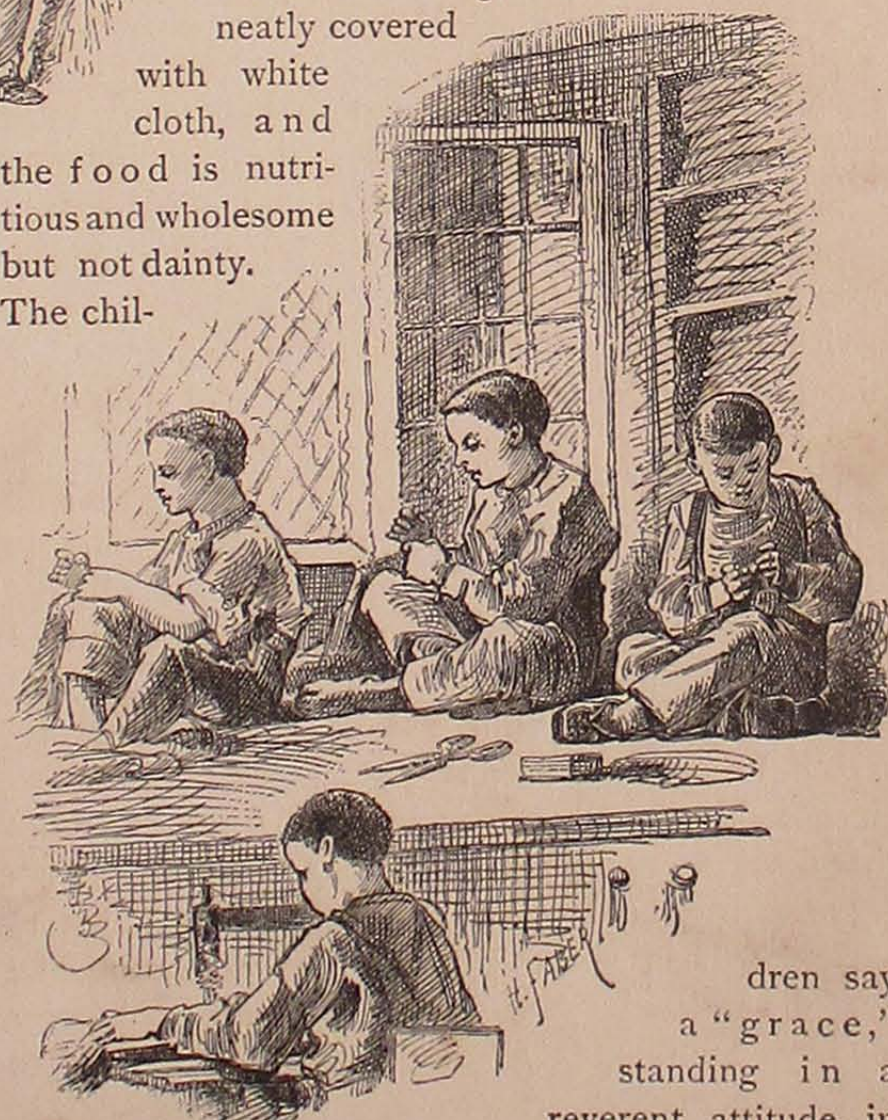
with white cloth, and the food is nutritious and wholesome but not dainty. The chil-

whipped, of bread and whole week. The bell, told me of put on a diet water for a matron, Mrs. Campbell, one girl who absolutely refused her bread and water, going without food for several days; but when Mrs. Campbell, for whom she had much affection, told her that she should sit by her until she did partake of her fare, she relented and afterwards became a good and obedient girl.

THE BRASS BAND.

When a child has to be whipped, the punishment is always inflicted by the superior officers of the House, to whom the task is a most unpleasant one. It is hardly necessary to say that a whipping is only inflicted in extreme cases, and only after all reasonable measures have been exhausted and the child has proven to be insensible to kindness, or a punishment less harsh than that of physical pain.

The greatest precision and regularity prevails throughout every department of the Institution. At



LEARNING TO BE TAILORS.

dren say a "grace," standing in a reverent attitude, in concert, repeating a form of

words something like this:

"Heavenly Father, bless these, thy mercies, unto my benefit, and feed my soul with that bread which shall nourish unto Eternal life, for Jesus Christ's sake."

Every Sunday morning there is a general inspection of the children by the officers of the House, who examine



MAKING BRUSHES.

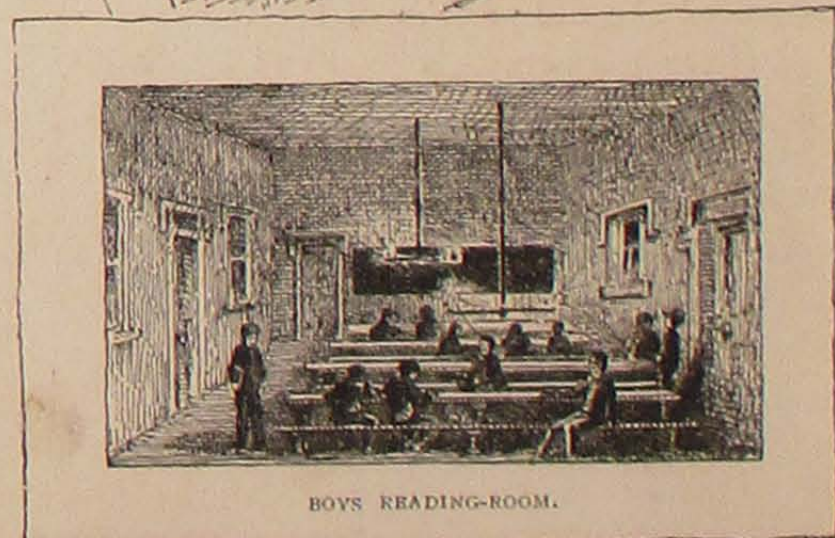
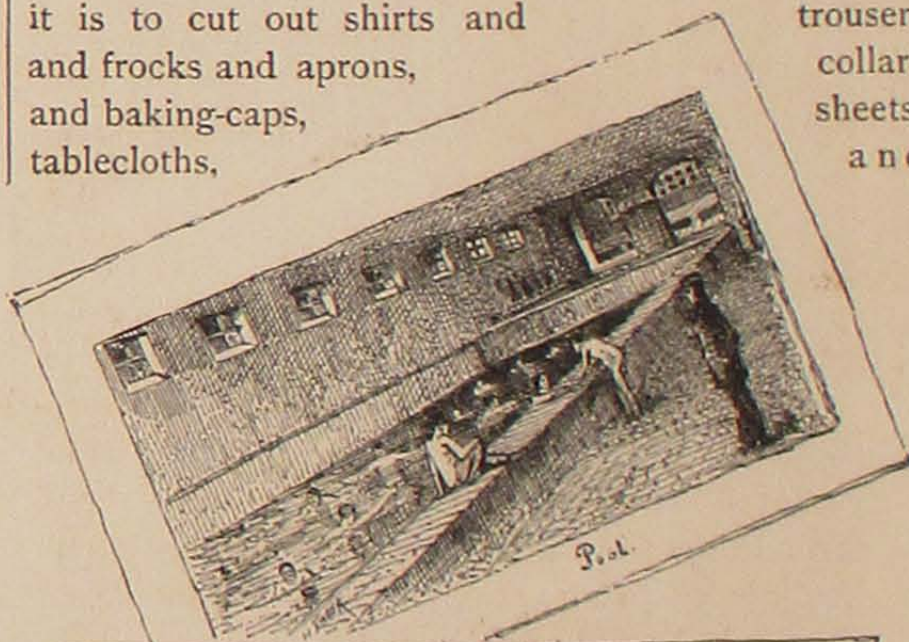
them from their head to their heels—looks at their hair, eyes, ears, hands, shoes, all the details of dress in order to see that they are clean and properly dressed for the services of the day, which consist of the usual church services in the chapel of the institution, and a Sunday-school in the afternoon. Some good man is secured for each Sunday to "preach"—although what he says is more of a "talk"—and the Sunday-school teachers are kind men and women who come in from the city churches. The children sing well, and in their chapel there is both a piano and organ for musical accompaniment.

In the girls' collecting room—a very large and beautiful room, with flowering plants in the window—there is also a piano and pictures. In this room the girls meet every afternoon for inspection before going to their school-rooms. As cleanliness is next to godliness, it is very necessary that tidy habits be carefully insisted upon. There is a large pool under the boys' building, in which the boys are required to bathe every day in summer and once each week in winter. For the girls there are, very properly, bath-

rooms where they can take their baths privately.

All the work of the house, with the help of a superintending laundress and tailoress, is done by the girls. They cook, clean, wash dishes, set tables, wash, iron, make beds, knit, sew, both by hand and on machines, making clothing, and patch and mend. In some of these branches of work they occasionally excel, becoming excellent cooks, fine laundresses, neat sewers, and expert operators on the sewing machine.

In addition to performing the work for such a large family—six hundred, you remember—they also do work which adds to the earnings of the establishment. Some of the smaller girls use the knitting machines with great deftness. One little miss of nine years, perhaps, told me that she could knit on a machine seven dozens of pairs of stockings in one day. Then, too, the girls have all the stockings to finish off that are knit by the boys. In the shoe shop a man with two boys, working a half of the day, make the shoes for the entire establishment. Two bakers and three boys make all the bread. In the sewing-room there is a woman, whose business it is to cut out shirts and trousers collars, sheets, and frocks and aprons, and baking-caps, tablecloths, and



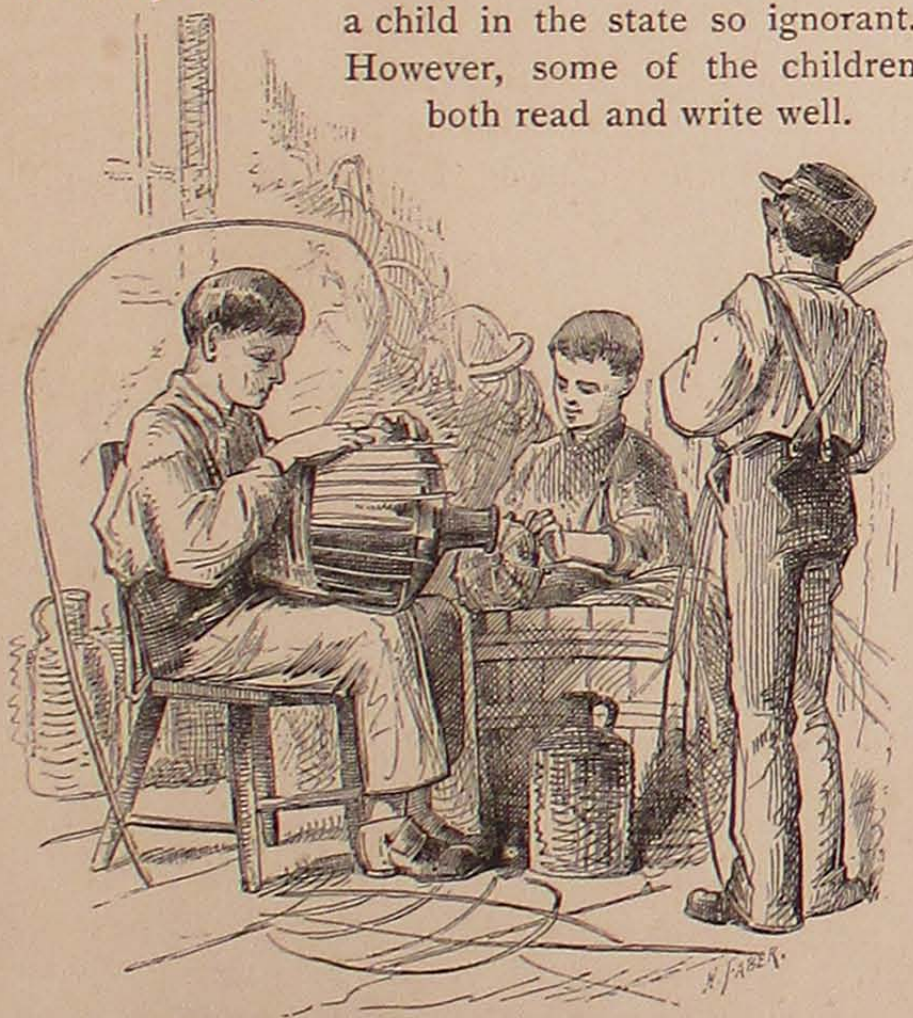
BOYS' READING-ROOM.

the other very useful articles which the girls make.

To go through the various workshops and see the children at work, you would not think there was a lazy one amongst them all, for they work like veritable beavers. Perhaps one reason for this is that every child has a certain amount of work to do, and if he completes his task before the hour for leaving the shop is up he has the extra time for himself. Or, if he chooses to continue at work, he knows that he is earning some money for himself, as the boys and girls have ten per cent of what they earn. In this way quite a nice little sum of money is laid up for each of the industrious ones, which is given to them when they leave the House.

But, although these young people work so diligently in the shops and workrooms, they greatly dislike to go to the school-room. Of all their tasks, none is so dreaded as that of study; and many of these boys and girls, even twelve or fourteen years of age, can neither read nor write, and some of them do not even know the alphabet. Perhaps if education was compulsory in Pennsylvania there would not be

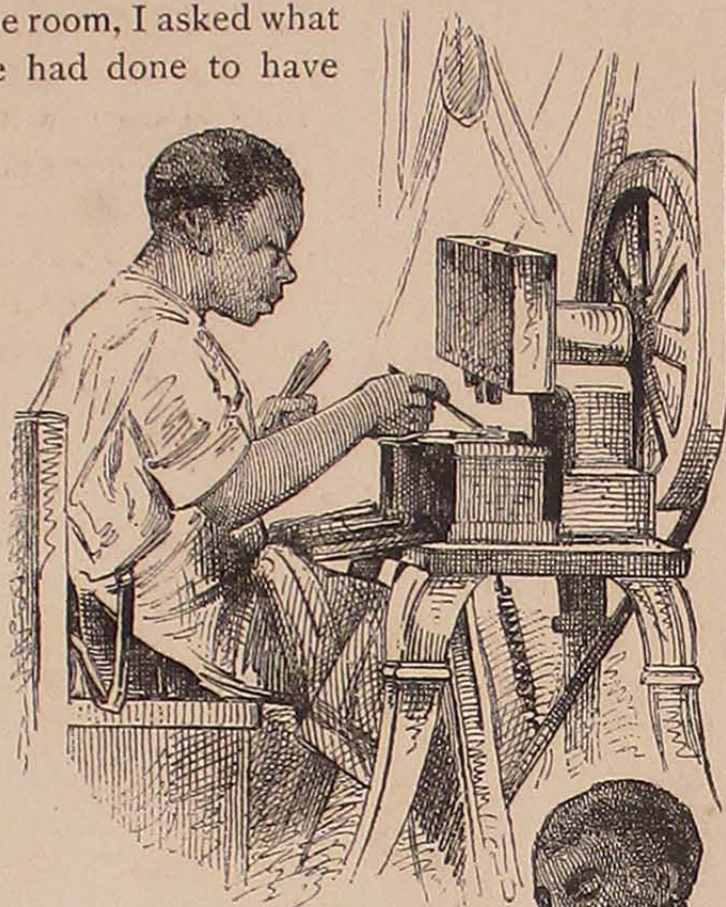
a child in the state so ignorant. However, some of the children both read and write well.



IN THE BASKET-MAKING ROOM.—BOYS COVERING DEMIJOHNS.

One little fellow, eight years old, perhaps, a little Hebrew with a beautifully face and gentle manners, read as beautifully as I ever heard a child of ten years

read. That he should have been sent to this place for crime did not seem possible. After I left the room, I asked what he had done to have



been committed to the House of Refuge, and the answer was, "Larceny," which you know is theft.

Poor little fellow! Some one had failed in duty to him.



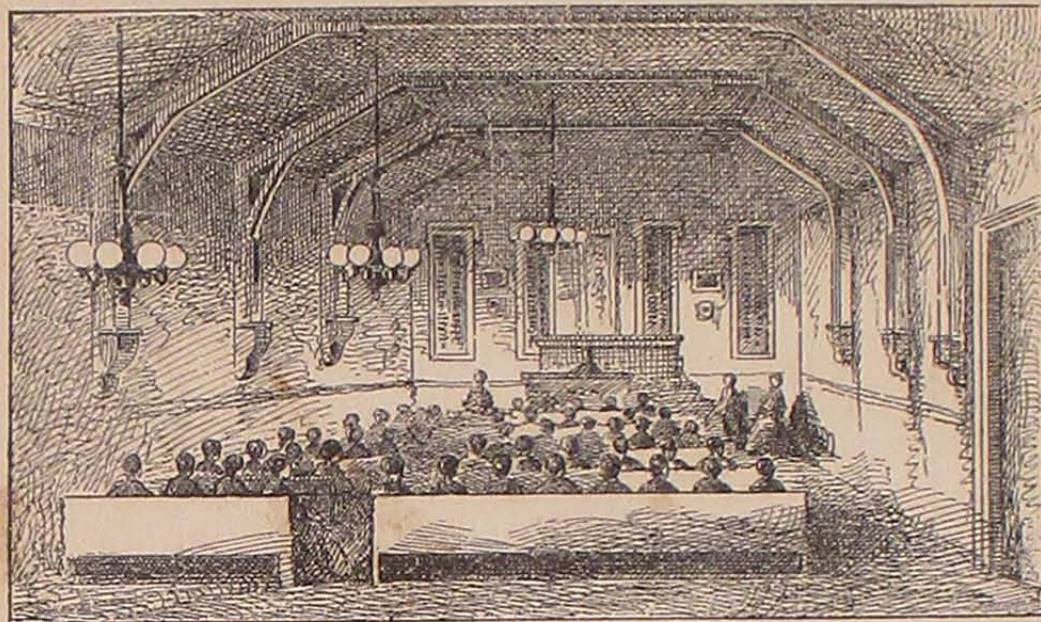
COLORED DEP'T.—BOYS MAKING TOY WATCHES.

The studies in the School are much the same as in the public schools—reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, and letter and composition-writing. All the children are taught singing, and the boys have a brass band of thirty instruments. There is a competent teacher to instruct them, and their instruments, of the best French manufacture, are of extreme beauty. This musical outfit was a gift to the institution from the managers and some friends, and cost twelve hundred dollars. There is a large and handsome library where the children find good books and papers.

And I will mention here what both the superintendent and matron of the girls' department told me: that one great cause of the demoralization of these children

has been the reading of silly books, and the foolish sensational stories that are published in "story papers." These wicked tales inflame the imagination, filling the young mind with a desire for what lies outside the every day duties of home life. So you see how important it is that what you read should be good and

ticket, or badge, is of a different color for each month. For class one the badge is silver, for the Class of Honor the badge is of gold. If the badge given is black, the child knows, at sight, that on one end of it is printed the word "suspended," and that his conduct has been too bad for him to be allowed any longer in the school.



SCENE IN THE CHAPEL.

pure and innocent, for a spoiled mind is worse than a spoiled body.

In this Reform School many of the children have both, so that the body as well as the mind must be doctored, for rags and dirt, unwholesome food, irregular habits and bad company tend to disease and ill health. But the cleanliness of this institution, its good food, good air, and the regularity of the life of the inmates makes, in a twelvemonth, a wonderful change in the appearance of the children. If they are absolutely sick they are sent to the infirmary, which is a sick-room, and are attended by a physician.

As a further incentive to encourage the children to good conduct, prizes and special privileges are awarded, these being, for the most part, enjoyed by the Class of Honor. When a child is first placed in the Institution he is put in class ten. If his conduct is good, the next month he goes into class nine, and so on until he reaches class one. Each month he has a ticket given to him bearing a number, so that he knows precisely his standing. This

in winter, to skate.

Various entertainments are given, from time to time, to the children by the friends of the school, which are often concluded with a dainty supper of



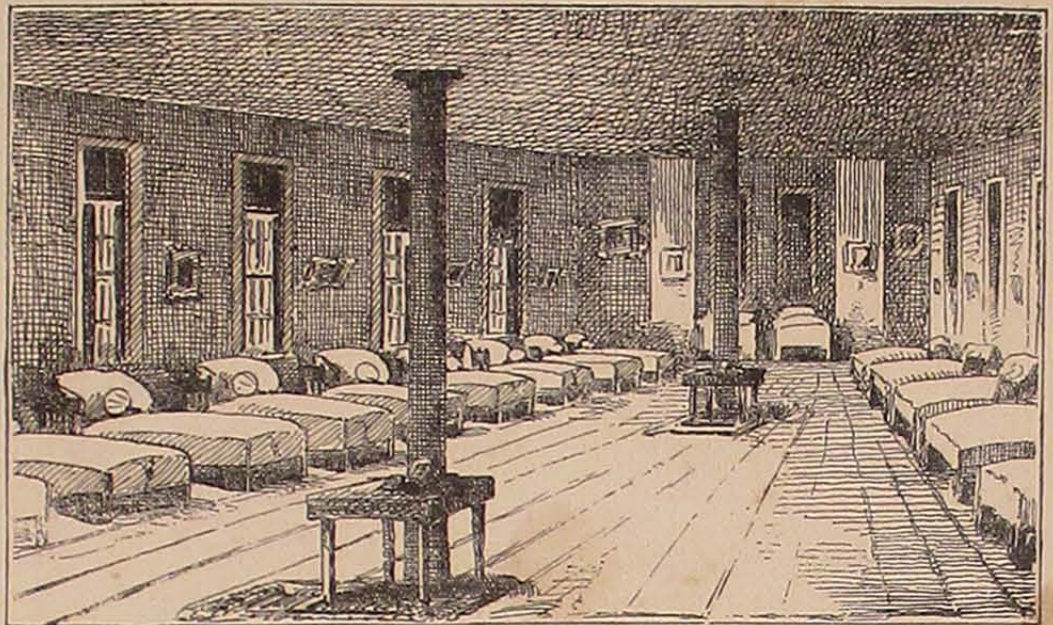
GIRLS AT DINNER.

ice-cream, cakes, fruit, and confectionery. Sometimes the children, in turn, give entertainments to their friends, such as recitations, music, and tableaux. Upon such occasions the chapel is always crowded, and the enjoyment very sincere and hearty. One recreation of the boys I have neglected, as yet, to mention, and that is, their military drill. They elect their own officers, who are properly uniformed, and for dress parade they are aided by the instructions of an army officer. This military feature of the school is in great favor with the

boys, and, undoubtedly, tends wholesomely towards discipline, as well as to develop sense of honor and gallant conduct. The girls have croquet and the usual amusements that interest girls.

When a boy or girl leaves the insti-

possible, homes for such as have none, and work for such as have no employment. In this way, many boys and girls are placed in good homes in the coun-



DORMITORY FOR THE SMALL CHILDREN.

try, and become useful and happy men and women, who would otherwise, in all probability, have ended their days in prison, in the almshouse, or on the gallows.

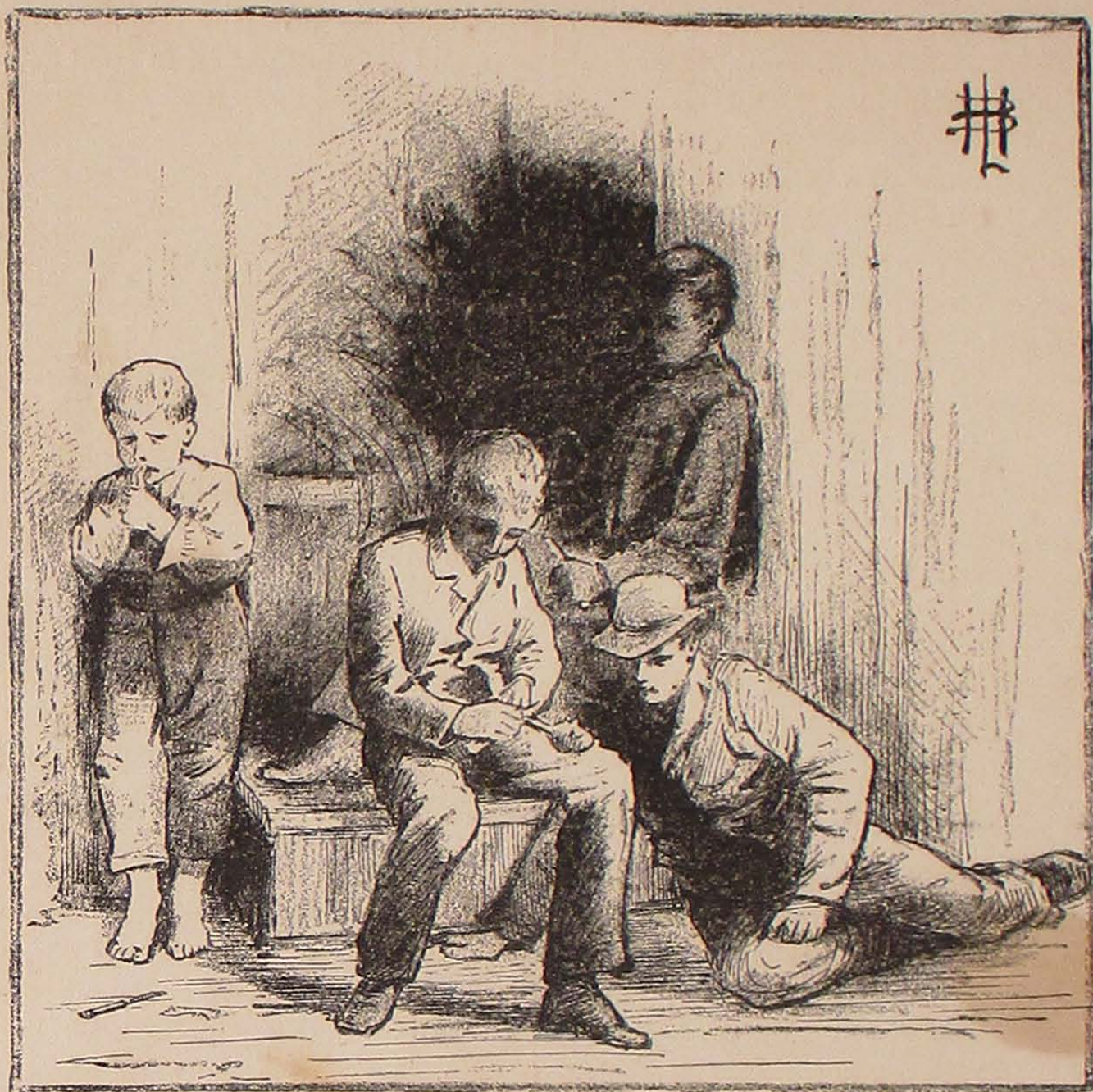
The difficulty of obtaining suitable employment for the children, and, especially, for the boys, is one of the greatest that the managers have to encounter. Some of the boys want to be nothing else but seamen, and a training-ship for such lads is in contemplation. Under judicious training these boys would become expert and reliable sailors, and so of great use to the country.

As the hope of every country lies in its children, it is not strange that so much attention is devoted to the education and care of our young folks. As an illustration of the interest people take in Reformatory Schools alone, I will state that, during the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, ten thousand persons visited this "House of Refuge" of which I have been writing to you about. Not unfrequently, after being discharged, children return to it, voluntarily, as it is their only place of security and refuge, and they evidently recognize it as such. This fact seems the most eloquent testimonial possible to the fact that discipline, control, and the habits of obedience, promptness, personal order, and tidiness have become to them pleasant and agreeable—and in this fact lies great hope and encouragement for all who labor in such schools.



GIRL'S DORMITORY AND BOY'S DORMITORY.

tution a new suit of clothes is provided; and, in order that the good instruction and ennobling influence of the past year may not be lost upon them, there is a visiting agent, a kindly and excellent gentleman, whose business it is to keep in communication with the children, see what sort of homes they return to, with what associations they are surrounded, and to provide, as far as



PIONEER WHITTLERS.

BOSTON WHITTTLING SCHOOLS.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.

A PILE of empty cigar-boxes, a brad and a glue-pot, six movable benches, twenty-four jack-knives, and twenty-four boys as bright and as sharp as the jack-knives—that was the beginning!

It was in the winter of 1866, and the warm, cosy chapel on Hollis Street looked very inviting that cold January evening when the “whittlers” first came together.

They had heard about it—these little street urchins—the Sunday before at the different mission-schools; and all the week their fingers had just been aching to begin!

Exactly what they were to do was, to be sure, something of a mystery; but, as Teddy said to Jim, “Whatever Mr. Chaney or Mr. Rowell gits up is allers tip-top!”

I wish you could have seen the pleased faces that evening as the little fellows gathered around these gentlemen!

One after another the pretty paper patterns were unrolled—scrolls, leaves, “walls of Troy,” and all sorts of curious zig-zags; and then, with an infinite amount of patience, these indefatigable teachers showed the eager boys how they were to draw the

patterns upon the wood, and how by a "whittle" here and a "whittle" there, the old cigar-boxes could be converted into very pretty wood panels.

Of course there were a few cut fingers, a few knotty pieces that wouldn't "shave off," and a discouraged sigh, now and then, when the knife slipped over the penciled line; but when the two hours' lesson was over you would have been surprised, I know, at the amount of work that had been done.

"O, Mr. Rowell! Please let us stay just a little longer!"

"Do lemme finish this one bit, Mr. Chaney; Johnny's done more'n me!"

But the nine o'clock bell was ringing, the signal to "shut up shop;" so, with the promise of another lesson on the next Friday evening, the boys reluctantly put away their work, and went home, chattering all the way about the "new school."

It was evident the experiment was going to be a success; but to carry it on, two evenings every week, was no light labor for the self-appointed instructors.

It was pure philanthropy that prompted them, and,

on Hollis Street was warmed, lighted, and thrown open to the "whittlers"; and here, from seven to nine o'clock, they were taught the practical use of three simple tools; the knife, the gouge, and the V chisel.

From the very beginning the desire of these gentlemen, the Rev. G. L. Chaney and Mr. Frank T. Rowell, was to give the boys *hand-training*; and the purpose of the school was wholly *instruction* — not *construction*.

But, naturally enough, the boys delighted to form brackets, tiny chairs, and other pretty ornaments out of the carved blocks; and during the next winter a little inlaid-work was attempted, in the way of checker-boards, where the white holly-wood and the dark black-walnut were neatly put together in squares.

In the Hollis-street school no work of the boys was sold — indeed, it was impossible, I am told by one of the teachers, to induce the boys to part with anything they had made, although in many instances good prices were offered for good work.

But in a similar school, established not long after in the Lincoln building, the main object was to put the children in the way of earning a few pennies; and here the articles were sold almost as quickly as they were made.

In the winter of 1876-7 these two "Whittling Schools" united; and the friends and supporters of each formed an association called the Industrial Education Society.

It was just about this time that everybody, fresh from the Centennial Exposition, was talking about the Russian Schools; and the Institute of Technology in Boston had already planned out a kind of "shop-school," where practical instruction could be given in the use of hand and machine tools for working iron and wood.

And here just a word about the Russian Schools. In Moscow, quite a number of years ago, a trade school was endowed and carefully watched over by the Imperial Government.

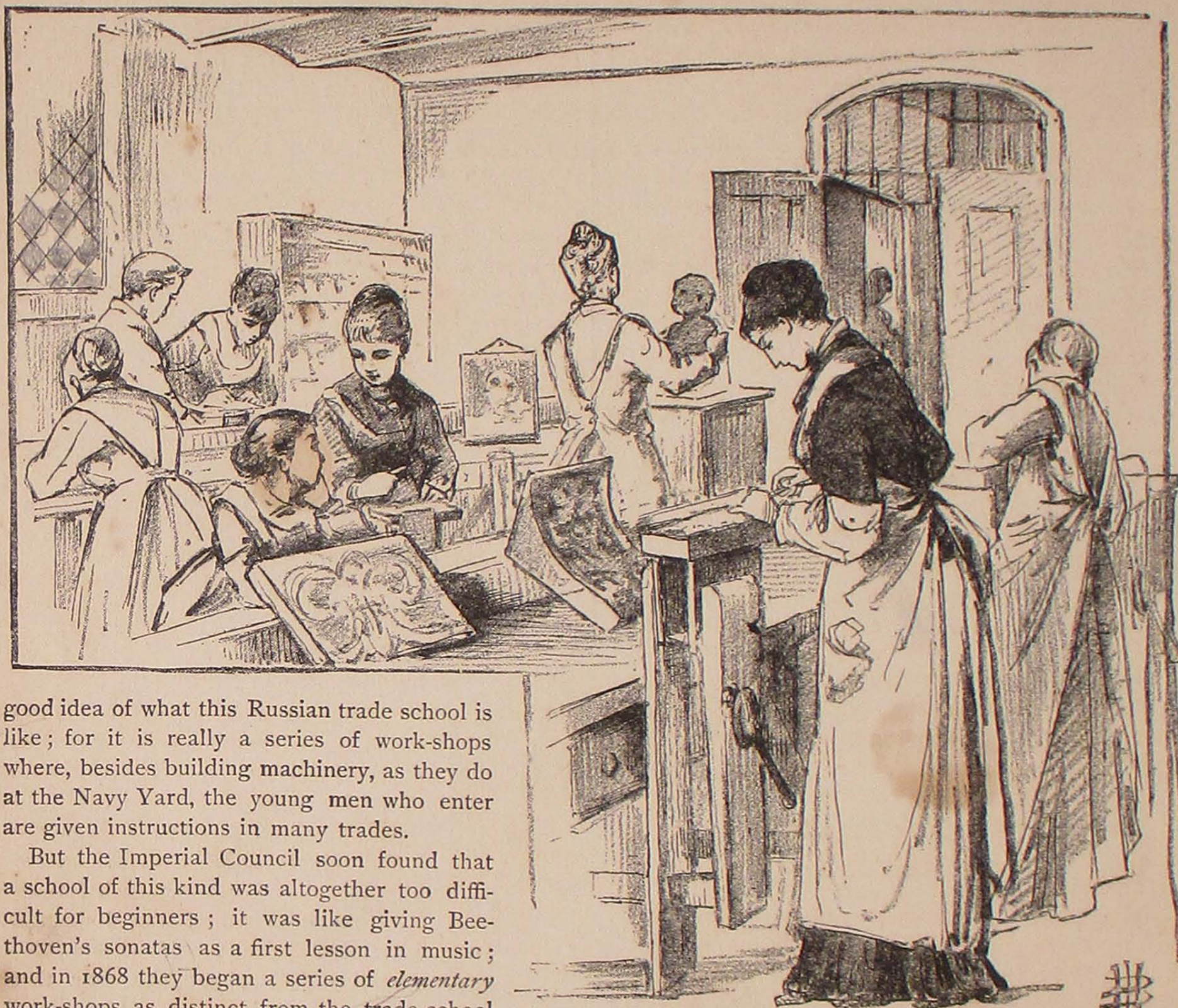
If any of you have ever been through the workshops at the Boston Navy Yard, you will have a very



IN THE FOUNDRY. — INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

no matter how stormy the weather, no matter how tired they might be when the day was over, these earnest, energetic workers never failed to keep their promise to the boys.

Every Tuesday and Friday evening the little chapel



IN THE GIRLS' CARVING SCHOOL. — MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

good idea of what this Russian trade school is like; for it is really a series of work-shops where, besides building machinery, as they do at the Navy Yard, the young men who enter are given instructions in many trades.

But the Imperial Council soon found that a school of this kind was altogether too difficult for beginners; it was like giving Beethoven's sonatas as a first lesson in music; and in 1868 they began a series of *elementary* work-shops, as distinct from the trade school as our primary schools from the higher grades.

Here the little Russian boy, who means to earn his living by his hands — *his hands educated by his brain* — can enter at an early age, and receive, including course at the trade school, six years thorough instruction.

At the end of that time, if he has made a good use of his opportunities, he graduates — a skilful practical mechanic.

Victor Della Voss is the director of these schools, three of the Imperial family are members of the Council, and there is now a funded capital of \$2,030,000 for their support.

So much for the Russian shop schools, after an existence of eight years.

I wonder if we shall ever see anything like them in our own country!

Certainly these "Whittling Schools" are a movement in the same direction; and when, a few years ago, Mr. Chaney and others went before the School Board of Boston and asked them to establish industrial classes for boys, just as they had sewing classes for girls, the answer they received was this: "If you will get up a model school, such as you propose, and carry it on long enough for us to see how it works

practically, why, then, we think we will talk about it."

Now that is just what these gentlemen have these last ten years been doing—indeed, they have done more than the School Board asked of them.

A few weeks ago, on petition of Rev. E. E. Hale

a dozen toy boats a deal quicker than he can write a single "composition"; and he and little Tommy White, who made his grandmother an easy chair out of an old flour barrel, would much rather learn how to earn something with their hands than to read Greek and Latin.

Well! we haven't the Trade School yet; but one thing is certain, the Committee in whose hands the matter lies, have put on their "thinking-caps!"

After the union of the two "Whittling Schools," the city of Boston gave the use of the Ward room on Church Street for evening lessons, twice a week.

If you could have looked into the room when the boys were at work, you would have noticed, first of all, how orderly everything was done.

A number of benches, four feet long and two and a half feet wide,

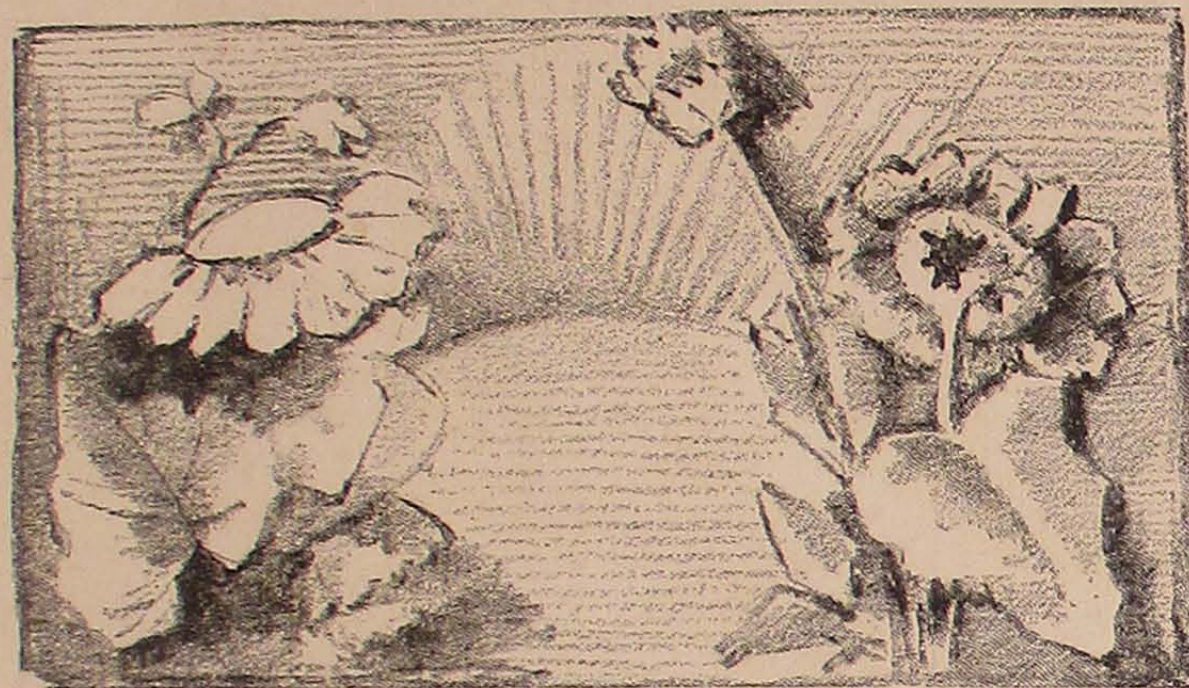
were ranged about the room, and over each one was pasted a copy of these regulations:

1. Be at bench at seven o'clock, according to your number.
2. Do not leave your bench without permission.
3. Give *all your attention* to your own work. Do not notice anything that others are doing, unless requested to do so.
4. Make no unnecessary noise, such as whistling, etc.
5. Keep your bench neat, and do not deface it in any way.
6. After work, place all your tools and other equipments in your drawer, according to your number, and return the key to the teacher.

and others, the Joint Standing Committee on Public Instruction gave a public hearing upon this subject of Developing Schools, or "Technical Education," in the Council Chamber at the City Hall. Joseph Cook, Hon. Thomas C. Amory, Rev. A. A. Miner, Rev. C. A. Bartol, Walter Smith, and other prominent speakers, expressed themselves in favor of the movement, and Mr. John Newell read an interesting paper written by Mr. S. P. Ruggles, showing the system recommended by the special committee, which is called the American or Ruggles system. Mayor Prince was present at the "hearing;" and it will be remembered that, in his last address, he spoke very favorably of the establishment of such Industrial or Developing Schools. "The State," he says, "ought to train its youth so that they can earn their bread through some form of labor. . . . What we now want is the opportunity for every boy to find out through these Developing Schools what particular trade, art or calling he is best fitted for by natural taste."

Only a small appropriation of the public funds would be necessary to pay teachers and the cost of materials; and in a little while such a Trade School might become self-supporting.

I know little Peter Brown, who can whittle out half



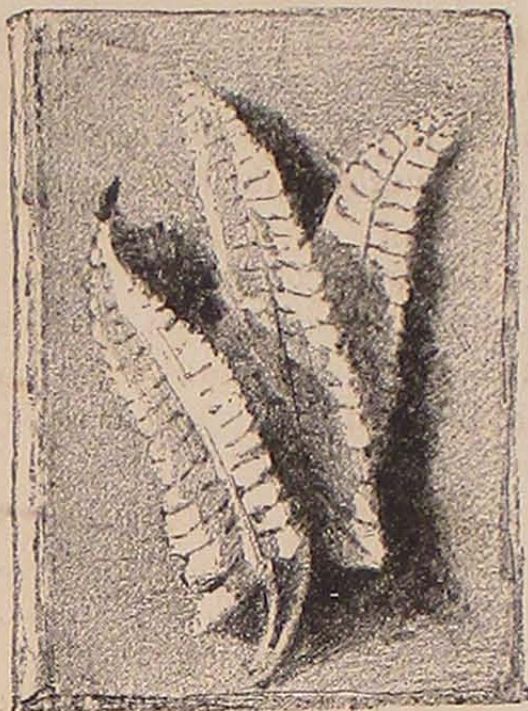
"NOON."—WORKING MODEL IN PLASTER, FOR WOOD CARVING.



WORKING MODEL IN PLASTER, DESIGNED BY PUPIL.

7. Every boy will be held accountable for the tools placed at his bench for use, according to his number.

You will notice by these rules that each boy had a number corresponding to the bench at which he worked; each tool was also numbered, as also were the big aprons of cotton drilling, that the boys wore while at work.



WORKING MODEL IN PLASTER, DESIGNED BY PUPIL.

All the benches were furnished with drawers, where the tools could be kept under lock and key, when not in use, and upon each was fastened a vise with

common wooden jaws and an iron screw.

A gas-burner, with movable arm, was also placed over each bench; so, altogether, the little Ward room looked very shop-like.

More boys wanted to come than could be accommodated; but as there was just room at the benches for thirty-two, this number was received, and if any boy was absent two evenings in succession, his place was given to another.

Some of these boys were in the day-school — their ages ranged from twelve to sixteen — while others had places in stores and offices.

Twelve of them had been taught how to use the jig-saw and knife, but none of them had had any training in wood-carving or in the use of the chisel.

In the Hollis-street chapel, and in the Lincoln Building, the work had been, from the first, a sort of experiment; but it had proved so successful the teachers now desired something more systematic, and so a course of twenty-four lessons was prepared, such as would allow the greatest amount of instruction with the least expense of tools and material.

According to the Russian system the boys were taught in classes; that is, they all did the same thing at the same time.

The tools they used in all these twenty-four lessons

were the flat chisel, the gouge and the veining tool; and the materials they worked upon were smooth blocks of white-wood, six inches long, two or three inches broad, and one and a half inch thick.

In one of the lessons cherry-wood was taken in the place of white-wood, but it proved too hard for the younger boys.

No article, as you see, was made here, as in the first "Whittling Schools;" for the object was simply to *train* the hand in certain ways that would be equally useful in many different trades.

After the blocks were finished they were put in a rack on one side of the room; and as a rank list was also kept and pasted on the wall, each boy could see just how his work was estimated.

Of course there was as great a difference in the progress as in the natural abilities of these thirty-two boys; but it is interesting to trace the result of this hand-culture in two or three special instances.

One shy little German boy, who came one evening with his mother, was sure he couldn't do anything. But, after half a dozen lessons, he gained so much confidence that, instead of dreading to learn the harness trade, which his mother had selected for him, he was eager to begin.



"A CHANGE INTO SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE."
[Girls' Carving School.]

Another lad, who had taken two or three courses, soon began to show a decided taste for designing.

I saw a bit of oak upon which he had carved out a very pretty pattern, all his own, and it was quite evident in what direction his forte lay.

It is this same little fellow, if I remember rightly, who has now a good situation in a wood-carving establishment.

Another of the "whittlers" has secured one of the Scholarships at the Technology Institute; and with the excellent opportunities given him there, I see no reason why he should not become a really skilful artisan.

I wonder if any of my little Boston readers have ever been through that long, low building just between the Technology Institute and the Gymnasium?

I know Freddie and Lizzie have coasted down the little slope of ground close by; but I doubt if they have ever found out where all the black smoke came from that leaves those curious little grimy marks on the snow.

Let us take a peep inside.

Here is a room where a number of ladies are trying chemical experiments; and here is another where there are a lot of microscopes and ever so many curious things to examine with them; but how about that black smoke? Surely it never could have come from either of these rooms!

Ah, it is this room which holds the secret! And doesn't it make a pretty picture as we peep through the half-opened door!

Six forges, with the bright flames dancing up through the long chimneys, and six busy boys, with long "foundry" aprons, curious little caps, and sleeves rolled up to their elbows!

It is one of a series of work-shops, you see, and belongs to the new department at the Institute, called the "School of Mechanic Arts."

These shop courses are all carried on after the Russian system, and when complete will include carpentry, joinery, wood-turning and pattern-making, in wood; with vise-work, forging, foundry-work and machine tool-work, in iron.

The fee for students who wish to take only these shop-courses at the Institute is but thirty dollars for each course; and this sum includes the use of tools and materials.

Prof. Ware has charge of the wood-working; and

Prof. Whitaker, who has kindly given much valuable assistance in the organization of the "Whittling Schools," has the direction of the metal-working department.

While these two gentlemen have the general supervision of the "shop-courses," skilled workmen in wood and metal give practical instruction to the boys.

One of the first things taught in the wood-working shop is the "dove-tailing" used so much in box-making and cabinet-work; indeed, all the lessons here, as in the other "shops," are to give *principles* rather than *products*.

When our grandfathers were children, a boy who wanted to learn a trade was bound as an apprentice for a certain number of years; and it was a long time before he could expect to earn any wages.

No doubt, if he had a good master, he learned his trade very thoroughly in this way; but how few boys, now-a-days, could give seven or eight years to apprenticeship!

In these schools a thorough shop-course, which includes eight hundred and forty hours practice, is just about equal, in the amount of real knowledge it gives, to one of those long apprenticeships; and a

graduate from the School of Mechanic Arts ought to be able to do good work, and to earn reasonable wages as soon as he leaves the Institute.

But it is not only to our boys that all these opportunities are offered; to the girls, too, a school—not exactly of "whittling," but of carving and modelling, is now open.

At first the Ward room on Church Street was granted by the city for this purpose; and the benches and other fixtures used by the boys in the evening school were kindly loaned by the Industrial Association.

Fifty dollars were contributed by the Woman's Education Society, and many other kind patrons



GRINDING TOOLS. — GIRLS' CARVING SCHOOL.

were glad to help in the formation of the school.

Now a few rooms in the south-east corner basement of the Museum of Fine Arts has been given by the Trustees; and here, any day but Saturday, you will find a corps of girls busily at work.

In the largest room of the four, the benches and easels are covered with work in every stage of progress.

Here is a child's head in clay that changes expression with every touch of the finger; it is a beginner's work, but see how deftly she manages the moist earth!

When she has every feature "just right" it will serve her as a "working model" for carving in stone

Here is a head of Beethoven, upon which a pupil is just putting the finishing touches; and at this long bench we stop to admire the oak panel that, under a skilful hand, is blossoming out into all manner of pretty devices.

The school session is from nine till two, but, if the pupils wish, they can stay and work until five in the afternoon.

They can also have access, after the regular hours of work, to all the galleries in the Museum for purposes of study.

At eleven in the morning the pupils all take a lesson in drawing; for accuracy in outline, a correct eye and a steady hand, are among the most essential

"first things" in wood-carving; and it is a noticeable fact that almost every beginner finds it easier to copy a solid object in clay modeling than to make a simple drawing of it upon paper.

The entrance fee to this School of Modeling and Carving, is thirty dollars for a course of twelve weeks; and lessons are given upon every day in the school-weeks but Saturday.

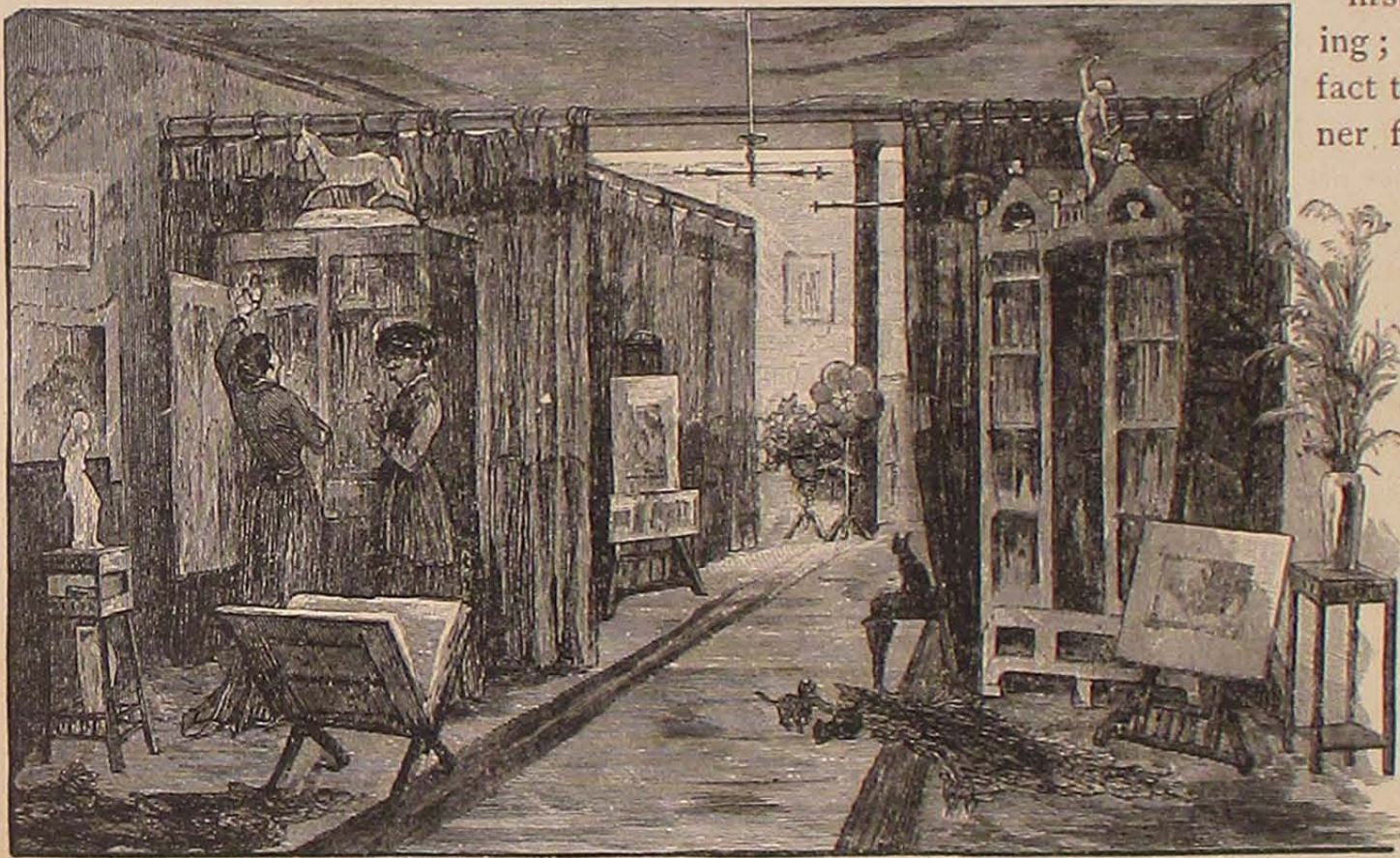
There is also an evening class for boys which meets in these

same rooms at the Museum, upon Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, from seven to nine o'clock. Eighteen lessons are given in this course, and the fee is ten dollars.

Mr. John Evans, a fine carver and excellent artist, has charge of both classes; and the practical lessons he gives are such as will fit the pupils to earn their own living as carvers.

As three dollars or more a day are paid to good workers in wood and stone, you will see it is quite worth while to learn this pretty trade.

Then, much of the work can be done at home, which makes it all the more desirable for girls. And



SORRENTO WOOD CARVING ROOMS. — TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.

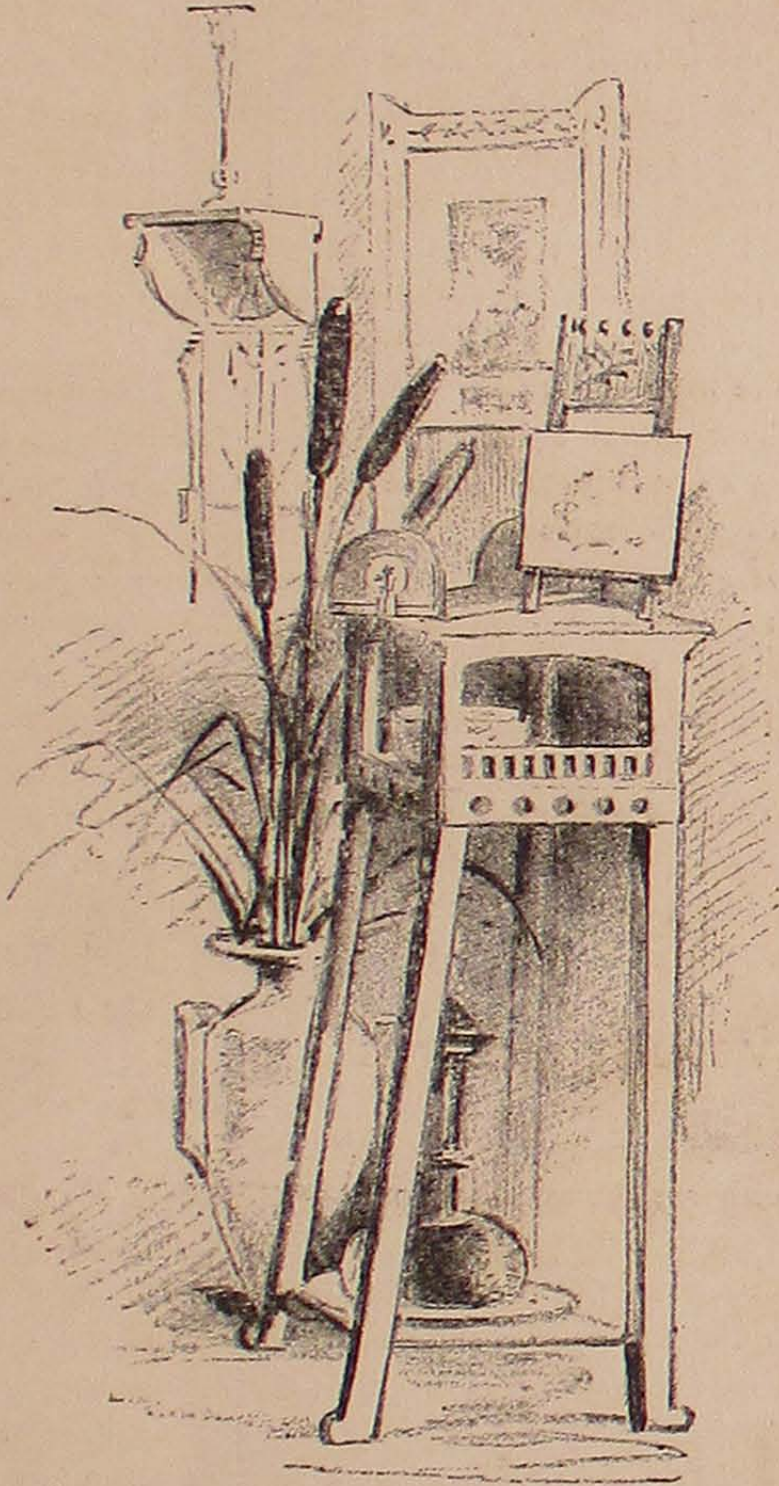
or in wood; and a very sweet little face it will be, if we can judge from the work she has done upon it to-day.

Another young girl who has gone through the whole "alphabet" of tool-work, from the beveled edge and saw tooth to the balls, leaves and rosettes, is carving the back of a chair.

Through the open door we see another pupil, in the inner room, where the clay is mixed; she is at work upon a piece of Caen stone — having already created her pretty daisy "working model" in the clay, and varnished it with shellac, so that it will not shrink while she is copying it.

to those who have any talent in designing, still another field is opened; for there is a constant demand for new patterns.

Half way down Temple Place, in Boston, is a certain window, in front of which you will always find a group of admiring eyes. And no wonder! For the



A QUIANT CORNER. — SORRENTO WOOD CARVING ROOMS.

prettiest, daintiest bits of wood carving are placed here; and, if you want to see something still more attractive, just step inside.

Tropical plants, heavy draperies, and a variety of pretty rugs—to say nothing about the pet kittens and the wee dog on the cushion—give to the long room a very homelike air. The tall cabinets, all of inlaid work, are filled with daintily carved knick-

knacks, and there isn't the least look of a "store" about the place.

This is the headquarters of the "Sorrento Wood Carving Co." And, if you will believe me, the whole business is carried on just by two energetic, talented women!

Ten years ago, Miss Hill introduced here in Boston a peculiar kind of "wood carving," to which she gave the name of "Sorrento," in remembrance of that lovely city across the Bay of Naples, where nearly all the population are engaged in the same sort of fret-cutting and inlaying.

It was in Canada that she acquired the pretty accomplishment; and when she opened her little "up-stairs" studio, on the corner of Tremont Street and Temple Place, her object was simply to teach others this novel, fascinating art.

But the numerous pupils that applied for instruction, the constant demand for new patterns and suitable woods, together with the frequent "orders" for finished work, as this effective style of ornamentation became better known, induced Miss Hill and her friend to enlarge their plans.

How the business has grown under their able management is a long, but very interesting story. Twice Miss Hill has crossed the water to secure some desired improvement in patterns or tools; and the saw-blades that are now used by the Sorrento Wood Company come directly from Germany. After many experiments they offer the public a "saw-frame" of their own manufacture; which, among other advantages, admits the insertion of larger pieces of wood, and is regulated by simpler and more easily-turned screws.

I wonder if you know just how this fret-sawing and inlaying is done. It is, to be sure, much easier than the wood carving in relief; but, after all, it requires a deal of skill and patience.

The steel saws are sometimes as fine as a needle, and will cut, with a sharp, clean edge, the delicate lines in a pattern that seem scarcely more than a hair's breadth in size.

When it is necessary to introduce the saw into cuts that are not open, small holes are made with a tiny drill worked by a crank. This also makes holes for pins and screws, and rims them out with all sorts of points.

The outfit of tools necessary costs, according to

number and quality, from two to six dollars; and only a few lessons are needed to teach one how to use these magic little instruments.

Many pupils have received all their instruction by letter. And, for the accommodation of those who live at a distance, the Sorrento Wood Company have issued a little pamphlet of directions, which is sent with every box of tools.

At present, there is a great demand for inlaid work; and holly upon ebony, white-wood upon black-walnut—indeed, every variety of inlaying—can be done with these same tools. Tables and large cabinets are now ornamented tastefully in this manner, and the work is said to be very durable.

In the pretty alcoves curtained off from the main room on Temple Place, lessons are still given by these indefatigable ladies; and numerous frames, brackets, easels, etc., are manufactured just here. But all the rough work is done by steam power, and a number of hands are kept constantly at work, down on Mechanic Street, where all the cabinets and larger pieces of work are turned out by machinery.

Four years ago, a branch store was opened by the Sorrento Wood Carving Company in Chicago; but most of the work is done here in Boston, and then sent out West for more extensive sales. Two architects, one here and one in Chicago, are kept con-

stantly busy making their designs; but all the printing is done here by young girls, who are experts in managing the hand presses.

The wood they always prefer to select themselves from the lumber yard; for it is only the best pieces of bird's-eye maple, cedar, holly, white-wood, horse-chestnut and black-walnut that can be used for this dainty work.

Then it must all be seasoned, and the planks cut up into available pieces.

In all, they employ about a dozen workmen. But the ladies themselves superintend every part of the work; and when the wood is ready, it is brought to the headquarters on Temple Place, where none but a woman's hand puts on the finishing touches.

One word more; for I want to tell you of a certain Sabbath-school class, here in the city, that have established a private "Whittling Club." Every Friday evening these dozen boys meet at their teacher's house, and spend a couple of hours whittling out all sorts of pretty ornaments with their "Sorrento Wood Carving" tools. These dainty brackets, frames, easels, etc., find a ready sale among their friends; and all the money realized is sent away off to China, to pay for a scholarship in one of the mission schools. I wonder if some of my WIDE AWAKE readers wouldn't like to form a "Whittling Club" like this?

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT.

I SUPPOSE there are few boys who live in the neighborhood of New York who have not made a journey up the Hudson river. I am sure I have seen some "Wide Awake" boys on the "Mary Powell," and have heard their delighted comments on the changing scene as the steamboat moved from the wharf. As she passed through the forest of shipping many of them were inspired with a wild desire to sail out upon the ocean; and when we reached the rugged wall of the Palisades, I remember how some of the boys wondered how far out they could "shy" a stone into the water, if they were only on the rocky edge.

In about two hours from New York we approached the loveliest part of the river, where mountains loom

on either side, and, between, the river winds like a wide shining ribbon. Here, in the heart of the Highlands, is situated the Military Academy at West Point. How many questions the boys asked about the buildings of the Post, and what funny answers they received from people who think they know all about it!

I will tell them what I know, trying to reply to the very questions the boys asked.

In the first place, West Point is one of the most beautiful places in the world. It lies in a sheltered bend of the river nearly surrounded by mountains. The rippling water gleaming through the trees, the white sails of the boats in the distance, the blue mist settling over the hollow in the mountain called the "Crow's Nest," and above all the over-hanging drifts

of snowy clouds, make a most exquisite picture.

There is a path that winds along the shore, quite hidden by the trees, called "Flirtation Walk." It was originally called the "Chain-battery Walk," for it was at this point, during the Revolutionary war, that a chain of wrought iron was stretched across the river to prevent the enemies' ships from passing. Here Kosciusko, the brave Pole who fought in our army, used to spend much time; and a little pool and a fountain are to be seen near by called "Kosciusko's Garden."

At the close of the war in 1794, and when West Point was no longer of importance as a defensive position, a Military School was established through the instrumentality of Washington. The building used for this purpose was destroyed by fire two years later, and the school was suspended until 1801, when Congress organized the National Military Academy.

Beautiful as was this place in its early days it still remains unchanged in its natural features. Many buildings, however, have been erected; a fine Library, Chapel, Mess Hall, the Academy, and the capacious Barracks, and a number of Quarters

for those officers who are detailed as Instructors.

The Professors hold permanent positions,—that is, until they are, in the opinion of the Government at Washington, incapacitated by age, for further service, and they are then retired. The Instructors are officers of the army in nearly all instances graduates of the Institutions. They serve usually four years.

Year after year passes over the Academy without change in the details of daily routine. Time here seems to hasten, and it is difficult for a graduate of ten years service revisiting West Point to realize that

indeed ten Junes have passed since he received his diploma. The lovely hills over the river, Fort Putnam and old "Cro' Nest" look down upon the old scene of his cadet-life, unchanged and unchanging.

June is a marked month to a cadet. The candidates for admission report on the first; and about the fifteenth the graduates pass their final examinations and "bid farewell to cadet gray, and don the army blue."

Now, you boys who aim at a commission in Uncle Sam's army, do not lose courage when I tell you that no more dejected and pitiable object can be found than a "candidate." He is not yet even a "plebe,"—only a "*Being*"—a "*Thing*,"—ignorant, scared and anxious. He stands, with his companions in misery, under the beautiful maple trees, gazing with curious and doubtless ambitious eyes at the gray-coated figures that pass him,—each conscious, he observes, of personal power and full of self-complacency. Shall he ever, strong and self-assured, walk these grounds, as carelessly as they?

The preliminary examinations should not cause

anxiety to any boy who has improved the advantages of a common school education. The questions given in U. S. History, Grammar, Arithmetic and Geography need trouble no boy who has given proper attention to his studies. Many do come here, however, whose claim to admission is past finding out. One boy decided that Rome was the capital of France, and another submitted a foolscap sheet which he had written from dictation, with one hundred and fifty-seven mis-spelled words!

The Academic Board, composed of the Superintend-



THE HUDSON, FROM THE BATTERY.

ent, the Commandant of Cadets, and the Professors, sit in judgment on these aspirants for Military honors; and happy are the fortunates who thereupon become "plebes," while correspondingly miserable are the rejected, who are "found deficient," or in West Point parlance, "*found*."

The ordeal of "plebe drill," which is also called "setting up," is the next trial in order. The cadets detailed to attend this duty are third-class men or "yearlings," who although having themselves, but one year back, passed through this phase of cadet experience, seem to have no sympathy for the tremulous awkwardness of the squads under their supervision. In the shade of the trees in front of Barracks, after five o'clock in the afternoon, may be seen squads of "plebes," each commanded by a "yearling;" the former in apparently ill-fitting citizens' clothes,—the latter trim and military in tight gray coat and white pants.

The curious calisthenics which the "plebes" are taught is a ludicrous exhibition, albeit a very necessary measure in straightening the backs and giving *spring* and elasticity to heavy-footed youths to whom the transforming process is indeed a "weariness to the flesh." Their hands hang by their sides, palms forward, with the little fingers touching the seam of the pants. Happily, they seem to have no realization of the comical effect produced by their various hop-skip-and-jump evolutions, for generally the expression of their faces never varies from an intense earnestness,—which is in funny contrast to their laughable attitudes.

After a few weeks of this elementary drilling their muskets are given them, and they are instructed in the "Manual of Arms."

By a very slow process of gradual development the full-fledged cadet emerges in the course of a month or six weeks and are known as "fourth-classmen" and proudly swell the ranks of the battalion at Parade.

The Encampment begins about the last of June, and is to these new cadets "Plebe Camp," to the third class "Yearling Camp," and First-class Camp to the senior class—favored beings, to whom it is a season of social enjoyment. The second class, who are called "furlough men," are away on a two months leave of absence.

Cadets are kept very busy while in Camp, although there are no books to be studied nor recitations to

attend. At five o'clock the morning gun is fired, and is instantly followed by the rolling of drums, and the shrill music of fifes as "reveille" is beaten off. Breakfast is at six; Company drill at seven; and at eight the first drum for morning parade beats, and A, B, C, and D Companies assemble in the Company streets. The band is in position at the right, and in a few moments "Adjutants' Call" is heard, and the corps march over the parade ground and form a long line facing the officer in charge, who is an Instructor in the Department of Tactics.

Immediately after parade the drum beats for Guard-mounting, which is a very pretty ceremony. The band plays as the Guard march out again during the Inspection of Arms, again after the Guard is formed, and once more as they "pass in review."

These morning ceremonies in Camp, when the day is bright, are witnessed by numerous visitors from the hotels, also by many of the Post officers and ladies, who make quite a pretty picture, gathered in groups under the elm trees, here and there the color of the scene being toned down by the quiet gray of cadet uniforms. Evening Parade attracts even more spectators, carriages depositing their loads of gay sight-seers, making of the ordinary ceremony an important occasion.

At nine o'clock in the morning drills begin. The various classes disperse; some go to a drill in gunnery and are taught to manage the heavy cannon, firing at a target across a bend in the river. Others learn to manœuvre the light battery with horses; others make gabions and fascines and raise earth-works; and still others are taught field telegraphy by which telegraph wires are rapidly connected and communication established with the General on a battle field. Some learn signaling with red and white flags, from one part of a field to another; the words being formed by the waving of the flags. This is a very pretty drill. Sometimes at night a party of cadets ascend to Fort Putnam, which is an old revolutionary ruin on one of the hills, and signal with lanterns which they swing and wave in the same manner. Another party stationed on the plain beneath respond to the signals.

And so the busy days pass.

During the last weeks of the encampment there are afternoon Battalion Drills which require the attendance of the entire corps.

Of course there are many opportunities for recrea-

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT.



WEST POINT SKETCHES.

tion and amusement. In the summer, at least, the theory is advanced that "all work and no play" is impolitic, and cadets are permitted to leave Camp for most enchanting strolls through "Flirtation," escorting pretty girls along the shady path by the river. If the ghost of Kosciusko ever listens by the fountain in his favorite "garden," how much sentiment, or as a cadet would say, "spoony talk," he must hear!

Monday and Thursday nights are "Hop Nights," and as cadets are usually fine dancers these hops are held in high favor, and attract the youth and beauty from the surrounding country. They begin at half past eight and end promptly at half past ten, when the loud roll of a drum in the corridor puts a sudden termination to the most enchanting waltz and the dancers disperse. Darkness and absolute quiet so quickly succeed that one would fancy it had all been a fairy scene vanishing at the tap of a wand.

Band practice in Camp is another source of delight. When the moon is at the full, and the earth is flooded with soft, radiant light, the old trees cast deep shadows across the grassy plain. Up and down, keeping step involuntarily to the sweet music, move the gray-coated figures, each accompanied by his own, or mayhap, some other's sister, the flashing of the bell-buttons marking their course as now and then they emerge from the shadow.

This lovely busy summer life is brought to a close by a grand ball on the 28th of August. On the morning of that day the "furlough men" are due. As they return on the Albany boat from New York, there is usually a large gathering in Camp waiting to receive them. After landing, they walk from the wharf to the end of the Cavalry plain in front of the library, and there, joining hands and with a wild shout, they rush into camp, literally into the arms of their corps companions. The most hearty hand-shaking ensues. "Cit clothes" are quickly doffed, and when the battalion follow the fife and drum to the Mess-Hall at dinner time, the ranks are swelled by the second class men who take their accustomed places with the ease of veterans.

On the first of September recitations begin, and the great wheel of the United States Military Academy begins to revolve with the regularity and smoothness that years have given it.

There is an imperative demand for energy and perseverance, and "boning" — and *studying* becomes

the absorbing occupation of every cadet who desires to escape being "found" in January.

The classes in each study are divided into sections, and the cadets are graded according to their marks. For instance, if the fourth class number sixty members, it may be divided in six sections, each composed of ten cadets. The first section containing the best students, the second composed of those whose marks average lower, and so on down to the sixth, which is denominated the "*Immortal Section*." From the Immortals in each class are garnered the "found," — not the *wheat*, however, but the *chaff* of the Institution.

The great advantage of this system is its searching thoroughness. As the recitations occupy an hour and a half, each of the ten men in the section is called on to recite. He is closely questioned, much time being given to careful explanations, allowing no excuse for any point to be passed over or any difficulty to remain unexplained.

On the first of June the Board of Visitors arrives: twelve men of pre-supposed intelligence and culture, appointed by the President for the purpose of inspecting and reporting the condition of the Academy in all its departments. Generally a Grand Review is ordered on that day, and the cadets appear in white pants, discharging the gray until the Fall.

West Point now puts on gala dress. Examinations are in progress every day until five o'clock, and after that hour each day there is a drill. Battalion and Skirmish drill are in order, with riding and wild cavalry "charges," noisy light battery manœuvres and the resounding discharges from the great sea-coast battery reverberating like thunder among the surrounding hills. Every night the band plays, and for two weeks the scene changes with kaleidoscopic brilliancy; one pretty picture dissolving into another equally bright and attractive.

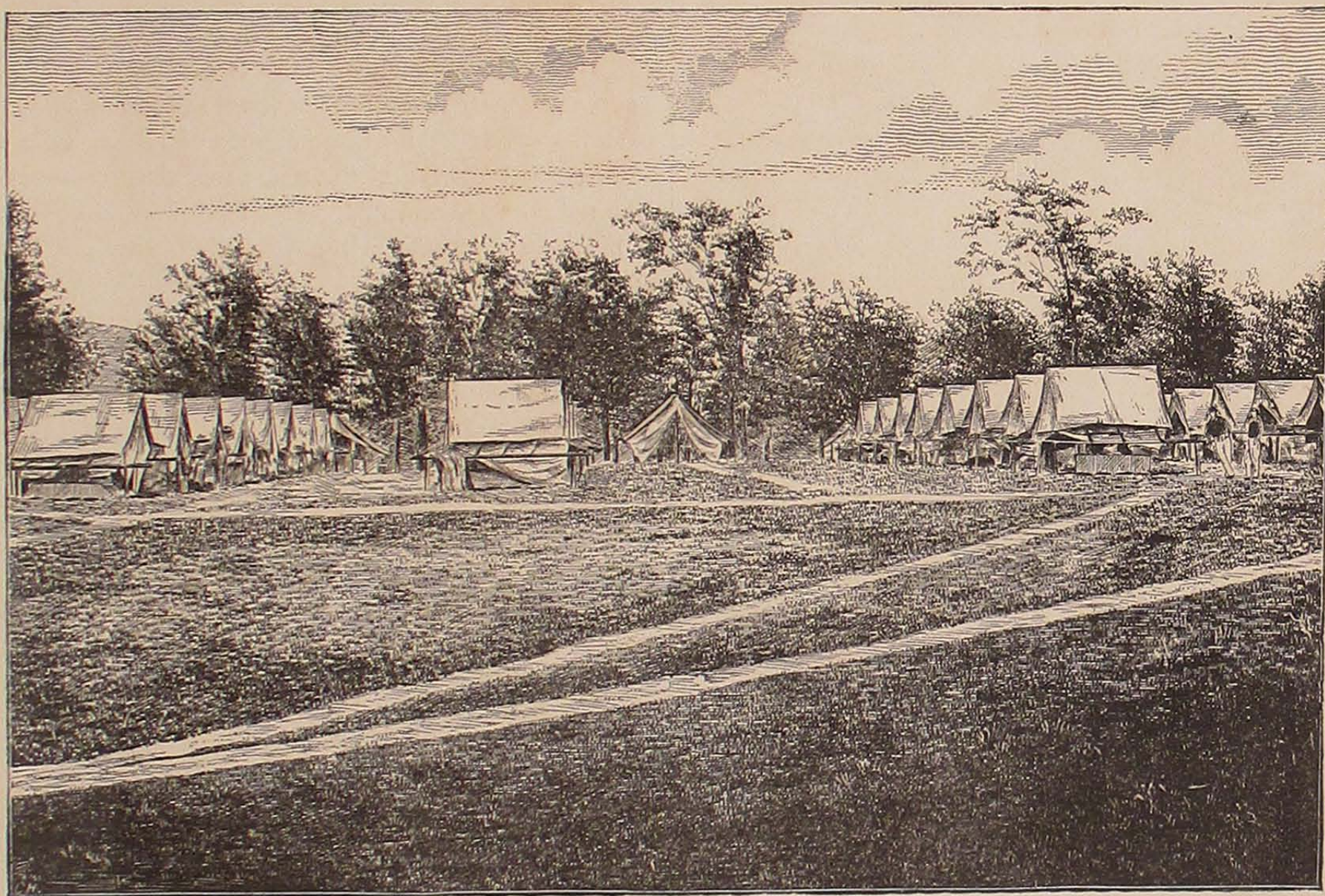
The Graduating Parade is an occasion of much interest. The first class take their old places in ranks for the last time.

The band is in position in the centre of the large, beautiful plain, and soon the beat of the drum calls the Battalion together in front of barracks. After the roll-call and inspection, the Adjutant and Markers march over the plain followed by the companies keeping step to the music of "The dashing white Sergeant." The line is formed in front of the Superintendent's quarters. The Commandant of Cadets

is in command on this occasion, and all along the sides of the parade ground are lines of eagerly interested spectators,—the parents, sisters and sweet-hearts of the graduates.

After the Parade is formed, the band “beats off,”—marching down and back in front of the Battalion playing a medley made up of “Auld Lang Syne,” “The Girl I Left Behind Me,” “Benny Havens,” “Army Blue” and other appropriate airs. Then the evening gun is fired, and after the reading of the

orders by the Adjutant, Parade is dismissed. All members of the First Class who are privates now step forward and stand in line with the cadet officers, and with them march to the front, while the band plays mischievously “Waiting for a Partner.” They halt and salute the Commanding officer with every hat removed and stand with uncovered heads while a few words of farewell are addressed to them. They then move on towards the Barracks and halt under the trees.



IN SUMMER CAMP.

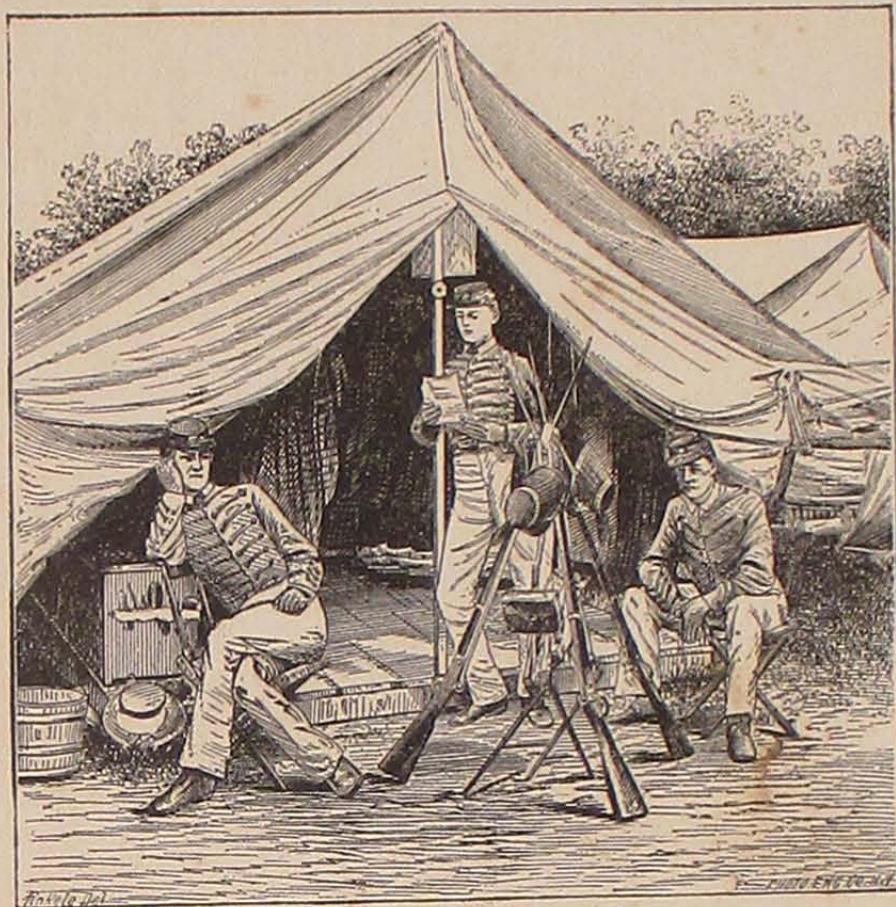
As each company passes a rousing cheer arises from this group of graduates.

The next morning the graduating exercises take place. If the weather be fair seats are arranged under the trees in front of the library to accommodate the officers of the Academic staff, the Board of Visitors and others. At eleven the Battalion, headed by the band, march from Barracks and form three sides of a square fronting the speaker's stand. Usually the Secretary of War is present, and makes an

address, often followed by racy remarks from the Generals of our Army. Frequently the President of the United States presents the diplomas in person.

Cadet life in Barracks means *work*. During “release from quarters,” rapid constitutional walks are indulged in,—Cavalry Drill in the riding hall being the only drill in the winter which affords physical exercise. There is only brief time for visiting at officers' quarters, and “boning” becomes the absorbing duty of the day.

Discipline is always firm. Punishments are graded according to the offences. A certain number of "demerits" condemns the offender to "walking an



TENT LIFE.

extra," in the area of Barracks on Saturday afternoon. Up and down, armed with muskets like sentinels walk the wrong-doers. They are not allowed to converse, and are obliged to march with the same military

precision as if guarding an important position. "Confinement" is another form of punishment: being obliged to remain within one's own quarters when not at recitation or on duty. Being put "in arrest" is still more serious. In the latter case a cadet is on his *honor* not to leave his room. Very great offences, which include direct disobedience of orders, "breaking arrest," making mis-statements, or other conduct unbecoming a gentleman, are settled by Courts Martial, and often the offenders are dismissed from the Academy. Truth-telling is maintained and insisted upon as in no other Institution in the country. The cadet who is convicted of a *lie* is forever disgraced. If merely *suspected* of falsehood the corps is very apt to "cut" him; for the dishonor of telling a lie is *never* passed over, and "extenuating circumstances" scouted with contempt.

Perhaps some boys will say "This must be a hard school!" Well, so it is. But it makes men of boys who need to be taught self-reliance. It teaches young men the necessity and the worth of obedience; and in disciplining their own rebellious bodies and souls, they learn how to control, in times of revolution and disturbance, the ignorant men under their command. All graduates of the West Point Academy come forth from its doors with nice ideas of honor, and a high ideal of manhood; and invariably they profess a great love for their Alma Mater and never regret the experiences of cadet life.

LADY BETTY'S COOKING-SCHOOL.

BY LUCY CECIL WHITE (MRS LILLIE.)

I.

THE first time I heard of Lady Betty and her Cooking-school was at a pretty country rectory where we were drinking tea.

Now you must not imagine that drinking tea with a friend, in England, means a long, well-covered table, with hot waffles and cakes and preserves and roast chicken and salad and fresh biscuits, as it does in America; it means little more than *tea*, and is taken about five o'clock, an hour or more in advance of dinner.

The Rectory at Lorton Norbitts is a pretty, rambling old house, with a wide garden without, and oak staircases and floorings within; there is a comfortable drawing-room, full of delightful things to look at, old pictures and new ones, a real harpsichord and a piano, and long, low book-shelves full of tempting volumes; there is a wide, old-fashioned fire-place, where genuine "yule logs" can burn, and on the gray rug before it, the dogs are fond of lying and warming their black paws and noses; there are plenty of comfortable easy chairs in the room, and soft cretonne hangings in the windows: at five o'clock when Jane, the parlor-maid, brings in the tea-things, the rectory drawing-room is a very cosy, inviting place.

We were all there that mild February afternoon sipping our tea and talking of the weather and crewel-work, when the sound of carriage wheels came crunching outside the windows.

I was nearest, and looking out I saw a very gorgeous equipage with liveried servants, but the person inside was evidently too anxious to be out to wait for ceremony: a small gray glove was reaching outside the window, tugging at the door of the carriage, before the footman was down from his box.

"Who is your grand visitor?" I said to Mrs. Lorne, the rector's wife.

"O, she isn't grand at all," exclaimed May Lorne, a little girl of twelve, laughing, "it's only Lady Betty."

"Well, that *sounds* fine," I said; but there was no time for another word before the drawing-room door was opened and the maid announced: "Lady Betty Leigh, and Miss Crawford."

I wish so that I could make you see this young English girl with your own eyes. She came into the room with a sweet, eager manner, having evidently something important to say; stopped a little shyly, seeing me, a stranger, and as she turned, half apologizing to me, I had time to look quite critically upon her: a girl not more than fifteen, I was sure, but tall for her age and what you might call "bonny" looking; fair as a flower, but a flower that could bear a fresh breeze from the sea or moor without fading; blue eyes, large and rather grave in expression, a straight nose and a dimpled chin, and hair cut across her forehead in short, wavy locks, and long braids looped under her simple black hat.

In the point of costume I am afraid many a Boston girl of fifteen would wonder at my Lady Betty: her dress was a simple gray cloth, with a bit of braid trimming, her gloves were one-button gray kids, and her boots low and heavy in make. She wore on this first day of our meeting a little gray cloak lined with fur; the only "fine" touch in her costume, but then that was so evidently for comfort! It was rather surprising to see this soberly dressed little woman without a suspicion of "the fashion" about her, arrive in such a magnificent carriage, accompanied by her governess: but then, as Lady Betty would have told you, the carriage was her uncle's, and she,—well, she was "Lady" Betty, to be sure, but the simplest, sweetest little maiden in Devonshire.

Directly she and her governess were seated she began about the business matter which had brought her.

"I was so afraid Helen might not be able to go to the cooking-class to-morrow," she said, "I came over to see if we could fetch her."

Helen was the rector's eldest daughter; only a girl

and rather an invalid, but busier among the poor and working people than many a strong woman of twice her age.

As soon as they saw that I understood nothing of the cooking-classes they told me about their history; Lady Betty eagerly and enthusiastically as if "her children," as she called them, were the best and dearest and sweetest and poorest little people on earth.

It seems that while in London, two years before, Lady Betty had gone with her aunt to a great cooking school where teachers are prepared, and there having seen how many poor children were taught to cook nicely and in that way make their homes comfortable and save time and temper and money, it occurred to her that some such school might be started in her own town in Devonshire, where swarms of poor little girls were spending their holidays playing in the streets, digging in the mud, dodging about among carriages and carts and sometimes falling into the river.

Lady Betty was only fourteen then, and she was not, in spite of her title, rich enough to carry out her plan all by herself: she lives with her uncle, a rather cross old gentleman, I fear, who does not care so much for the poor of Lorton Norbitts as she does. When Lady Betty is twenty-one she will have five hundred pounds a year, of her own, but at present she has only fifty and an extra allowance of twenty for pocket money; so, of course, when she came home full of her new project, she had to get help: she went to the rector's wife first, and then to several other people who had daughters of her own age; and when she had induced about twenty to help in the new work, she wrote to the London cooking school at South Kensington, to engage a salaried teacher for the first six months.

As I am telling this story for the benefit of American girls who would be able to help the poor people about them in this most useful way, I will give you all the practical details precisely as I got them from Lady Betty herself and the rector's wife, Mrs. Lorne.

To begin with, there was a great hunt for a proper room in which to open the school: at last a small one was engaged for a beginning. The fire was a great question, for if the chimneys were bad it would ruin their undertaking: but very soon they decided upon using gas or kerosene stoves, as being quick

and cleanly and convenient. For the use of this room from Friday afternoon until Saturday evening they paid two shillings a week (about fifty cents). The next point was to furnish it suitably: beginning with tables, they had a large circular one made to order of plain, cheap pine, with an open place in the



LADY BETTY'S TABLE.

centre for the teacher or superintendent to stand in and give directions and look at the articles; two long tables were placed at either side, both being divided into separate compartments by little wooden ridges; each of these compartments was provided with two drawers and a smooth pine board, to draw out like a shelf, if needed; for each compartment the following small articles were provided:

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 large towel, | 1 cup, |
| 1 small towel, | 2 saucers, |
| 1 medium-sized sauce-pan, | 1 iron spoon, |
| 1 flour dredger, | 1 wooden spoon, |
| 1 small rolling-pin, | 1 steel knife, |
| 1 egg-beater, | 1 cheap pair of scales. |
| 1 frying-pan, | |

The towels and small articles were kept in the

drawers, while directly behind each compartment was a shelf and bracket for the larger utensils.

Besides these, for individual use, a set of general utensils was supplied, and a set of crockery articles, including soup tureen and ladle, six meat-dishes and two dozen soup-plates, meat-plates, pudding-plates and tumblers, yellow crockery pudding-dishes and pie-dishes, one dozen brown earthen-ware jars and three or four good-sized pitchers.

For the benefit of any "little women," or great ones, undertaking a similar enterprise, I would say that Lady Betty's success was chiefly owing to her system in all these primary arrangements, and to her resolution in making certain simple rules for the care of things as well as general conduct, and then seeing that they were never disobeyed. The least touch of lawlessness is ruin to any class of the kind, and Mrs. Lorne told me their only grievances rose from a refractory pupil, who could never be taught order or regularity in small details, and from the fact that the young lady in charge of her department was lacking in the same sense of system and methodical way of doing things.

The kitchen was further supplied with a good dresser and cupboard, and a moderate supply of crash toweling, and washing utensils.

The next point attended to was the general care of the kitchen, and a poor woman of respectability was hired to make the kitchen ready for the class on Friday afternoons and to see that the various articles were in their places and the fires ready to light. The same woman was in attendance on Saturday morning and remained all day.

The first class consisted of eight girls; and two young people of Lady Betty's age who had, like her, studied simple cookery, took them in special charge, while the salaried teacher superintended them in general.

I have not told you all the details of the preparations before the class was finally organized, but such matters never could be managed in two towns in the same way. One hint, however, given by Mrs. Lorne, would prove valuable in any community: at the *outset* it was found wiser to have very few people either to help in teaching or to visit the class. When it was *well established*, visitors and assistants were in every way desirable, but too many views and opinions in the start would have been ruinous.

When I was at Lorton Norbitts the class, or I should call it school, had been one year in operation, and was not only self-supporting, but prosperous in every way: two "entertainments," of the nature of which I will tell you later, had been given, and among the pupils, two bright girls of fifteen had gone into service as under-cooks in a gentleman's household, from which the very best reports had come back to dear little Lady Betty and her friends. But more than this, the useful knowledge had benefitted many a poor home in the parish: girls who could out of a small sum cook an excellent meal for their parents, were naturally very proud and happy, and the benefit was immense to the poor laboring man who had been living on heavy bread and half-boiled meat and vegetables once or twice a week, with coarse pork and beans at other times, and who could now have an intelligently cooked dinner of soup, and rice, and a light pudding, or a fragrant "stew" of meat and potatoes at no greater outlay than his former indigestible fare, while the sense of superiority in these home matters raised the young girls and children in their own and their parents' estimation and their self-respect increased perceptibly.

You may be very sure I was anxious to see the cooking class in operation, and it was managed that I should be at the little kitchen early the next morning and see the whole matter from first to last.

Lady Betty and her governess stayed an hour talking it over, and when they drove away in the dark, I could not but think the days of fairy lore were not over: surely here was a gentle young maiden endowed with some gift which made what she touched turn to gold. But after all, there are fairy gifts of many kinds still existing, only we have learned to call them by different names—charity, sympathy, high purpose, and Christian humility; and these I am sure my little Lady Betty has received.

II.

You may be sure I was punctual at the cooking-school the next morning. When I arrived Lady Betty and Helen Lorne were already there, wearing long white aprons and white sleeves over their arms. The kitchen range was ready and a gas stove also prepared; pots and pans were scrupulously clean and ranged on the dresser, with crockery; and punctually

at ten the two assistant teachers and the pupils arrived.

There were sixteen girls in this class,

their ages ranging from ten to sixteen; and as they entered they went up at once to Lady Betty for a polite "good morning," and then presented themselves to their individual superintendent. This lady examined their hands and nails, as cleanliness was of course enforced.

The girls had each come in with a roll done up in paper which she opened and displayed a clean white apron, which was put on before taking her stand at her own compartment of the table.

Each girl then stated to her teacher whether the contents of her drawer was in order and correct, and then each in turn named the dish she was to prepare, it having been given out the week previous. As an illustration I will give the first girl's statement.

"Mary Ann Jones," said her teacher, "what is your dish?"

"Potato soup," said Mary Ann, her round country face beaming, for I assure you these little cooks delight in their cookery.

Teacher: What do you need for it?

Mary Ann: Six potatoes, four onions, four ounces of crushed tapioca, one pint and a half of milk, also butter, pepper and salt. It will make two quarts of soup and take one hour."

Teacher: How do you make it?

Mary Ann: I wash and peel the potatoes and cut each up into four pieces. I cut the onions up into pieces and throw them all into two quarts of boiling water. Let them boil until soft—about three-quarters of an hour. Then rub the vegetables through a colander or wire sieve. Put them back to the saucepan and add two ounces of butter and a little pepper and salt. Let it all boil up; and when it boils I sprinkle in four ounces of tapioca. Let it simmer fifteen minutes stirring carefully until it is quite clear, and then add one pint and a half of milk and warm it through.

The next girl's dish was stated with as great particularity. Hers was roast beef, and she weighed the

piece, describing what part of the animal it was from; the teacher explaining anything she did not understand.

The next girl was to make Yorkshire pudding, that delicious accompaniment to roast beef always given in England.

A small child present on being asked her task, replied. "To clarify drippings," and she gave a correct recipe and added to what use they were put.

A second little girl had to melt down fat; and all these minor matters were done as systematically and perfectly as the greater ones.

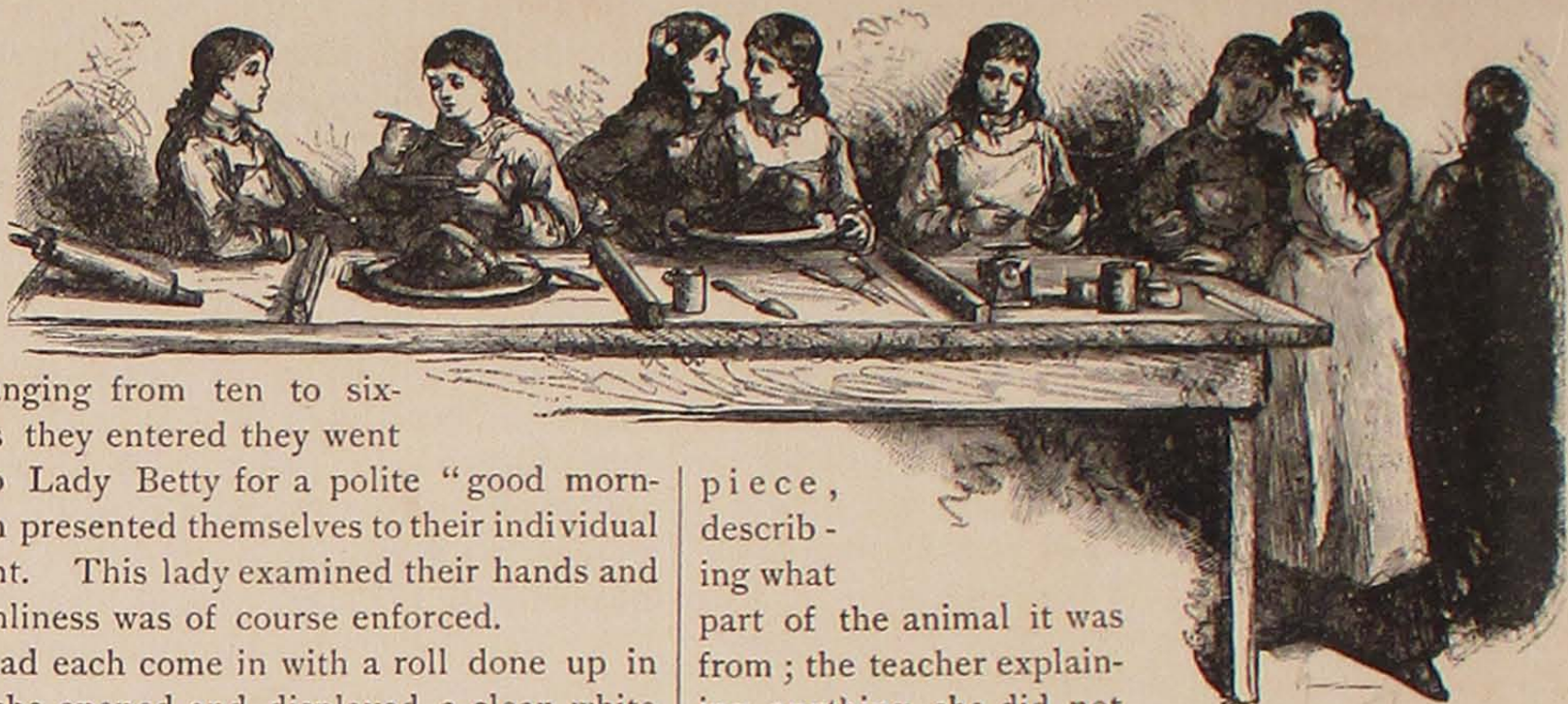
The girls, I was told, had previously learned the recipes, out of a book, and they now prepared to make the dishes under superintendence. There was no disorder or confusion, although ten little girls, new pupils, were brought in to look on before beginning work a few weeks later. Each girl was expected to begin and finish and serve up her own dish.

When the dinner was nearly prepared, a door leading into a second room was opened, and Mrs. Lorne said to the class:

"Who are waitresses this week?"

Two girls, whose dishes were cold ones and all prepared, stepped forward, and took trays from the dresser which they loaded systematically; the little apprentices standing by and receiving instructions from Mrs. Lorne; they also followed the two waitresses into the next room and saw them spread two long tables; the one I was told for visitors; the other for the children.

Visitors were allowed to come every Saturday to dinner provided they applied for a ticket one week in



LADY BETTY'S CLASS.

advance and paid sixpence (twelve cents;) and this money, together with the two pence or three pence paid by the pupils, covered the greater part of the expenses, the remaining sum being made up by the entertainments of which I shall speak later and the "orders" for dishes.

When the tables were ready Lady Betty and Mrs. Lorne, who were standing in the circular table of which I told you, called out the list of dishes for the dinner in this way.

"Mary Ann Jones — potato soup."

Mary Ann smilingly presented her tureen full of the fragrant soup, and a small portion was tasted by her teacher and pronounced all right.

"Ellen Govern — roast beef."

There were some criticisms made on the beef by the head teacher, and Ellen was told to come after hours and receive a little further instruction.

"Kate Lewis — Yorkshire pudding."

"Nelly Neil — baked potatoes and cauliflower."

"Lizzie Mason — plain custard."

"Jenny Robin — bread pudding."

Several other scholars showed special dishes made to order. All were neatly arranged on a stand and ticketed with their owners' names.

The little girls who had been doing "Beginners' Work" showed their results; one small person, not over seven years, had been making squares of toasted bread for soups, and four neat bags of the same were ready to be taken out to fill an "order."

By the time the tables were laid, about eight visitors had arrived. Two of the girls, under a lady's superintendence, served the tables, and the greatest neatness and particularity were observed. The pupils took turns in waiting on the tables, clearing them, and washing dishes, pots and pans.

The meal ended and the visitors gone, the girls re-assembled in the kitchen, and the head teacher spoke:

"Who are in the Cleaning Class this week?"

Four girls immediately responded; and in answer to a question one girl said she had the tins to clean, and for the benefit of the "apprentices" briefly described the process. Another had sieves and stew-pans — a third had to clean the range, while a fourth had to scrub the wooden tables. When they had satisfactorily described their duties, four girls were appointed to be "cleaners" the fortnight following

and adjourned into the next room with a teacher to write down, at her dictation, directions for their work.

I wanted to see how this was done and so followed them: the four girls produced small notebooks kept for the purpose, and to each girl simple directions were given in this fashion:

Teacher: Nelly Brown, you will clean the tins next time. Write down this direction: Rub the tins well with a paste of whiting and water. Rub off with a leather and brush out all the dust with a soft brush. Polish with another leather. Clean the inside first — why should you do this, Nelly?"

Nelly: Because in cleaning the inside I might get the outside dirty.

Teacher: Quite right. If the tins are very greasy or dirty, use table brick and water.

In this way the four girls wrote down their "cleaning" recipes, and as they kept their books I am sure they proved very useful in their cottage homes.

The next thing done was to summon all the class who were to cook at the next meeting and give them their receipts. These were not only dictated, but explained, and neatly written down in the books, so that during the week or fortnight they could be committed to memory.

When this was done every girl who had done her work well and conducted herself with general satisfaction was given a small blue ticket. Three of these, I was told, entitled a scholar to promotion; that is to say, to a little more elaborate cookery: for example, on this day a girl who handed in three blue tickets, "went up" from simply beating eggs and peeling potatoes, to the first of the cooked dishes; and a girl who had only had simple "boilings" in her charge was promoted to the preparation of roast meats. By working gradually in this way details became indelibly established upon their young minds, and they learned to respect the trifling but all important *preparations* for good cooking.

Each girl before leaving the kitchen had given to the teacher superintending the cleaning, all the utensils she had used, so that there was no disorderly hunting for dishes or spoons; each one of the "cleaning class" applied for her special articles, cleaned them and laid them neatly on the centre table.

Help or special instruction were given, of course, wherever they were required, but in general the girls knew what to do having progressed so slowly in the

art. By half past four every thing was in order ; the good-byes spoken politely upon both sides, and it was pretty to see the little girls dropping a quaint, old-fashioned courtsey to their mistresses when leaving.

The same set of girls and teachers met every fortnight ; a different class taking the alternate weeks. In this way a holiday was only given up twice a month, but I think the pupils of Lady Betty's school preferred coming to their cooking lessons to any imaginable holiday.

When the school hours were over I found many questions still to ask and have answered. Lady Betty and Miss Crawford came to tea at the rectory and we chatted an hour over the drawing-room fire.

Mrs. Lorne impressed it upon us that in any such scheme as this the utmost system and discipline were necessary ; it being, as she said, the only way to make it thoroughly successful. "Some people," she said, "are so anxious, directly they undertake a charity or enterprise of this kind, to accomplish great results. The end of that sort of ambition is usually total failure. Everything then becomes confused and nothing learned. Not only must the children or pupils progress slowly and quietly but the teachers must adopt a careful system. Once a month there is a teachers' meeting when the statistics are read out by the secretary and the different lady teachers or superintendents exchange their ideas.

"How many working teachers are there?"



CLEANING THE TINS.

"Only five — we do not care for a great many. There are four assistants ; all qualified to teach or superintend. Every teacher must know or learn something of cooking, and so the classes are advantageous all around."

"And how is the school supported?" I asked.

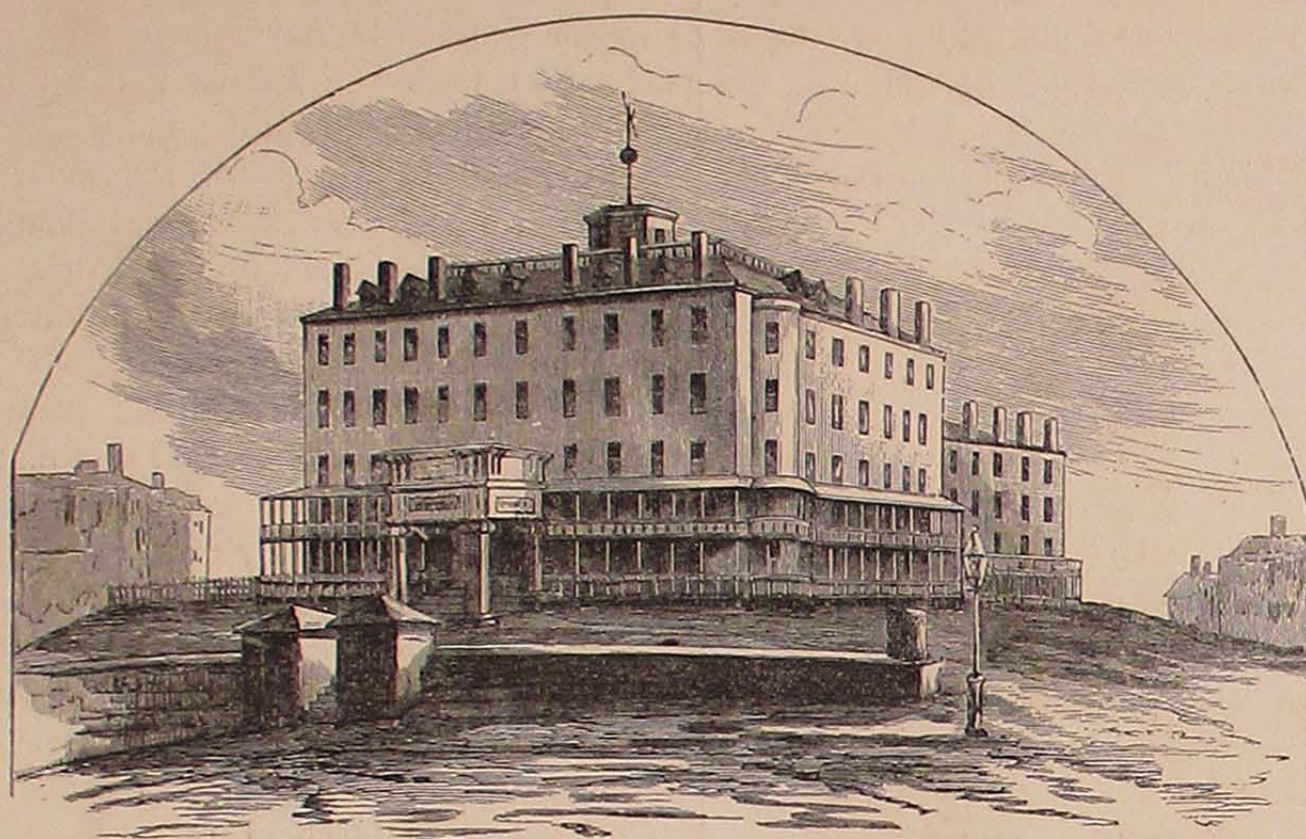
"Every teacher contributes a shilling (twenty-five cents) a week, every child who is taught pays three pence (six cents) weekly for her dinner, then the visitors pay one shilling each for their dinner, and about four times a year we have an entertainment, and now that the school is far enough advanced, orders are taken from families for dishes every other week. In this way the school is entirely self-supporting."

"Next week," said Lady Betty, "the older class will cook. They are the furthest advanced. All the orders for dishes are sent in a week in advance and they are all cooked on the Saturday following. One lady has that specially in charge. The girls who cook the dishes are obliged to write out a list of all the articles used in them, with the cost of each, and they are given a few pence for themselves out of the money received. I have next week's list in my pocket," and Lady Betty read the following :

Apple fritters,
Ice pudding,
Meringues,
Two quarts cold custard and jelly,
Two pounds raisin cake,
Two pounds seed loaf — etc., etc.

"All these will be cooked next Saturday," said Lady Betty with a little proud smile. "But then," she added, "you should see our entertainments if you really wish to judge of our proficiency."

I agreed that it would give me the greatest pleasure, and when we had finished our tea, and I was alone in my own room for the quiet "before dinner" hour which tranquillizes every English country house, I wished that a certain town I knew of in far-away America could have a young "Lady Betty," and a charity at once so useful, so pleasing and so easily organized and carried on as this Devonshire Cooking School.



PERKINS INSTITUTION, BROADWAY, SOUTH BOSTON.

PERKINS INSTITUTION AND MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.

HALF a century or so ago, little "Wide Awakes," if you could have peeped into the windows of a small wooden house on Hollis Street, in Boston, you might have seen two little girls, six and eight years of age, fumbling away over some bits of twine, gummed in the form of letters, upon cardboard.

A funny sort of school-book, wasn't it? But, fifty years ago, this was good Dr. Howe's first method of teaching blind children the alphabet; and just think what a piece of work it must have been to prepare the letters in this way—and all with his own hand!

These two little girls were his first pupils. He found them one day by the roadside, when riding through Andover; and, having obtained their parents' permission, he brought them to his father's house in Boston, and undertook their education.

It seemed, no doubt, to the father and mother, a very hopeless thing to attempt, but the bright, docile children soon caught their teacher's enthu-

siasm; and, in a little while, could tell upon metal types each letter of the alphabet, all the arithmetical figures, and the different marks of punctuation.

Then Dr. Howe gave them some metal frames, perforated with square holes, and on these curious little slates they soon learned to set the types upright, and to spell out "apple," "chair," and other words in common use.

Sheets of stiff pasteboard, marked off with elevated lines, showed the boundaries of countries—just as the colored lines do upon the maps in your Monroe's geography; rough, raised dots indicated ranges of mountains; and pin-heads, big and little, showed them, according to size, the cities and the towns.

Half play and half study it seemed to the two little sisters, as, with tireless patience, their kind teacher led them on.

Soon four other blind children entered the little school on Hollis Street; but Abby and Sophia Carter, now happy, useful women, not only supporting

themselves, but at one time helping their parents by their labor—were the *very first* pupils, let us remember, of the very first American School for the Blind.

And while many kind hearts and many helping hands have carried forward the good work, let us not



DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

forget it is to Dr. John D. Fisher, and Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the "Cadmus of the Blind," that the noble Institution really owes its birth!

On the other side the water, in Paris and Berlin, the Abbé Haüy had established some twenty-five years before, a series of Schools for the Blind that already were doing an immense amount of good.

These schools Dr. Fisher visited in his European tour; and he became so deeply interested in them, that when he returned to Boston he at once talked the subject over with his friend, Dr. Howe.

Couldn't something of the kind be done for the blind in our own country?

Well, the strong "will" always does find a "way;" and through the united efforts of these noble-hearted men, a State appropriation for the education of the blind was made in 1829, followed by a charter the next year which incorporated the present Institution.

At first all the money given by the State was the amount left over from the \$6,500 fund for the education of deaf-mutes.

But Dr. Fisher, Dr. Howe and other prominent citizens generously gave what they could, out of their own pockets; Prescott, the blind historian, wrote an affecting appeal in the *North American Review*; and Col. Perkins, the more than princely merchant, finally offered his great beautiful house and grounds on Pearl Street for the use and benefit of the blind, provided the city of Boston would raise \$50,000 for the same purpose.

Ask your grandmothers, little "Wide Awakes" of Boston, if they don't remember that first fancy fair at Faneuil Hall! It was a magnificent response to the appeal for aid, and nearly everybody in Boston contributed either in money or in articles for the sale.

The net results were \$49,000, and it was an easy matter to make up the remaining thousand dollars.

So Col. Perkins gave them his fine old mansion; but, at first, he said the house must always be used as a dwelling and school for the blind, or else be given back to his heirs.

Just think how strange it would seem now to find this great Institution crowded into an old-fashioned country-house, down on noisy Pearl Street.

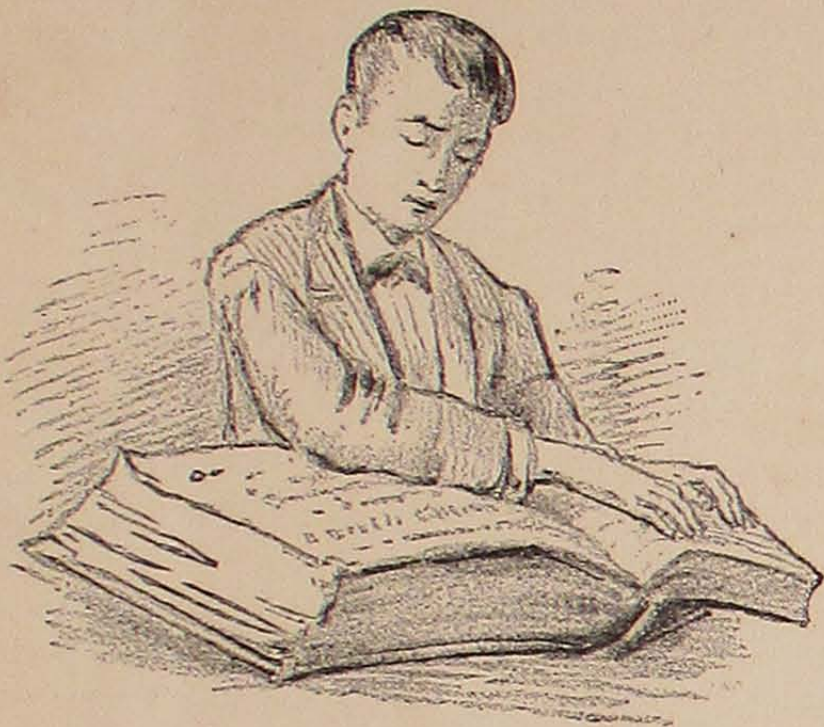
But Dr. Howe had the eyes of a prophet, and saw, even then, how it might be in the years to come.



STUDYING GEOGRAPHY.

Not long after, the Washington Hotel, an immense building upon Dorchester Heights, came into the market; and when Col. Perkins was told how much better it would be for the Institution to have its location there he generously took away the condition.

And so, out of gratitude, the Trustees resolved to call the school the "Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum (now School) for the Blind."



READING THE BIBLE.

I wonder if you haven't noticed the building when sailing down Boston Harbor. It is so very large, so very white in the sunlight, and stands so very high above its neighbors, that for miles away it is known as a landmark.

But to-day, little "Wide Awakes," Percy and I are going to take a peep inside — wouldn't you like to come, too? This South Boston Broadway car will carry us almost to the door; and as we climb up the long flight of steps I wish you to notice what a beautiful picture is framed in by the tall Grecian pillars at the entrance.

The poor boy who answers our ring turns his face that way, too, as little Percy exclaims: "O, see how blue the water is! I can count twenty, thirty, forty sails! and there is a big steamer coming in!"

Yes, it *is* a broad, grand outlook, but poor blind Henry can never realize anything of its beauty!

Did you ever stop to think what it would be to live in total darkness all the time!

Supposing, some day, when you were playing blindman's buff (playing it "fair," too, so that you couldn't see a thing!) the bandage should suddenly grow to your eyes, and you could never, never take it off!

Your face becomes very sober just at the thought; but here are more than a hundred children to whom

life must be a continual and very serious "blind-man's buff!"

Years ago it was thought impossible for a blind person to learn any but the very simplest rudiments of an education; and since there have always been more blind children among the poor than among the rich classes of society, it almost always followed that as they grew up, and no occupation could be found for them, they became, in the end, paupers and beggars — the world over!

Just think what a future to place before a bright, active child — as *wide awake*, mentally, as any of my little readers — albeit his poor eyes were closed, and his horizon forever bounded by his finger-tips!

But in these last fifty years great changes have been wrought; and there are now in the United States twenty-seven public institutions for the education of the blind.

The thorough instruction received in these schools places the pupils above dependence, and upon an almost equal footing, in many branches of industry, with *seeing* workmen!

Little Percy, how-



ever, will understand this better as we go from room to room and see the children at their work, or hear them in their various recitations.

This immense globe in the hall, that is covered all over with "humps," gives us some idea of the way they study their geography lessons; but besides the globes and maps in relief, here are a number of dissected maps

that are as interesting as the puzzle game of "sliced animals."

Shut your eyes, little Percy, and see if you can put together this map of North America. Florida is easy to tell, it is so like an L reversed, and Cuba is a long narrow piece, all by itself; but O! those puzzling Middle and Western States!

Percy gives up in despair, and looks with wondering eyes upon blind Nellie, who puts it all together, quick as a flash, and without a single mistake! Now her

Watch them a moment and you will see.

Here is a long line of pin-heads, and there is another coming to meet it; one side is all crooks and curves, and — why, it is the State of Massachusetts sure enough! Yes; this is the way blind children learn to draw maps; and their bright, happy faces show how much they enjoy the exercise.

And, by the way, did you ever notice how every shade of feeling is expressed on the face of a blind person?

To me it is very beautiful — this utter unconsciousness of other's eyes.

At one of the recesses — and by an excellent arrangement they come every fifty minutes — I stepped into a room where four or five blind girls were busily chatting together; of course they were quite unconscious of my presence till I spoke, and they made such a pretty picture that I stood for a moment watching them. Two were frolicking together — just like all school-girls — but one sat a little apart, holding in her hand a box of bright-colored beads. Every now and then she would hold them close to her left eye; and sometimes she would put them down with a heavy sigh, sometimes with a bright smile. I read her thoughts without a question, so perfectly was her mind photographed upon her face.

Sight was returning — but O! so slowly And the one delight of her life was to test the precious, priceless gift. "I can just see a bit of light," she said when I spoke to her, "and now and then a little color; perhaps I shall see as well as anybody sometime!"

Another young girl in the little group, who has been for some four years in the Institution, gives me a very interesting account of their home life.

"You know we girls all live in these cottages; and it is ever so much nicer than it used to be when there was only the one big building. There are four cottages just like this one, and we have a parlor and dining-room in each house. Our sleeping-rooms are on the second floor; if the matron is willing I will show you mine."

And a pretty, sunny room it was, with its bright carpet and neat furniture.

"I make the bed myself, and take the whole care



STUDYING PHILOSOPHY.

teacher sends her to the map on the wall, and from Maine to California her nimble little fingers travel like so many eyes. The capitals and the mountain ranges she knows by the big pins and the raised lines; then the rivers are all cut out in little grooves, and she can easily trace them from the source to the mouth.

But what are all these little folks doing with cushions?

of my room ; we learn a good deal in this way about housekeeping.

"There are forty-two girls here now, so we have about ten in each cottage, and it seems just like home, we have such good times together. We rise about six in the morning, sometimes a little earlier in summer, and we breakfast at seven ; then we have a little time to look after our rooms, and if it is a pleasant day we usually take a walk before school-time.

"We do not go to the large building to study ; for, you see, we have a school-house all to ourselves ; and that long gallery you came through is where we walk at recess and exercise in stormy weather.

"At quarter of one the bell rings for us to put away our books and get ready for dinner. In the afternoon we have another school session, but it is not so long as in the morning, and we spend a part of each day in our work-room, sewing and knitting.

"Every evening we have reading aloud in the parlors, and we enjoy that ever so much."

But the bell rings, and, with a smiling "good-bye" the girls return to their studies. We go back to the large building, and Henry, whose bright, intelligent face we shall not soon forget, takes down his big Bible and opens it at random :

"*And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, . . . for the former things are passed away !*"

O, with what a radiant face and touching emphasis he reads the beautiful verses ! Does he realize their prophetic import, I wonder ?

You notice it is the last volume of a series from which he is reading ; for, although the bulk of Bible printing for the blind has been diminished one-half through the efforts of Dr. Howe, it still requires several large volumes to contain all the Scriptures in embossed letters.

The generous donations of various Bible Societies now make it possible to give every blind person a copy of the precious book ; but whenever a recipient dies the Bible is sent back to the Institution to be lent again, and so handed down from one generation to another.

It was the Abbé Haüy who invented these raised letters ; but Dr. Howe devised the angular type, which is much easier for the blind to read ; and all his life he labored constantly to increase the number of books printed for the blind. Dickens, after his visit



to the Institution, gave a large sum that was spent in printing an edition of his "Old Curiosity Shop ;" and, looking over the catalogue of embossed volumes now printed at

South Boston we find, not only a goodly list of school-books, but Milton's "Paradise Lost," and "Regained," Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar," together with selections from Pope, Baxter, Swedenborg and Byron.

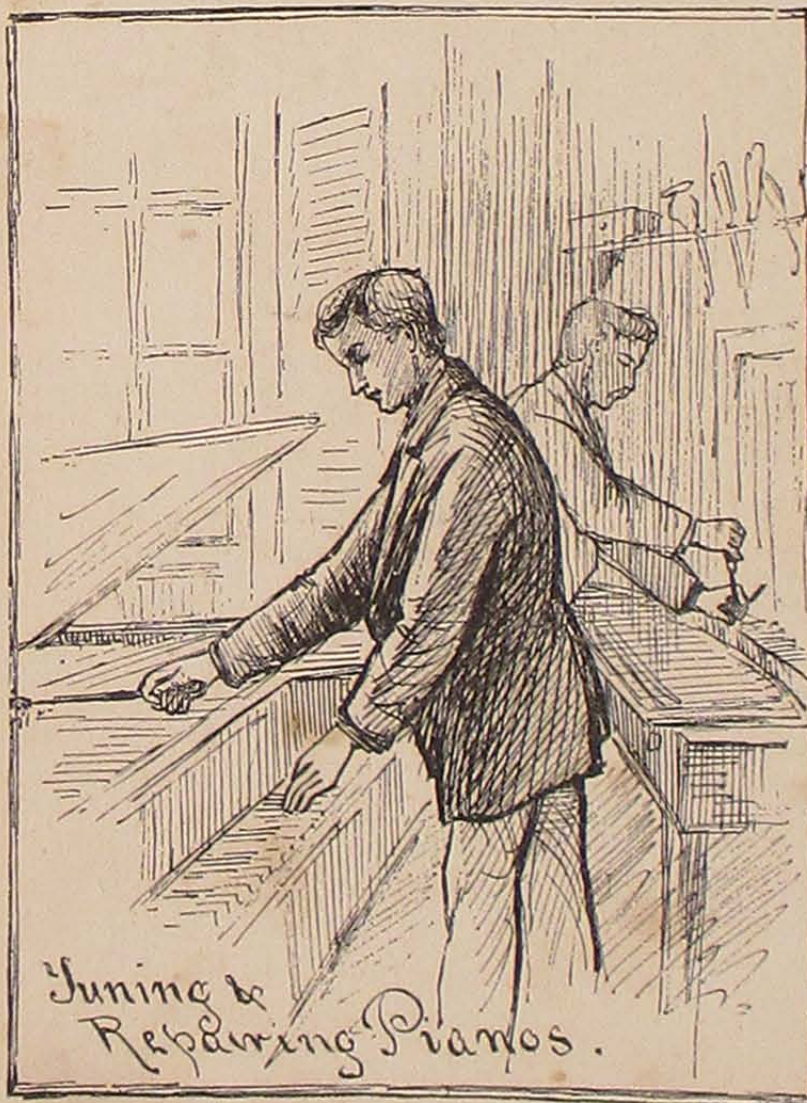
The "Howe Memorial Fund," to which a liberal donation has been made this past year, and to which is added all the proceeds from the sale of Dr. Howe's Memoir, is to promote the increase of these embossed books for the blind ; and so to carry out, as far as possible, one of the last wishes of Dr. Howe.

Beside the ordinary method of printing for the

blind, there is Moon's Alphabetic System, which is very helpful to blind persons whose touch is too hardened to distinguish finer letters; and the Braille system, which is also used for common hand-writing among the blind, and for musical notation.

In the grammar exercises to-day, you will notice, little Percy, what an ingenious contrivance it is — this Braille system of point-writing.

It has long been used in Great Britain and all over Europe; and three kinds of tablets have been invented, one of which, called the "Daisy," is just a little frame that looks like a slate, and a brass block one inch square, in which six points are grouped. This block travels over the slate on two steel rods, on one of which is a ratchet which spaces the letters, and then there is a third rod that spaces the lines. The letters are produced by placing the finger upon the keys which, by a slight pressure, force the points through the paper; so, by this means, the writer can make a whole "character" in the Braille "short-hand," in the time required to "prick" a sin-



gle point by the old style "French tablet."

It is said that Edison has just invented something even better than this; he calls it the "blind writing

ink;" and as he dips his pen into the strange fluid, and carries it across a sheet of paper, the marks left are of a grayish white. In about a minute after, the writing swells up and hardens, until it becomes quite perceptibly elevated above the paper. Mr. Edison



THREADING A NEEDLE.

says, however, that he does not yet feel quite satisfied with the preparation, as with further experiment he thinks he can make the elevation still more marked.

O, this wonderful sense of touch! Why, it is almost like having eyes at one's finger-tips.

Here are some young girls doing a long example in square root; the queer little slates they use look like printer's cases, and the little nickel types travel over the boards just about as fast as chalk lines over the black-board.

Isabel Romily, a very intelligent colored girl, gives us an excellent recitation in physiology, and takes to pieces a model of the human figure to prove what she has told us of the digestive organs.

But it is in Miss Shattuck's recitation-room that our wonder and admiration reach a crisis. What! is it possible that the blind can be taught the mysteries of Natural Philosophy? Just listen to the recitation upon "Light: its laws and phenomena," from this class of boys!

With intelligent fingers they handle the philosophical apparatus, and, as they cannot watch, like seeing pupils, each other's explanations, a part take the prism — as you will notice at the right hand of our picture, — while the others stand about the table.

The course of study at the Institution is now so extended that when a pupil graduates it is with a degree of knowledge quite equal to that obtained in our public schools and private academies.

The one hundred and twenty-six boys and girls (the Institution would accommodate many more) now enrolled as pupils, are divided, according to their degree of progress, into eleven classes — experience showing that fifteen or sixteen blind children are quite as many as can profitably be taught together. Of the thirty-six officers of the Institution, there are, in the literary department, seven teachers, all ladies;

and no one can listen to the different recitations without being strongly impressed with the hearty enthusiasm, rare sympathy, and ready tact displayed in their methods of teaching.

Upon the Director, Mr. Anagnos, the mantle of Dr. Howe, his father-in-law, has indeed fallen; and throughout the Institution his cheery hopefulness and his earnest, devoted spirit are continually reflected.

The literary course embraces reading in a variety of raised characters, spelling, writing with a lead-pencil in the square hand, also in Braille's point-system, geography (civil and physical), arithmetic (mental and with type boards), algebra, geometry,

history (ancient, mediæval and modern), grammar, rhetoric, composition, English literature, civil government, natural history, physics, anatomy and physiology, mental philosophy and Latin.

But besides the literary department, there are three others, the musical, the tuning and the technical.

It is, very naturally, in music that the blind especially delight; and, indeed, they really labor under no disadvantage here; for although the contrivance of embossed notes can never equal those read by sight, yet in quickness and delicacy of ear, and in a peculiarly nice sense of "time," the blind seem more gifted than those who are blessed with sight.

There are five resident teachers, with one assistant,



THE BOYS' WORK-ROOM.

in the musical department; and all these, with one exception, are graduates of the school. Then there are three music-readers employed, and the services of three eminent professors who are not resident; so you see the Perkins Institution offers unusual facilities for obtaining a thorough musical education; and it is very interesting to walk through the upper rooms where the numerous pianos are distributed.

Especial attention is given to the tuning department; indeed, seven of the pianos are kept just for dissection; and, after seeing how thoroughly these blind pupils understand the instrument they handle, you will never be afraid to trust your own piano to

the care of such a professional tuner. Last year the contract for the tuning and the small repairs of the city pianos in the public schools of Boston, was given to graduates of this department of the Institution; and the work gave so much satisfaction that the same contract has been renewed for the present year. This is a very marked recognition of the ability and proficiency of blind tuners, and we trust the example of the school committee of Boston will be followed by those of other cities.

After listening with delight to a blind boy's performance upon the piano, we went down into the large hall or chapel. Here there is a fine organ;

and here the orchestra of twenty-five pieces will give you as fine a selection of music as you heard at the Thomas concert.

But all cannot be musicians; and there is one bright sunny room in this great building where cheery Mr. Wright and his assistants teach the boys how to make brooms and how to seat chairs.

I shall never forget how pleasant that long working-room looked, with its windows full of thrifty house-plants, and its busy, happy workers scattered about like so many bees!

The girls have a work-room, too; and I wish you could see how fast their fingers fly through the meshes of crotchet, and how deftly they thread a needle with the tips of their tongues.

They do all manner of pretty things, too, in bead-work and bright-colored worsteds; and, what is of more importance, they can run knitting and sewing machines as fast and accurately as anybody.

Most of the articles manufactured by the girls are sold, either to persons attending the weekly sale, on Thursdays, when the Institution is open to visitors, or to customers at the store on Avon Street, in Boston.

At this salesroom in the city may also be found mattresses, feather-beds, entry-mats, brooms, etc., all made by the blind. Orders are taken here, too, for upholstering furniture, re-seating cane-bottomed chairs and renovating old mattresses and feather-beds.

All the proceeds go, not to the Institution, but to the blind themselves.

I think one secret of the dexterity of the blind children here, certainly of their ease of movement and good carriage, is owing to the daily exercise they take in the gymnasium; and it is a pretty sight to see the girls in their neat uniforms go through the various exercises.

How they keep in line is a mystery; but I suppose it is due to their exquisite sense of touch and hearing, and still more to the excellent training power of their teacher.

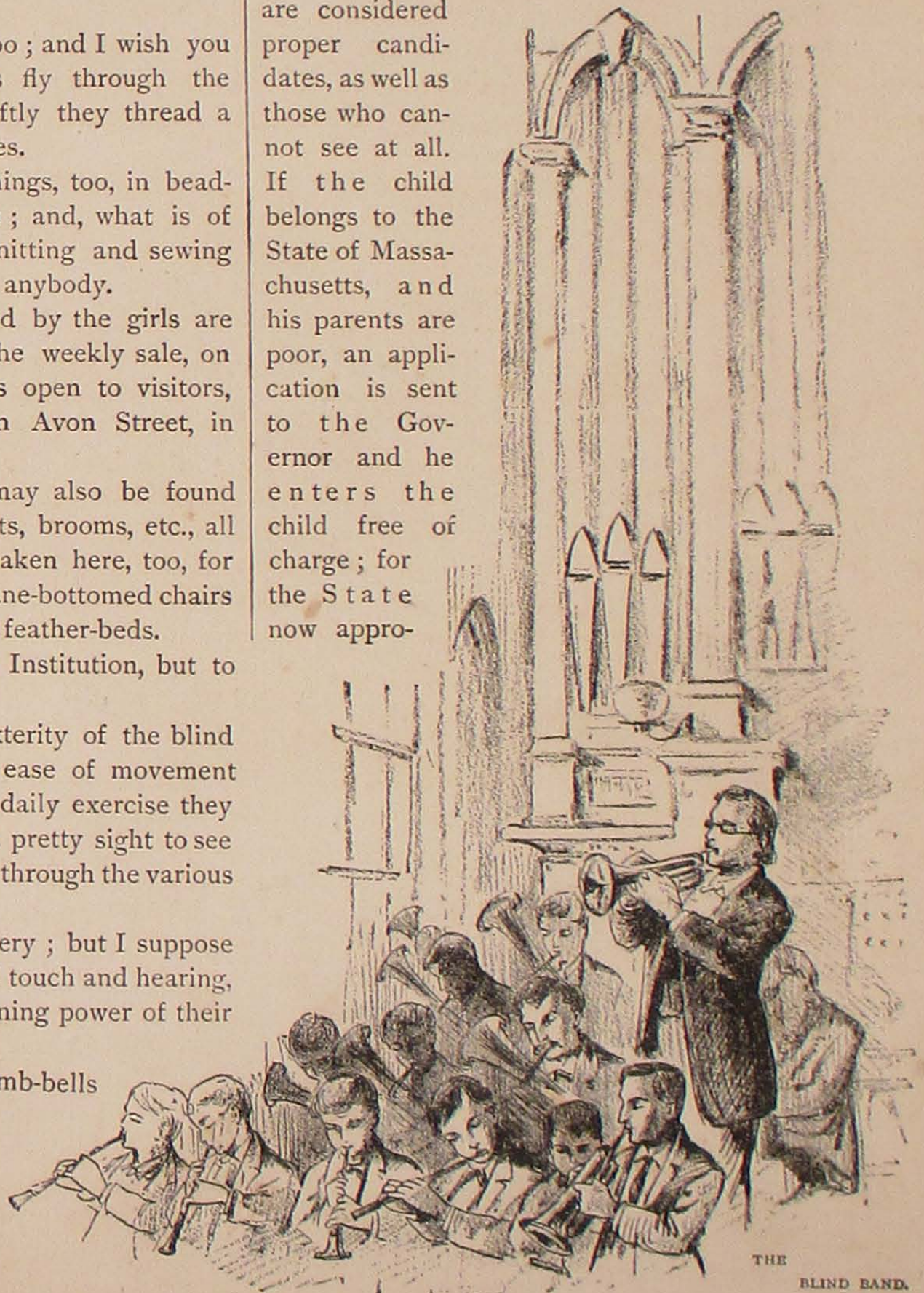
Rings, wands, and wooden dumb-bells they use with all the ease of a Diö Lewis graduate.

Of course the boys have other and more vigorous exercises; and now that the new gymnasium is completed there will be given

still better opportunities of developing bone and muscle.

The terms of admission to the Institution are as follows:

All children and youth of average health and strength, and good morals, who are so deficient in sight that they cannot distinguish printed letters one-eighth of an inch square, or those whose eyes are in such a condition that they cannot be used in reading without danger of the total loss of sight, are considered proper candidates, as well as those who cannot see at all. If the child belongs to the State of Massachusetts, and his parents are poor, an application is sent to the Governor and he enters the child free of charge; for the State now appro-



THE
BLIND BAND.

priates \$30,000 every year for the education of such children, and several legacies from private individuals have recently been received by the Institution. The



God is Love. & truth
Laura G. Bridgman.

terms of admission to other pupils are \$300.00 per annum, which includes all expenses except clothing.

The best age for admission is between nine and sixteen, and the usual period of stay is from five to seven years.

The Institution is not an *asylum* but a *school*; and the adult blind persons who work in the shop live in lodgings of their own or in boarding-houses near by.

I suppose there is scarcely one of my little "Wide Awakes" who has not heard about Laura Bridgman, but I cannot close this long story of the Perkins Institution without telling you of our pleasant talk with her.

You know she is not only blind but deaf and dumb too, and her senses of smell and taste are very blunt; but her touch! why, that is like five senses in one.

Good, kind, noble Dr. Howe! It was he who took her, when she was a little girl, and let down the magic cord that brought her out of darkness into light.

She is forty-nine years of age now, and when you read the book that one of her teachers has written about her, you will understand how it is she has learned to do so much.

With anyone who knows the deaf and dumb alphabet she can carry on a long conversation; for the letters are made right in the palm of her hand.

Such a sweet, gentle face as she has! Why, your pity changes—now into love, now into admiration, as you watch her expressive countenance.

Shall I tell you what message she sent my little readers? She expresses herself strangely sometimes, but these are just her very words:

"Tell the children I want them to enjoy themselves in the presence of Christ—

"Heaven is wide awake!"

A FRENCH REFORM SCHOOL.

BY L. R. L.

YES, even in *la belle* France, in polite, smiling France, there are bad boys; and in one of the most beautiful provinces, among the romantic old castles of Touraine, there has been a little town built especially for them.

In some of the finest of those old castles the grown-up folks used to be very bad, much worse than any of the modern boys. There is the castle of Blois: the miserable, cruel Catherine de Medici used to come there a great deal, and she died in one of its old rooms; and in another of its rooms her son, Henry III., murdered the two Dukes of Guise. Then there is the castle of Amboise, where the girlish Mary, Queen of Scots, and her young husband, were compelled to witness the massacre of thousands and thousands of Protestants, by order of the same wicked Catherine. I do think that, instead of these pleasure-houses, it would have been much more to the point if there had been "Reformatories" built, to which these bad kings and queens could have come and been made better, as there are now for the young rogues of the country.

When, last week, I read an account, in "*Leisure Hours*," of the snug place for the bad boys of France, I resolved at once to tell the Wide Awakes.

But, first, I must tell something about the man who built the "Bad-Boy Town."

He was a French gentleman. His name was De Metz; and he was born an aristocrat, with no taste whatever for low life and its scenes of dirt and strife and suffering. Instead, he loved rare and beautiful books, and fine pictures, and statuary; and for exercise he loved to work among fruits and flowers. He was carefully educated, and he had traveled a great deal, and had always moved in fashionable and in scholarly circles of society.

But, fine as he was, he never shirked public duties. He believed it to be very bad for any government when the men with the best education, and with the best tastes, refused to hold office. Therefore, though

he needed none of the salaries, M. de Metz accepted various troublesome offices; and finally he became President of the Court of Correctional Police in Paris.

Now look at his portrait—do I need to say that this man would at once become interested in the young children brought into the Police Court for little thefts and various small wrongs?

One day eight little fellows, all orphans, were arrested and brought before him for sentence. They were so very young, and so simple, and so utterly without friends and home, he thought it would be a kindness to sentence them to a long term of imprisonment; thus keeping them out of the way of temptation, and providing them with food and shelter. Only think! they were such very young children that they had to be lifted upon their seat in court, and lifted down again when they were led away to prison!

M. de Metz couldn't get these poor prison-babies out of his mind. Finally he went to the jails to see them; and he was struck with horror to find that so soon, on account of their association with the older prisoners, they had become shockingly wicked and hardened.

M. de Metz then began to look into prison-life; and the upshot was that he couldn't bear to sentence a boy to the city jails; and his sentences were so short, and he evaded his duty so openly, that complaint was finally entered against him, and the Minister of Justice, feeling secretly just as the President did about the children, promoted him to an office where his soft heart wouldn't play such mischief with his duties and with the laws.

But M. de Metz didn't—no, he *couldn't* forget the class of children that naturally would get into prisons. Books, pictures, flowers, fine spectacles, and fine society, all lost their charm, their interest.

He resigned his office, settled a goodly income upon his family, and set forth to visit other countries that he might learn how different governments took care

of their bad children. He even came over here, to America, to see how we dealt with our bad boys.

He talked with all the foremost philanthropists, and picked up an idea here, and an idea there; but he got his most valuable information in Germany, at a Reformatory founded by Wichern, a kind German.

Wichern thus named his leading ideas:

"Individual Religious Influence."

"Labor upon Land."

"The Family Circle."

M. de Metz went back into France, determined to provide "Family Circles" for at least 300 bad boys. He was not the only kind-hearted man in the empire. One of his friends, a nobleman, Baron de Courteilles, gave him one hundred acres of rich land in the province of Touraine, and £1,000 besides.

This gentleman also soon forsook society, and, joining hands with M. de Metz, the two worked together for the boys twelve years, until M. de Courteilles died. Then, for twenty years, M. de Metz carried the work on alone, till he died.

They built twenty "homes," with a church in the centre—in fact, a nice, tasteful little town, all by itself, pretty and compact, the streets lined with trees, the whole surrounded by cultivated fields—the establishment owning 530 acres, and renting 330 in addition.

Each "Home" accommodates forty boys, and has its own "House-father."

One of the houses, prettier than the rest, and with

more flowers, and surrounded with the most attractive and showy of the shrubbery, is set apart for the "littlest" of the children, those under ten years of age.

Only think! not a boy of the 800 but has been under arrest for being either a vagrant or a criminal, and has been sent hither by the law.

You may well believe that the people of the surrounding country were "up in arms" when they found a "Reformatory" was to be established in their midst. Eight hundred bad boys, and under no confinement—why, they expected their chicken-coops to be robbed, their vineyards and orchards stripped, and their houses burned over their heads!

Well, I suppose there might be much of this trouble, were there not some charm in the management that begins to act on a boy the moment he arrives, so that he starts, that very second, toward being a good boy.

I suppose that the sight of flowers, and nicely-laid tables, and nicely-prepared food, and nicely-made

beds, and plenty of clear water and clean towels, and clean clothing, and the firm and kindly faces and voices, do exert a strange and blessed magic on the dirty, wretched little fellows. Everything I have ever seen or ever read goes to prove that this would be the case.

Once introduced into this home-y-looking town, the boys are immediately brought under training.

Boys certainly do like military drill and order. They



M. DE METZ.

enjoy a touch of the "barracks" in their training. There is the make-up of a soldier in every boy, provided he is soon enough taken in hand. I think M. de Metz had this opinion. I think he believed the habit of obedience to be the corner-stone habit in building up a boy's character, and that the other habit of doing a given thing at a given time would soon steady the most fickle and shiftless young lad.

The Mettray Boys — Mettray is the name of the little Reformatory — are trained by the bugle. At the morning bugle-call each boy hops out of his hammock, kneels for prayer, dresses, marches away into the yard for a wash. He goes to work by the bugle, comes home to his meals by the bugle. At the hour of retiring, at the bugle-note, each boy comes into position by his hammock, at the next note he unrolls and hitches it to the post; then kneels; undresses; and all are into bed, in silence, and like soldiers!

They also have a flag, like an army regiment. The house that, during a given time, has received the fewest punishments, has the care of this flag during another given time. This is a great honor. When a house gets the flag, the boys of that house take their place at the head of an universal procession, the band plays, and off they go, military fashion, filing through all the walks and streets of the estate. Should a fellow be espied about to do a wrong thing, his comrades will prevent him, if they can. "Don't! don't! we shan't get the flag if you do!"

The main occupation is farming—in all its branches, however; gardening, fruiteries, poultry-keeping, cattle-raising. But the founders had a great respect for nature; and they don't send out boys, in whom they discover peculiar "bents," fitted to be only farmers. Young carpenters, blacksmiths, shoe-makers, tailors, and what-not, even sailors, go out from Mettray. They have a three-masted ship at the school, presented by the French "Secretary of Navy;" and there is an old sailor, to teach about the sails, and masts, and rigging.

As to education: they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, drawing, history and music. They have a band, and they give concerts. They attend church regularly — in short, these poor criminals go out into the world equipped for business, and with many saving tastes and habits. For instance, they make excellent soldiers. More than one Mettray bad boy has worn the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The discipline of punishments is admirable: private remonstrance, public reprimand, confinement during recreation-hours, withdrawal of the right to compete for prizes, dietary of bread and water, and, finally, the "cell," dark or light, according to the offense.

There is also a novel theory largely acted upon — a chance for repentance, a temptation to repent.

For instance, in case of petty theft: there is placed a great box in a private spot. This box is marked "FOR THINGS LOST." Should anything be missed, the complaint is made to the Father of the House, privately. Nothing is said about it for a week, perhaps; and if the article is, during that time, found in the box, it is restored quietly to the owner, and no allusion is ever made to the affair.

But the main force in the government is the "Father" idea. The boys feel it from first to last. They feel it all their lives through — it was in the plan of M. de Metz from the very first. The twenty Fathers are chosen, selected with the greatest of care — twenty kind, sympathetic, patient, fatherly men.

Co-existent with the Father-idea is the Home-idea.

When the bad boys become good boys, and are about to be discharged and go out in the world, they are warmly urged to come back every holiday, every Sabbath if they can. Should they be sick, and can reach the place, the Mettray hospital is open to receive them. Many come back when in trouble, or to die, as to a father's house. They grow to look upon Mettray not as a House of Correction, a place of punishment and discipline, but as the homestead. The "Fathers" will show you hundreds of affectionate letters from their boys who have gone out and made themselves a place in the world.

There is one Father resident in Paris, to watch over the discharged boys who come to the city, to befriend and counsel them. An eminent French lawyer, M. Verdier, filled the place eighteen years without salary.

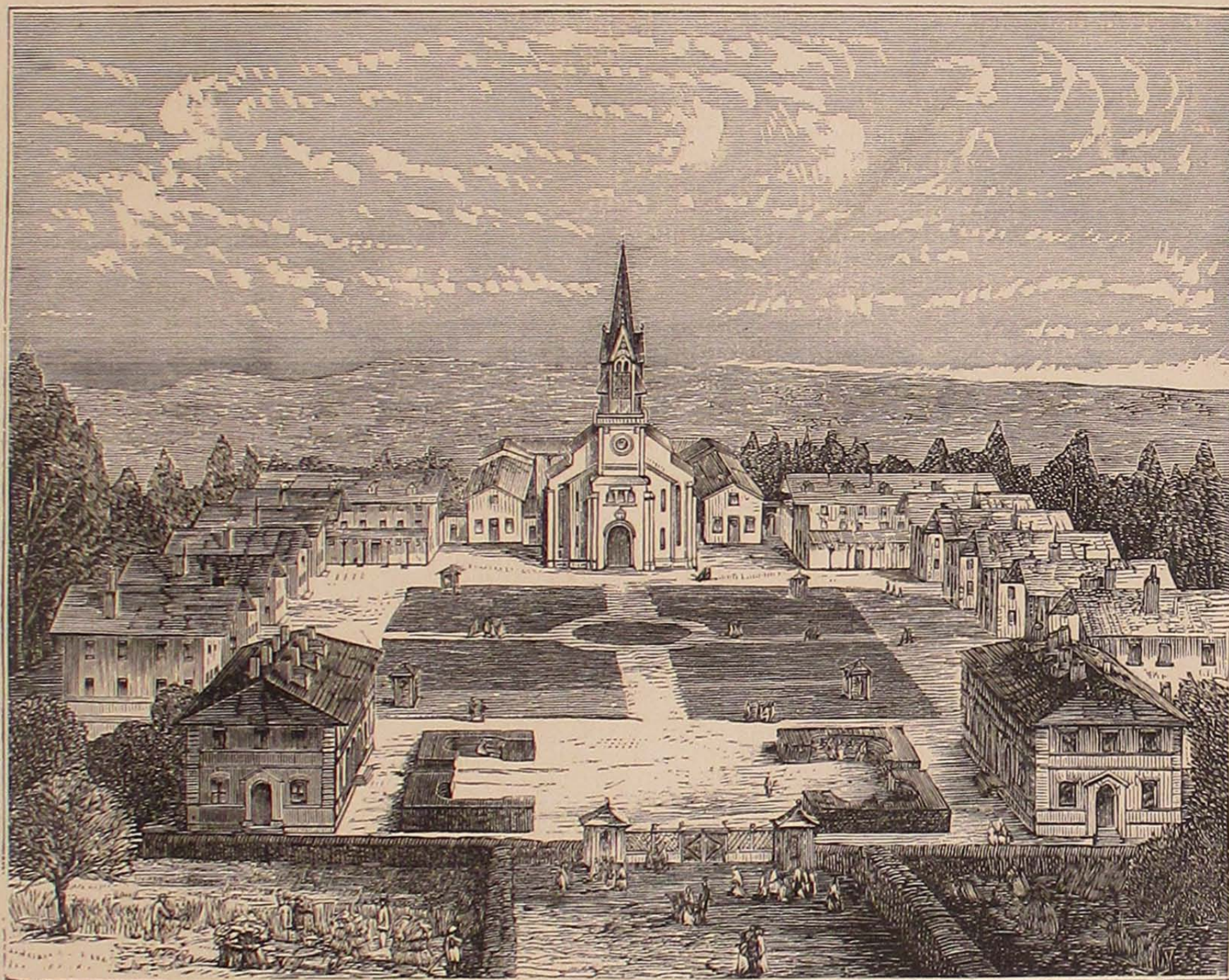
Aside from those in Paris, there are now about 3,000 of these Mettray boys scattered over France. These are watched over by Mettray itself, through district agents, and through tours of inspection. This was the favorite work of the good chief M. de Metz himself. Long, expensive, tedious journeys he used to go, looking after his boys.

Under the old, harsh, national management, about forty-nine out of a hundred reclaimed boys became

criminals again. Only four out of a hundred of the Mettray boys relapse into crime.

Nearly 5,000 boys have been at the Homes one time and another, and though there are no walls, nor locked gates, only one boy of this number ever ran away! The people round about, in place of fearing these lads, greatly respect them. Instead of commit-

ting incendiary acts, the Mettray Fire Company has saved more than one farmer's house from destruction. In 1856 the great city of Tours was in danger of inundation from the rising of the river Loire. But the "Bad Boys of France" marched down, several hundred strong, with pickaxes and shovels, and worked like good fellows to cast up embankments and save



THE METTRAY HOMES.

the city; and they got a gold medal from the city government when it was all over.

The National Government pays £10 per annum for each boy sent to the Mettray Homes; but this is not sufficient, even with the lad's work; so about seven pounds each year, for each boy, must come from private benevolence.

But this want has always been nobly met. The

wisest of the French statesmen have been foremost with their help; and M. Drouyn de Lhuys has recently endowed a school of Agricultural Chemistry at the "Homes," open not only to the boys, but to the neighboring farmers, and to outside students.

Surely, the "Homes" are a credit to France; and the "Fathers" are a credit to humanity; and the "Bad Boys" themselves are a credit to human nature.

ABOUT SOME SEWING SCHOOLS.

I.—IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.

SOME ten or twelve years ago, the School Committee of Boston passed a resolution "to consider the interests of instruction in sewing in the public schools." Not that the needle's sharp eye had not, long before this period, peeped inside our Boston school-rooms; but since the time our grandmothers worked samplers and embroidered "mourning-

So one gentleman went down to the Cushman School, another to the Hancock, another to the Winthrop, still another to the Everett, and so on, throughout the city. After a partial investigation had been made in this manner, they met together and compared notes.

"Patchwork and old rags!" exclaimed one.

"Old rags and patchwork!" echoed another.

"It is just a waste of time and materials," said a third.

"But if children can be taught to stitch together



FITTING DRESSES AT THE WINTHROP SCHOOL.

pieces" in the old-fashioned district school-houses, sewing had always been considered an irregular, non-essential branch of instruction that could be taken up and put down at pleasure. Consequently, it had by slow degrees degenerated into a dull, meaningless routine, dreaded alike by teacher and pupil; indeed it was in a fair way to die out altogether and be superseded by other branches—more ornamental, perhaps, but far less useful—when the School Committee decided to look into the matter.

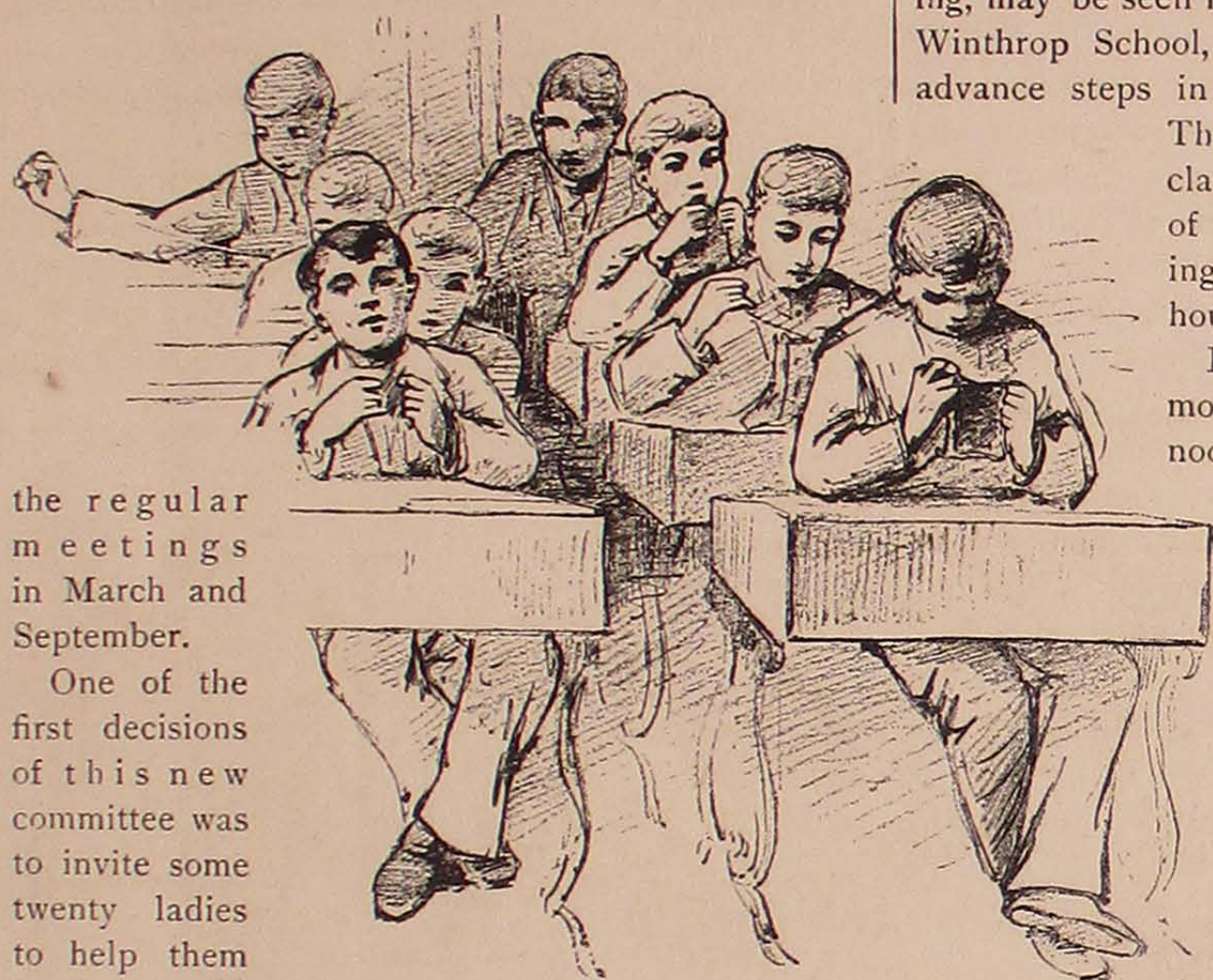
"Let us visit, individually, the various schools in the city," they said, "and see what the children are really doing in the way of sewing."

old strips of cloth and to make those hideous, interminable squares, why couldn't they be taught to hem an apron, a pocket-handkerchief, or to make some article of apparel that would be of some use to somebody?" queried the first speaker.

"Supposing we systematize the whole thing, grade the classes just as we would in any other branch of study, have a special teacher for each school, and start the sewing on a new basis?" suggested the second.

It was an excellent suggestion, and the School Board proceeded to act upon it without further delay. Considerable opposition, however, was manifested by the city, as the extra expense of special teachers for sewing seemed to many a needless outlay of the public funds; moreover, it was urged that sewing could and should be taught at home by the mothers.

Interesting discussions followed which resulted in the appointment, in 1875, of a special committee on sewing, numbering two ladies and five gentlemen, who were authorized to exercise a general supervision over that department of instruction, examine the pupils from time to time, and report to the Board at



"NEEDLING IT." — MISS BRACKETT'S SCHOOL.

the regular meetings in March and September.

One of the first decisions of this new committee was to invite some twenty ladies to help them in their work; and with this large and able corps of examiners, careful reports were obtained from the sewing-classes in all the schools, and submitted to the Board the following autumn. Upon visiting the homes of the children, it appeared that a large proportion of girls in our public schools could learn sewing in no other way during their school years than by the instruction afforded them in these classes; and universal regret was expressed that so little time was given, and that little so irregularly, to this important part of a girl's education.

It was found that too many pupils were taught at one time, especially beginners, and that the children were allowed to hurry from one kind of sewing to another before they had mastered the intervening steps.

An absence of method, and a lack of time on the part of the regular teachers to attend to this extra

branch of instruction, seemed to be the main causes of failure; and after a few more animated discussions it was finally decided by the city that to obtain any satisfactory results, special teachers for sewing must be provided for every school.

How this experiment has worked, and is still working, may be seen most satisfactorily by a visit to the Winthrop School, which from the first, has taken advance steps in this department of instruction.

The school is divided into eighteen classes, according to the several grades of progress, and the teacher of sewing meets each class twice a week, one hour at a time.

From the opening exercises in the morning until the close of the afternoon session, Miss Cummings goes from room to room throughout the building; so there is not an hour in the day when some one of the eighteen classes may not be found busily engaged in sewing.

"The first thing I insisted upon," said the teacher, "was to discard patchwork, and pieces of cloth used merely for the purpose of practising different stitches; it was impossible to interest the children or to stimulate their

ambition until we began to *utilize* everything that was done in the sewing hour.

"I told them to bring from home, towels, handkerchiefs, or some simple article of underwear, and to tell their mothers that everything of this kind they brought to school, was not to be returned until entirely completed.

"At first the mothers did not seem to understand, and were very reluctant to send pieces of work. Many of them, I suppose, were really too busy to get anything ready for the children, and some of them, I know, were too poor to furnish the materials.

"So we sent over to the Hollis St. Chapel and procured a few simple articles which the Ladies' Sewing Circle were glad to have completed, even by children's inexperienced fingers.

"I wish you could have seen how the dull faces brightened when I told the little girls in the different

sewing classes that they were to put away their patch-work and learn how to make real aprons and skirts and jackets.

"That was nearly ten years ago. Now we don't need to send to the Hollis St. Chapel or any other Sewing Circle for material, as you may judge by that pile of garments just brought in by the fifth class."

I glanced around and saw on the platform behind me a curious medley — sheets, dressing-sacques, handkerchiefs, dusting-caps, holders, towels, curtains, tablecloths, all sorts of aprons, undergarments, and parts of dresses showing as great a variety of taste as the various homes from which they are brought.

"These are all to be looked over, and most of them will need to be basted," continued the teacher, "before the children can work upon them. I often wonder how anything in the way of sewing was ever accomplished when the regular teachers were expected to do all this extra work aside from the daily recitations."

It was a marvel to me how Miss Cummings herself managed to prepare enough work for a thousand pupils when all her time in school hours was occupied in teaching the mechanical part of sewing to the different classes; but before I had time to solve the problem or to ask any more questions, the big work hampers were brought in, and the work for the hour distributed to the class before me.

The school-books had all been tidily piled together and put away in the desks before Miss Cummings came to the room, and everything was conducted in so orderly a manner that within five minutes each child had her little lap-bag unrolled, her needle threaded, and her piece of work in hand.

"These little lap-bags," remarked the teacher, "are the very first articles I teach the children in the Primary class to make; and they use them through all the grades until they graduate from the cutting department. Each bag is labelled, and at the close of the sewing hour the work is neatly rolled up, put inside, then collected in these large baskets."

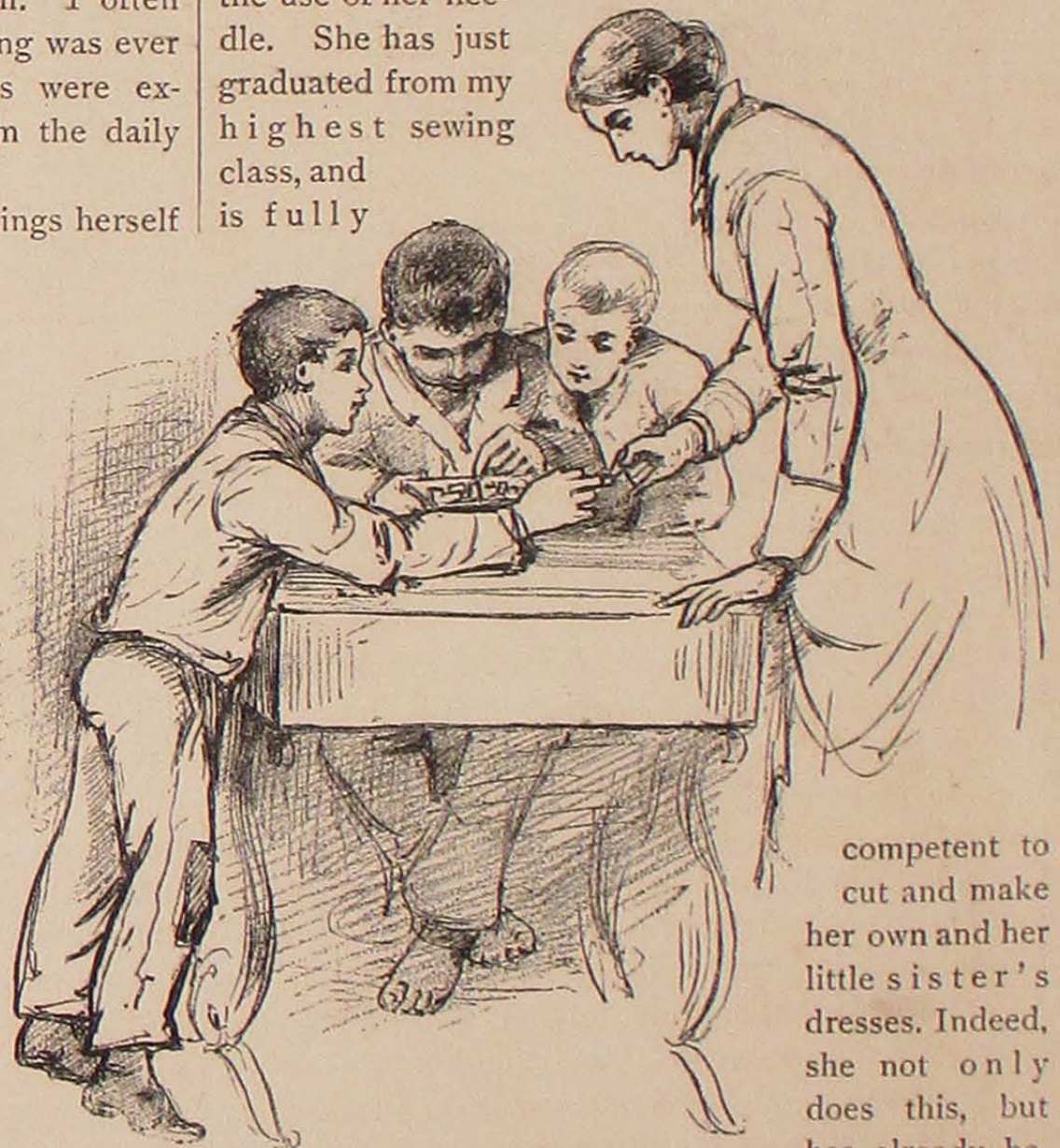
"Please, teacher, I've got to the end of my seam,

and now I don't know what I must do next!"

It was a tiny brown-eyed girl that spoke, and when Miss Cummings called her to the platform I saw the child could not be much over eight years of age.

Yet her piece of sewing was a white apron, into which she was putting pipings of red cambric; and the difficult work had been done so neatly that I could not withhold a few words of praise.

"The whole family," remarked the teacher, "seem gifted with a certain deftness of finger and accuracy of eye — native talents that do not necessarily accompany quickness of intellect. We have three of the children in school, and I doubt if any of them will ever do much at their books; but the eldest daughter, a girl of fifteen, has developed a wonderful ability in the use of her needle. She has just graduated from my highest sewing class, and is fully



CHOOSING THIMBLES. — AT MISS BRACKETT'S SCHOOL.

competent to cut and make her own and her little sister's dresses. Indeed, she not only does this, but has already begun to take in

sewing in order to help the family along."

Is it "a waste of time and materials" to teach a young girl a trade like this, at the same time she is beginning a thorough Grammar-school education?

The children are marked with "credits" and

"errors" in their sewing, just as they are in their other studies; and they are especially ambitious to make something that shall be deemed worthy to be placed on exhibition.

One little girl, only ten years of age, whose parents were too poor to furnish her with the desired material for a dress, earned enough pennies by doing errands for a neighbor's family to buy herself a few yards of pink cambric. The teacher, kindly interested in the child's efforts, cut out the whole suit—overskirt, basque and all—and every stitch of the dress was done by the little girl herself in the two hours a week allotted to sewing.

She has worn the pretty suit to school many times since, and not a few of her mates have been stimulated to better work thereby. Indeed, a marked improvement in all the children's dresses has been a noticeable fact in the Winthrop School ever since the department of sewing has been conducted in this methodical, rational manner.

The mothers frequently express their gratitude to the sewing teachers for the excellent and practical instruction given to their daughters; and some of them have much to say about the assistance thus afforded them in their own work at home. One child is ambitious to make the baby a dress, another wants to run up the seams in her mother's calico dress, a third tries to finish off her father's shirt, and one little girl, only eleven years of age, completed the other day a pair of pants for her brother that, as a specimen of nice tailoring, is worthy a place in the window of Hollander or Schumann.

It is just as easy to make a pretty, tasteful garment as an ugly one, and the children are always encouraged to exercise good taste in the selection of their materials. The little girls thoroughly enjoy their shopping expeditions, and there is not a child in the Winthrop School who is not thoroughly posted upon the current price of cotton cloth, and just how many yards it will take to make this or that article of underwear.

For a while it seemed advisable to restrict the sewing to the lower classes, and in one school the work was divided into fourteen grades, as follows:

1. Basting; 2. Running; 3. Oversewing; 4. Sewing on buttons; 5. Overcasting; 7. Felling; 8. Backstitching; 9. Gathering; 10. Putting on bands; 11. Button-holes; 12. Tucking; 13. Ruffling; 14. Mending and darning.

In the Winthrop School, however, where the standard of the graduating class ranks quite as high if not higher than that of any of the other schools, the first or upper class are taught how to cut and fit garments. The patterns are given from blackboard designs, and are drawn from dictation and geometrical drawing. The system taught the cutting classes does not require a chart, but consists of a series of rules and measurements which each child copies into a blank-book and takes away with her when she leaves school.

This department seems especially fascinating to the little girls, and it is very interesting to watch their dexterous movements, as with quick, womanly intuition and real geometric insight they seize upon the requisite lines and angles in the brown paper diagrams.

The instruction received in the drawing classes is



"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

put into practical exercise, and I am told that those pupils who succeed best with their pencil, bear off the palm in the cutting department. At the last examination, a young girl took the measurements of one of her companions, drew the pattern upon paper, cut out from it the silesia lining, and in the space of a few moments procured "a perfect fit." Some, of course, learn the system more rapidly than others; but no child leaves school until she is thoroughly drilled in all these mysteries of cutting and fitting.

Last year in the Winthrop School alone, three

thousand, eight hundred and eight garments were completed by the pupils in the sewing classes, among which number were ten shirts, twenty-nine dresses, eleven sacques and eight hundred and seventy-five aprons.

Of the other public schools in Boston where sewing is taught, the Shurtleff, Norcross, Lowell, Lewis and Harvard take the lead in the amount of garments completed during the year, and in the whole thirty-nine schools where sewing is taught, the astonishing total of 66,148 articles is given as the amount of a single year's work!

From time to time, it has been suggested by different members of the School Committee, that boys as well as girls — especially in the Primary department, while their fingers are still pliable — might be taught sewing with advantage.

We know of but one instance, however, where the trial has really been made, and that is in the half-time school for news-boys and boot-blacks down on North Margin Street.

Imagine a crowd of little street urchins, all out at elbows and knees, barefoot, smutty-faced, and — if you will believe me — *with clean hands* “needling the thread” and “overtopping” the seams as neatly and deftly as you please!

They think it is great fun — these little Arabs — and it is really wonderful to see the amount they accomplish in the sewing hour. “Benjamin Franklin,” who shines boots down on the corner, is notably expert in his management of the needle, and will show you with pride a handkerchief he has just hemmed in spite of numerous inadvertent scowls and mouth-puckers. The first day, however, he took the sharp little instrument in his hand, he sewed his forefinger into the “rag” — as he disrespectfully denominated the bit of patchwork. Thereupon he came to his teacher for a surgical operation, and since that he has insisted upon wearing two thimbles — one upon each hand — as you see in the picture.

The boys upon being asked what they would like best to do in the line of sewing, ambitiously mentioned “jackets, pants” and “bags to carry our books in;” but it is to be hoped that one of the first practical outgrowths of their new accomplishment will be to patch up their rags and sew on their missing buttons! In fact, a “mending-afternoon” would not be a bad idea, would it?

II. — SEWING SCHOOLS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY TWO OF THE TEACHERS.

THE Mission Sewing-school at the North End grew out of a Relief Society, which was formed by the ladies then connected with the Mission, who met every week to make and repair clothing for the children of the Sabbath-school. In January of the following year, this gathering developed a Sewing-school for the girls of the North End to teach them to make their own garments. Mrs. Wm. Claflin was President with a body of able officers. The school, which was held in the chapel of the Mission opened with fifty-six girls, and there has never been any lack of pupils. For two weeks each season before it opens, the Mission is literally besieged by children, wanting to know when the Sewing-school will begin. *The lack is of teachers.*

Funds are provided by the Mission when necessary; but every effort is made by the friends and officers of the school to relieve the Mission as much as possible, donations sometimes being made by charitable people of the unbleached cotton used for underclothing, the blue-gray flannel for skirts, the prints and gingham for aprons and long-sleeved tiers, together with thread, needles and thimbles for the little seamstresses. When the school has been particularly fortunate in subscriptions, dresses of pretty, light prints, cut out, but unmade, are also furnished to those children who have been particularly industrious and skilful. Fairs are also occasionally held. When you hear of a “North-End Mission Fair” you may know what the money is wanted for.

The average attendance of the school is about one hundred, and the average age about nine, though many are as young as six years, and there are some girls of fourteen. For these older girls “places” are sometimes found. Many come year after year; and often there is marked advance made in sewing, while nearly always the dispositions and manners of the pupils seem much improved.

The school is opened with prayer and singing; the prayer is listened to respectfully, and all, even the very little ones, heartily join in the singing. As I said, they are generally orderly, although sometimes an untamed pupil will set her whole neighborhood

in a ferment. I saw one as she left the school, tear the hat off the head of a girl about her own size and throw it into an express-wagon that was slowly passing by. The driver, perfectly unconscious, at

discouraged by the teachers. Noticeably many come from Charlestown.

The school begins at ten o'clock. But long before that time a great many of the little girls, most of them thinly dressed, are waiting, in spite of the cold, outside the door; and as the school is held only from the first of November to the middle of March it is often very, very cold down there in North Street. There are some Irish, some Italians, some Jews, with a sprinkling of almost all other nationalities, including negroes. There used to be many Jews when the school was open on Wednesday afternoon, but now that it is held on Saturday morning, there are but few.

But the little girls are still outside. So let us open that door, which is a shop door just like any



THE FIRST LESSON.

that moment whipped up his horses and drove quickly out of sight, with the owner of the hat running madly after him, and shrieking at the top of her voice. The children who witnessed this scene seemed to be about equally divided in opinion concerning it. Some evidently regarded it as a charmingly successful joke, and the others as a great offence. This difference of opinion promised to result in a "general row," when the appearance of the teachers dispersed the combatants.

When you see the children on the street you perceive one of their greatest needs—that of shoes, which are among the most difficult things for poor people to get. They are always expensive to buy, are seldom given away, are almost always worn till in the estimation of the owners they are only fit to throw away, and are finally rescued from dirt-heaps by rag-pickers and sold to the poor people who wear them. So you can easily see what a welcome a lot of even half-worn boots and shoes would get at the North-End Mission.

Although the school is meant chiefly for the children of its own neighborhood, some come from long distances, it being not absolutely forbidden, though

shop, show-windows on each side of it, with nothing in them however, and go into this pleasant, large room, well-lighted and clean, with benches arranged facing each other, as in a Sunday-school—which it really is on Sundays—and with a wooden chair for the teacher, at right angles with the benches. A platform with crimson carpet, a desk and easy-chairs, make a pleasant spot of color, and with the piano and a few framed texts give a look of comfort to the otherwise severely plain room. But there is small need of other furnishing than the busy, eager little girls who are certainly learning a good deal beside sewing from the young ladies, whose pretty looks, pretty manners, and pretty dresses it is evident they heartily admire.

And what are they learning beside sewing? Well, here is one thing: the teacher is showing a little girl about her work; their hands are side by side; you see how the child tries to hide her grimy little paws, as she sees the difference between them and those white, well-kept hands—she is learning what "clean" means. That feeling of admiration for the clean, and shame for the dirty, is a lesson that no amount of talking would have taught. Here it is impressed unconsciously by the teacher and learnt unconsciously by the pupil, along with many other good things.

These children are inclined to be sharp and suspicious with each other, supposably the natural result of having had to fight their own battles since babyhood, and you can see it in their faces, where there is often plenty of fun and roguery, without the careless gayety of children who have always been cared for. Still they often show a great deal of helpfulness and good feeling towards each other, and are quick to take any little hint of their much-admired teacher in the direction of friendliness.

Here is a little Italian girl just come in, and so timid at finding herself among strange girls, and at having a lady talking to her, that she can't speak aloud, but answers all questions in whispers. She says she is seven years old, and that her name is Angiolina Mancini. She is very poorly dressed, and looks as much as anything like a frowsy little squirrel. Since she looks a shade worse than they do, Teresa and Bridget begin to laugh at the contrast between her fine name and forlorn appearance. The teacher, without appearing to notice this, says: "Angiolina is a very pretty name;" at which the forlorn little squirrel brightens up amazingly. The teacher asks if she can sew. She don't know, but thinks so, in a whisper.

Bridget says: "Please *tred* my needle, teacher.

"Oh, let me," Angiolina says; "I can," forgetting to whisper. She takes the needle and preposterously long thread to which all these children are addicted, under the impression that it saves time. Her trembling attempts excite the scorn of Bridget. "Give it back," she says. "Yer don't know nothing." The whole class have been watching, for it is a feat to thread a needle. They all despise Angiolina now—she has offered to thread a needle when she can't. "Been putting on airs in fact," they say.

Now is the teacher's time. "It was very good natured of Angiolina to offer to do it," she says.

Here is an entirely new idea; they all accept it instantly, for it really was good nature that prompted Angiolina, and they now recognize it. They grin

broad Irish grins at her, by way of amends, to which she responds with still broader Italian grins, and all is well. Still I am bound to say that in the absence of a teacher, scratching, slapping and hair-pulling are not very uncommon; but then such things have been heard of among children very well brought up. Much worse than this is the fact, that occasionally something is missing, which couldn't have walked off of itself. It is generally some piece of work nearly finished, which does not appear when the bag is opened. It should be explained, that each class is numbered and has a bag with the class number on it, and at half-past eleven, when the school is over, each



AT THE NORTH-END SCHOOL.

one rolls up her work neatly, with thread, thimble and needle inside, and puts it in the bag; and as they all get up and shake out their work, dropping spools and thimbles, and diving down under the

benches for them, also exchanging mutual accusations of taking each other's thread, bindings, etc., this is the occasion of considerable bustle, and if when the bag is brought round next Saturday,



TENDER COUNSEL.

Bridget's nearly-finished flannel skirt cannot be found in it, who can say where it has gone? If it has been taken by one of the class it is a case of considerable depravity, as every piece of work these little girls finish is their own to carry away as soon as it is done. Now, as you may suppose, it takes a little girl eight or nine years old with very little experience in sewing, a long time to get a flannel skirt made, especially as she has only an hour and a half a week to sew, and this is a thing they all feel; and they well know that Bridget has been very happy to think she should have it next time, and any one of them must have been conscious that in taking it she was doing a very wicked and cruel thing.

But it is just possible, although she is making bitter lamentation, that Bridget has taken it herself, arguing that it is hers when it is done, that it is almost done, and she might as well take it home and finish it, and that nobody will be harmed, so it can't be very wrong—in which line of argument she is of course much mistaken, for one person is harmed, and that is poor Bridget herself, who is led into much deceit to screen her wrong-doing. However, as one of the first principles of the teachers is to show no suspicion without positive proof, she receives a new, but unmade skirt over and above what she can make through the school term.

Almost all the children seem to have some knowledge of sewing when they first come, although many are too young to have received instruction in the public schools. Whether they can sew or not they are all in a hurry to finish what they have in hand since it is to be theirs when done. Whether the garment in question will fit them or not, makes no difference, as they always have a little sister, or a big sister at home whom it is sure to fit. Their anxiety makes it very hard for the teacher to insist upon neat work, especially where a child tells her, weeping, that her mother will beat her if she does not bring her work home—that, in fact, she beat her the last time for not bringing it; or, when Angiolina, who is about as clever at sewing as a cow at catching mice, says: "My muvver ask me every time have I finish; I say no, I finish next time. You think I finish, teacher?" Who wouldn't overlook some poor sewing in such cases, especially as the object of the school is not entirely to teach sewing, but partly to provide these poor little creatures with some decent and comfortable underclothing, and do them as much good, in a general way, as is possible in an hour and a half a week.



"GO RIGHT ALONG, MARY JANE."

Nearly all the little seamstresses seem to be suffering from bodily weakness. How generally this is the case may be seen in one class of six, where one had such weak eyes that the water ran from them almost constantly; another almost always had her throat wrapped in flannel, and another talked in a hoarse whisper; a third suffered so from rush of blood to the head that she was obliged to drop her work at short intervals and lean back, while another, a pretty little girl of six, whose method of sewing was to stick in her

needle with her thumb and forefinger, and then pull it through with her teeth, probably had heart disease, as, on asking the cause of her frequent absences, her older sister said that it was because "she had a heart within her." The teacher inquiring how this not unusual circumstance affected her sister, was told that "often and often she would fall down stone dead on the floor from it;" furthermore, that a large black shawl which she wore trailing several inches on the ground was "dacent mourning" for her mother, who had died two weeks before of the same "fits," and the shawl, of which she seemed very proud, was given her by an aunt, who was going to take care of her little sister, while she herself, being ten years old, was going to mind the house for her father. Some times they have bad treatment from their parents. Said one child to another, "Do you see that, Katty?" pointing to a large bruise on her forehead. "That's where me father knocked me down."

"An' that's nothing," says Katty; "I have the marks iv the poker on *me*."

It is painful to see and hear these things, and it is not agreeable to sit beside such neglected little bodies, so it is not surprising that there is no very "great rush" for positions as teachers in this "Boston Sewing-school."

For nine years a "Woman's Industrial School" has also been connected with the Mission. The names of twelve hundred women are enrolled on its books, and it has been reaching out its varied influences over some seven hundred families.

Among these women above six thousand garments have been distributed, all made by themselves, a year's work in this school being expected to furnish each seamstress with a complete suit of garments, of her own handiwork; and in a single year one hundred and twenty seven of these poor needlewomen

had signed and also kept the temperance pledge.

The formation of such a school had been for years a cherished plan of Dr. Tourjee and others; and one day in the fall of '71, a lady visiting the Mission (201



TAKING THE DECISIVE STEP.

North street), found a portion of the Chapel curtained off, and, within this impromptu enclosure, six women sewing under the supervision of the missionary, Mrs. Crowell, and also listening to reading by Mrs. James T. Fields.

This cheery picture impressed itself on her mind, and the next Friday there was no dividing curtain, the whole Chapel being appropriated, each of the six women the sole occupant of a settee, and nucleus of the class to be. Sewing materials were plentifully provided, and the gathering was named "The Women's Industrial School," and it was resolved to give each woman some garment to make, which on completion should be her property.

The school was to be held weekly, continuing from

three to half-past four, P.M., the classes being left entirely to the care of their respective teachers.

The six women hailed the project heartily, and each secured several seat-mates for the next session, who were, in turn, isolated as nuclei of still other classes, and the result of the first year's effort was some fifty members, with a teacher to every five or six women.

The sewing is always carefully watched; here a suggestion is given, there a stitch set; but the truest work, and what the women most long for, is wise counsel and friendly interest.

At the expiration of the hours for sewing an opportunity is always given for "signing the pledge" and many touching scenes are witnessed, as here and there a woman in tears rises and comes shrinking to the desk, while others, yet in their seats, are being encouraged by those of their class-mates who have already "taken the pledge."

"O Mary Jane," says one poor soul to another; "go right on, and don't be 'fraid now: you'll have some dacent clothes to you if you'll only quit the drink!"

By a wise arrangement, the women are allowed to sign the pledge either unreservedly or for a month, or even weeks, as they feel their strength will permit.

Since the opening of the school, its needs have given rise to many an additional enterprise: first the purchase of a home, or refuge at Mount Hope, where those whose lives have grown a curse to them, may not only find shelter, but be instructed so as to insure their future self-support.

Again, in order that the women might have an opportunity for outside labor, a Nursery has been established where the little ones may be either boarded by the week, or cared for during the day; this, in turn, has given rise to the Kindergarten School, which, through a lady's benevolence, has just added to its work a "Kitchen Garden."

III.—A MODEL SEWING SCHOOL.

BY MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE.

A GREAT deal has been said, of late, in England, about the necessity of teaching children needlework. Cooking classes are now being introduced in some of the London public schools ("board

schools" they call them here), and they are beginning in the same schools to teach sewing, with very good results, and much to the delight of the little girls; while in all parts of England, ladies, and some young people like my friend "Lady Betty," have started small schools for plain needlework on Saturdays; and as the system is not only new to Americans, but very effective and useful, I wish to give an account of just how these schools can be organized and managed, well knowing how many young people there are like a certain young person named "Doc," and her knights, who would undertake a little sewing-room if they knew how very simple the organization might be, and how successful if certain clear and direct principles were laid down and prudently followed.

Before beginning the practical details I want to make it clear that in this paper I am not going to follow entirely any one of the systems which have been kindly explained to me by friends, young and old, who are interested in the model schools here in England. It seemed to me better to take the successful results of each, and while I have in mind a dozen different schools (in one of which I was actively interested myself for some time) I make use of no special school as a model; though if any young "WIDE AWAKES" care to know where the schools here typified are to be found in busy London and the wide, sweet country, I will gladly give them more direct information. Only the other day I was in one of these in a crowded, wretched court of old Drury Lane, and I could well see how excellent the training and practice in simple home sewing may be made, with a little thought and patient energy and a trifling expenditure of money.

The first consideration of course, is for a room; and thinking of this reminds me of the pleasant impression made upon me by the little work-room in a pretty town in Devonshire, where I first saw a Sewing-school in full operation. I remember how bright and homelike it looked, with the cheerful fire, the pots of flowers in the window, the gaily colored prints on the walls, the neat chairs, not stiffly placed but grouped cosily, and a variety of small tables with drawers, and fixed boxes on top: "For you see," said one of the lady managers, "in anything one undertakes for the poor, so *much* depends on a cheerful impression." From personal experience I can speak of the advantage of working in a bright, home-

like room. It costs no more to give an air of good cheer than to make things dull and formal, and every child is roused by her surroundings to some new impulses. It may be you have only to teach plain hemming and folding, but remember that the mind and soul of the little worker may be touched during that simple lesson, and that self-respect grows in proportion to its encouragement. To all of us, work in a bright, pretty room is easier; and the impression such a room makes on a child who leaves squalor and dinginess behind her at home, may have a permanent good effect.

A room may always be engaged for one or two days a week for a small price; and, from experience, I would recommend choosing a locality, if not absolutely first-class, at least respectable; for it does the children good to leave their own neighborhood, and it will be found they come better prepared for work.

The next consideration is the furniture of the room: have at least a small Davenport or writing-desk, with lock-drawers and stand; a book-shelf is a good addition, as it is easy to combine a small library with the sewing-class; low cane-bottomed (not wooden) chairs, some small tables, and one long, low, pine one, all with drawers at one end, complete the movable furniture. A wardrobe with shelves is useful if there is no cupboard. A few brackets, pictures and the like, are, as I have suggested, a very pretty addition, and at any season pots of flowers may be brought in.

The choice of scholars must, of course, depend upon the neighborhood and other special circumstances; but, while it is foolish to make any standards of special respectability, certain rules should be laid down as positively fixed and inviolable. Every child should be compelled to come *clean*, so far as her person is concerned, and as well-dressed as possible. At the end of a special term simple dresses might be provided for all industrious scholars, in which they should be expected to attend the school.

The next question is the arrangement of the school. The English schools are usually divided into what are called "standards," beginning with children of five years, and going on to sixteen; but, though the scholars are classified in this way, and must of course sit at their work with some reference to their ages and ability, it is not well to place them in stiff lines, as I have seen an otherwise pretty school arranged. The children in that school occupied hard

benches and worked in rows, as if they were in a factory, while there was so evident an air of depression among them I did not wonder some little fingers in the last row let fall their work, and one or two tired heads tried to slip down on the floor to sleep!

Working in groups is far better. Give each "standard" a table; each child a drawer, in which her sewing materials shall be neatly placed. On entering the school-room a few minutes should be given for the "general remarks" from the head lady or young girl in charge. Each child should be inspected to see that cleanliness and order are observed, and then the work may be given out. I will give now the programme followed in a little English amateur school, which is very nearly like that adopted by the London "board schools" mentioned above.

The scholars are divided into six standards; the ages ranging in No. 1, from three to five; in No. 2, from five to seven; and so on up to the sixth standard which may include girls of sixteen. In the first standard only hemming is taught; and a very earnest friend and keen observer of the movement* suggests that this primary class should be divided into three sections, the first using black, the second red and the third white cotton. This is not only a stimulus, but allows the progress to be better seen. Strips of unbleached muslin make the best beginning; and from personal experience I strongly recommend *not* using the coarse needle and thread generally given to small people for their first efforts. From the outset it is better to accustom a child to the use and care of a moderately fine needle and thread. Coarse muslin may be used to advantage, and the lesson should begin with instructions in drawing a thread and folding down the hem; then the position of the work in the hands; then the straight use of the needle. Never make a little child rip any work done. It is discouraging, and moreover her progress is more evident to herself when she sees the bad stitches in contrast with the good ones. The muslin should be cut (never torn) selvage way, so that one yard is divided into twenty-four portions. The second standard are taught seaming and the first steps in knitting. The third standard, stitching and some small fine work, like sewing on of strings, plain patching, etc. The fifth undertake piecing, gathering, stroking, button-holeing, running, setting in gathers and marking;

* The London School Board Examiner.

and in the last division of this standard any white garment may be finished, while the best foundation for dress-making is laid. The sixth standard properly includes nothing but the cutting out and preparing of work; but in this some simple dress-making may be taught; such branches of the trade as will not change with fashion. Much instruction also may be given to this class about the *reasons* for various forms in cutting and fitting, the use of gores, the objects of seaming, whaleboning, etc.

Having laid down the programme of work, the next consideration is, *how* it should be taught; and here let me urge extreme patience, small beginnings, and no anxiety to hurry matters. Needlework taught in haste and learned superficially can never be serviceable; but I will venture to say that during the thirty-four weeks between September 1st, and July 1st, a whole course of practical needlework may be successfully taught, if system and patience are observed.

I should like now to offer a few suggestions as to the method of teaching the various classes. Beginning with the little *hemmers*, let them thread their needles together; and children are always amused by doing this with a certain ceremony I have seen used in a school-room:

The children rise at a signal given by the teacher, each holding a No. 7 or No. 8 needle in the left hand.

"One," says the teacher; whereupon the needle is lifted and the cotton brought near the eye.

"Two," and the thread is passed through.

It is a simple diversion and discipline at once. This same class may go through a little drill in positions of fingers, elbows and work.

Only experience can prove how very necessary it is to make these foundations of needlework firm from the outset. The learners must be watched lest their work is puckered. A lady engaged in teaching sewing has told me that bad seaming generally results from the child holding her elbow too closely to her right side; this causes the needle to slant in, and the result is a pucker. The palm of the hand should face the worker's chest, the needle pointing straight. Knots should always be forbidden; the thread in hemming, of course, must be taken *under* the hem; and in stitching it may be carried to the wrong side and one or two darning stitches taken. New threads

should always be begun in the same way of course.

The cutting out should be very carefully superintended; and a friend tells me that she has found it a good plan to engage an experienced seamstress who will work under her, for the one-half day of the week devoted to the Sewing-school. Such a person can direct the cutting and basting of the more important garments.

In some of the English Sewing-schools the advanced pupils are required to write short compositions on work. There is a dictation class once a week in which simple needle-work instructions are given those girls who can write; something in this fashion:

"In seaming, keep the palm of the hand facing the chest; slanting a needle makes a pucker. Open out a seam and smooth it with a bone-flattener (an old tooth-brush handle is good for this purpose). To hem neatly a thread should be drawn before turning down;" and so on the dictations may be given out.

Questions are also given and the answers handed in every week by the pupils. This all leads to examinations, and the prizes are pretty and useful garments such as young people always appreciate.

A poor sewing woman in London, who has worked for me, was rejoiced to send her little girl to a sewing-class in a very crowded neighborhood of old London. The child is being trained for what they call in England "upper" domestic service, in which good needle-work is always required. Last week the little girl showed her "composition," which reads as follows:

"Every woman should be able to sew neatly by hand. Dresses or clothes ought to be mended as soon as they are torne or the holes fray and you have to piece them, and if you piece a hole or tear you must do it very neatly and darn all the sides flat. Never mend a tear by running it up on the wrong side, that is slovenly and besides it comes out."

This "composition" of course was based on the instructions given out to the class; but writing it was a very helpful way of impressing it on Minnie's mind, and when she grows to be a woman and has her own children to sew for, these simple lessons will come back and be instinctively followed.

A good idea which a friend of mine carried out, is to give a systematic lesson, once a fortnight, on the uses of various materials: how to save in cutting

and making; what is best, most durable, and most economical for winter and summer wear. Small samples of cloth, wools, flannels, cottons, and calicoes make such a lesson impressive as well as entertaining to the children, who may be given at the end of the instruction a small basket of the scraps, and made to tell their properties and select a suitable *wardrobe* from the fabrics for winter and summer wear. It is simply astonishing how much the dullest child may be taught in this way, and how the mind grows, and learns to *act* with the fingers.

A few words now about the actual routine; and I beg my young readers to bear in mind that much of all this must depend upon surrounding circumstances; and modifications and elaborations of any set system are often advisable.

We will take for granted that our class assembles on Saturday morning, punctually, at nine o'clock. On entering, the children of each standard—once they are divided—should go to their teacher for inspection; then take their places, and at a signal take out their work from the drawer assigned to each. Each child in turn should then go with her work to the teacher, receive instruction and return to her place. The work begun, the teacher should slowly make her round—sitting down a few moments beside each little table-group, and *talking* to them about their work, instructing and supervising. At the end of each three quarters of an hour, ten minutes rest and recreation should be given, and at a quarter before twelve if possible the children should have each a bun, or something substantial to eat. The cost of this is very trifling but the benefit very great. After this luncheon, work may be finally inspected and the whole school seated in a semi-circle, while the teacher gives either the dictation, instruction, subject for composition, or the lecture on materials and their uses, before described. After this, it is well to give a general permission to ask questions for a few moments.

As the systems and ideas here suggested are many, I would advise developing them very gradually, crowding nothing, and waiting for entire appreciation of one branch or step before another is taken. Be it only the folding of a hem, it should be done *perfectly* before a stitch is taken. Another thing I should like

to urge upon all young people beginning any charitable work: too complete a *classification* of poor children, even in a Sewing-school, is injurious. Nothing is better for a child whose home-life is *dulling* in its influence than to awaken a strong sense of individuality. Responsibility is sure to follow, and a desire to accomplish something, usually in a good direction. Encourage thought and originality, if it be only on the subject of the eye of the needle. Do not look for the sudden transformations which belong to the little rescued vagabonds of story-books. Remember that what would be nice to you is very nearly virtue to the little people who grow up in the sight of all that is brutal, and that the *soul* is touched, often as soon as the mind begins to work, and a consciousness that "I am," "I ought to be," and "I *can* be," is aroused.

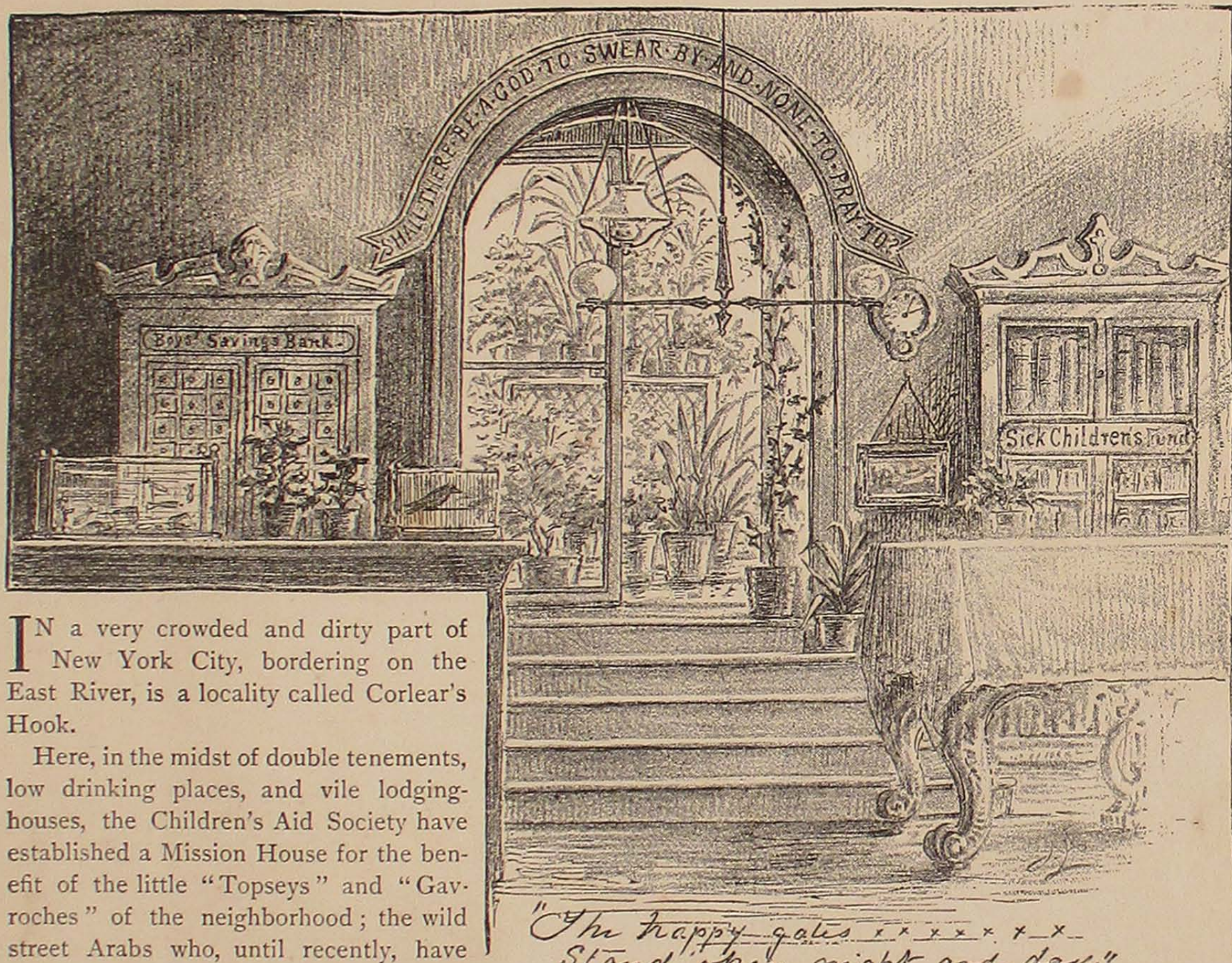
Finally, I will suggest what the probable expenses of a little Sewing-room would be, and here I give my own as well as a friend's experience. Hire for the Saturday, if you like, or for all the week, one large room, in which *both* heat and ventilation can be managed. Use of this one day would probably cost from fifty cents to one dollar. A school may be well begun with the following articles, *most of which* you will find friends will cheerfully donate, or tradesmen sell at reduced prices:

Two doz. common kitchen chairs (cut down two inches) from \$12 to \$20.00.
Six small pine-wood tables with drawers or boxes fixed, \$12.00.
One long, pine-wood cutting-table, \$5.00.
Chest of drawers, \$5.00.
Six brackets, \$2.00.
Six cheap chromos, framed, \$3.00.
Teacher's desk, \$10.00.
Sewing materials, \$5.00.
Unbleached muslin, \$1.00.
Bleached muslin, \$2.00.
Twelve yards flannel, \$4.00.
Twenty-four yards cheap dress material, \$3.00.
Twenty-four yards calico, \$1.44.
Six yards paper muslin, 36 cts.

Rent of room from October to June of course must depend upon the locality. It will be seen that between sixty and seventy dollars will put any small Sewing-school into flourishing order; and if the articles made should be sold, the expenses diminish.

THE FLOWER SCHOOL AT CORLEAR'S HOOK.

BY MRS. ELLEN E. DICKINSON.



IN a very crowded and dirty part of New York City, bordering on the East River, is a locality called Corlear's Hook.

Here, in the midst of double tenements, low drinking places, and vile lodging-houses, the Children's Aid Society have established a Mission House for the benefit of the little "Topseys" and "Gav-roches" of the neighborhood; the wild street Arabs who, until recently, have preferred the dock-yards and wood-piles close at hand, to their wretched homes; picking up a living by petty thefts and peddling; here to-day, to-morrow miles away in the country on some errand of mischief.

The exterior of this Mission House is not prepossessing, but if dilapidated without it is attractive within.

Passing through a long, low room on the ground floor where the smaller children are taught, the school-room proper in the second story of the build-

ing is reached by a short flight of stairs. This would be considered an attractive apartment in any school-house. It is of good size, nearly square, and has a high ceiling. Pretty engravings are hung on the walls; there are pots of flowers in the windows; birds are singing in cages; and there is a fine piano, an aquarium, and there are book cases crowned with busts of distinguished characters.

But the great beauty of the room, its most unique feature as a school-room, is the charming little con-

*"The happy gates x x x x x
Stand open night and day."*

servatory or green-house opening into it, with glass doors, and so situated that every child can see the blossoms and leaves and trailing vines within it, as it is raised a step or two higher than the room, and all the seats are facing it. Over the glass doors is the following sentence in gilt letters:

"Shall there be a God to swear by, and none to pray to?"

It was the happy thought of the superintendent of this Mission, Mr. George Calder, to make the gift of flowers and growing plants, a reward of merit, and the presence of flowers and plants a refining

influence to children whose surroundings elsewhere are of the most demoralizing character. He has a

theory that flowers will only grow under the care of those who love them, and to love them is

to have some gentleness of heart. From a very small

beginning this pretty conservatory has become literally a

smiling oasis amid an arid desert of brick walls and filthy dockyards.

The routine of this Mission School is not

essentially different from that used in other schools, save in the object-lessons given on flowers, in its reward of flowers, and in its floral festivals.

The pupils are naturally sharp; some of them being obliged, as they say, to "paddle their own canoe," and they learn with avidity. Indeed, it might put to shame many children belonging to rich and elegant homes, to see those shabby little ones so eager to hear the words that fall from the lips of the sweet-faced teacher, Miss Johnson, who so patiently and persistently gives them the benefit of her varied information.

The object-lesson in flowers is an evident delight to both the teacher and the pupils. Books and slates are put aside, and the little faces are turned toward the conservatory lovingly, as Miss Johnson steps within, and presently reappears bearing the beautiful blossom to be used in this novel teaching. In the exercise witnessed by the writer, she brought a few roses, a fuchsia and a small shrub called the Jerusalem cherry, which she placed on the table where all the children could see her. A blackboard was close at hand, and on the frame supporting it she placed a large picture of a tiger lily. Standing beside the table Miss Johnson held the picture of an animal in one hand and a smooth, round stone in the other, and said:

"Children, here are three objects; what are they?"

The quick response came:

"An animal, a stone, a plant."

"Who made them?"

"God."

"What has the animal and the plant that the stone has not?"

"Life."

Miss Johnson laid down the stone and the picture of an animal and held up the shrub.

"How are plants nourished?"

"Through the roots."

"What have the roots?"

"Little mouths, like a sponge."

"What do you call these mouths?"

(She held up the picture of some roots much enlarged to show the small, fibrous rootlets).

"They are called spongiolas."

"When a gardener moves a plant, what is he very careful not to break or destroy?"

"The spongiolas."



A REWARD OF MERIT.

"What parts have a plant?"

"Five: the root, stem, leaves, branches, seeds."

"What comes from the seeds?"

"The flower."

Then all repeated together:

"The seed is placed in the ground; from it comes the plant, and flower, the fruit, or seed-vessel."

Miss Johnson distributed a quantity of small white blossoms among the children, called "Deutzia," and said:

"Now, how do you hold your flowers?"

"By the stem."

"What is next to the stem?"

"The branch; and the color is green."

"What is next to the flower?"

"The calyx."

Then the teacher wrote on the blackboard after this fashion:

	Root,
	Stem,
PARTS OF THE PLANT:	Leaves,
	Flowers,
	Fruit or seed vessel.

	Calyx,
	Leaves or sepals,
PARTS OF THE FLOWER:	Corolla,
	Stamens,
	Pistils.

The children had been listening and answering with great interest. Now taking up the pictured lily she asked the names of the four parts of the flower, which was correctly answered. Several of the elder pupils were requested to turn their backs to the board, and then correctly answered, not only naming the parts, but spelling the names of the various parts.

During the

process of this lesson it was a pretty sight to see the little ones pulling the flowers apart, and examining them or the fuchsia and roses as the teacher separated the leaves and carried them about to show the different forms of corolla, etc.

The Feast of Flowers, or Floral Festival, takes place in the autumn. Then long tables are set out in the lower school room, and there is a grand array of blossoms and plants. The children at this season bring the plants that have been loaned to them through the year, each bearing a card with the name of the child to whom it has been entrusted. If the plant is healthy, it is given outright, and carried home in triumph to make some poor window pretty with scarlet geranium or fragrant heliotrope. To see a window thus graced with flowers near Corlear's Hook, is to know that a child is there a resident who has earned them by good conduct in the Mission School.



A Botany Lesson

The Rewards of Merit are given at stated intervals. There are beds in the green house filled with little plants, ready to be taken up and given in this way.

During the summer months benevolent people send flowers from the country, to be given in the form of bouquets to the children. Dr. Dodge, of Morristown, New Jersey, sends quantities of flowers to the Corlear Mission; and it is delightful to know that these flowers are purchased by rich children for poor children.



Last autumn, Dr. Dodge sent pretty pink cards to the Mission House to be distributed among them, on which was written:

DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

"The windflower and violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died, amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in Autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on
men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and
glen."

DEAR CHILDREN: The flowers are dead, and I can send you no more until another Summer comes. The flowers that have been sent to you this Summer from the country have all said the same thing to you as you looked at their bright little faces. Perhaps you did not hear what they were saying; or, possibly, you did not even know that they spoke at all, for a flower's voice is very soft and low. Still, they all kept repeating their little message to you until they died, and I want you to listen for it whenever you see a flower, and never forget it as long as you live. This what they all say:

GOD IS LOVE; HE LOVES YOU;
YOU ARE HIS CHILD.

Flowers are given to sick children from this Mission; not only to those connected with this school, but to little ones in all parts of our great city. Indeed, during the year thousands and thousands of bouquets are distributed from this floral depot; and there is in connection with this distribution, what is called "The Sick Children's Fund,"—medicine, clothing, nourishment, and medical attendance being given free of charge.

Another attraction of the school-room is a wonderful "Mino Bird;" a native of India, and very rarely seen in this country. It is a talking bird, and this particular specimen seems to have a human intelligence and speech. He is the size of a Bantam chicken, has dark green iridescent plumage, and a long yellow beak. He whistles "Captain Jinks," asks for bread very frequently, saying in a plaintive voice: "Give poor Mino some bread," calls "Come in," when any one knocks at the door, and "Good-by" when a guest departs.

Little girls and boys are both taught during the daytime in this pretty school-room; but, in the evening, a larger

number of news-boys and boot-blacks, and boys who find their living as they can are busy getting an education. In short, there is a night-school for boys too

poor to attend the day-schools; and on one side of the opening into the conservatory from the school-room, is their Savings Bank. In every way the boys, and the girls too, for that matter, are en-

have gone to rest at a good hour; for they are early birds, and must have had their breakfast and been out of the house by seven o'clock in the morning. A sixpence is charged those who can

afford to give it for supper, and for breakfast, and for a lodging, making the expense of living eighteen cents per day. But many poor boys are lodged and given free meals. They are orderly and respectful, generally, and a bright active set of fellows, glad to work, and grateful for the benefits of the Mission.

To enter this cheerful, tasteful interior, to see the children at their tasks, day or night, quiet, polite, and well-behaved, one can hardly credit their vagabond origin and vagabond inclinations. A past, and present fault is, to use bad language and to be untruthful. A Roll of Honor has been instituted, and it has done away with both evils to a great extent.

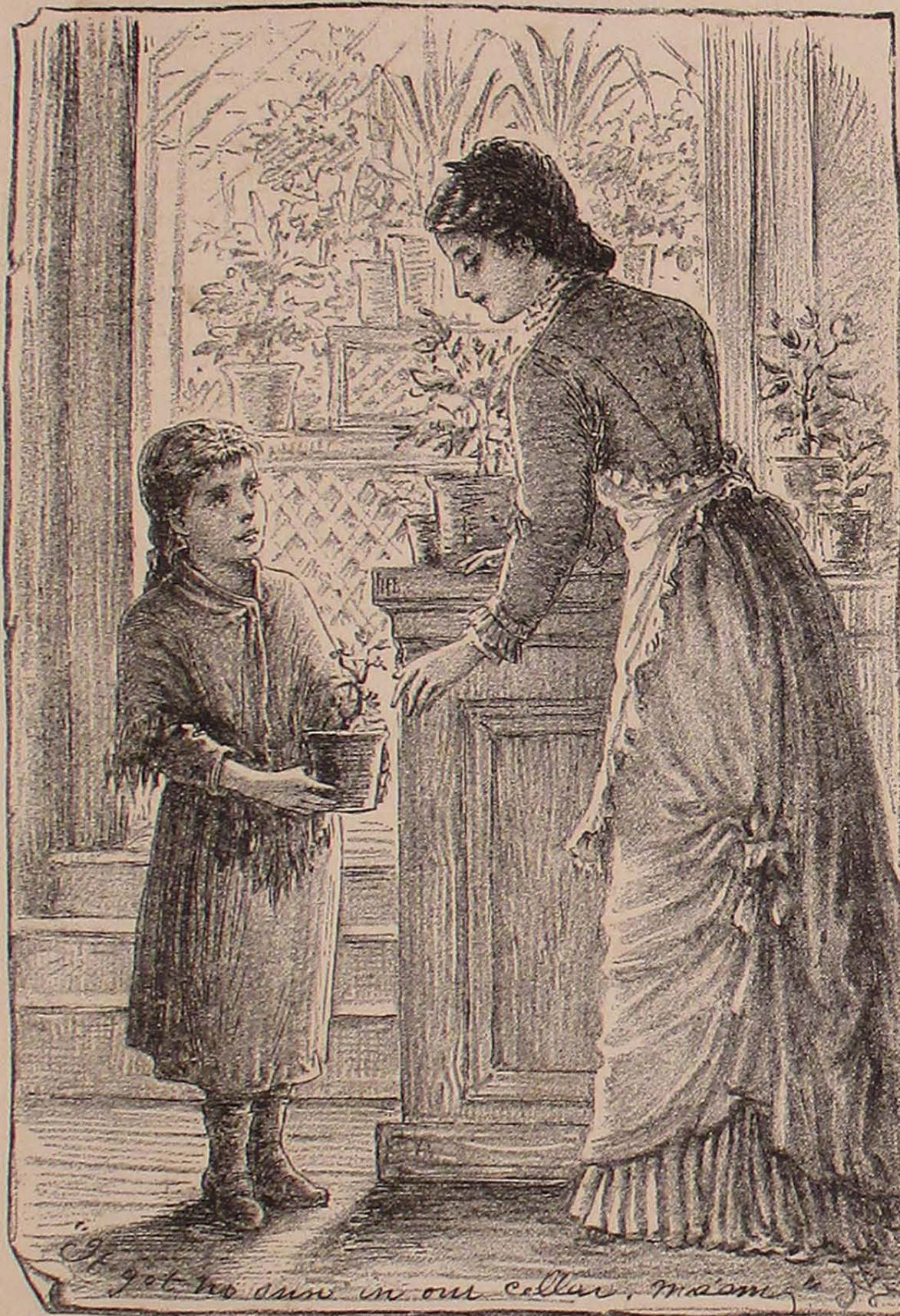
When Mr. Calder and his assistants commenced this work, they made a brave struggle to keep it in existence. More than once the half-grown roughs, the "Dock Rats," tried to drive them away by personal violence; or to "clean the superintendent out," to use their own expression. The children at first were lawless; it was like schooling wild Indians. A bright day, a passing fire engine or target company, scattered them in every direction. But patience, and devotion, and genuine kindness have done much. Tattered garments, frowzy heads, and

couraged to save their earnings, and are given five per cent interest.

The lodging-room is above the school-room, clean and comfortable with its double iron bedsteads, like the berths in a steamboat. The lights are out at ten o'clock, P. M. The weary boys

careworn faces are still seen among these little ones; but there is an encouraging prospect.

With all their faults they are singularly generous. A charming incident is that of a little girl who was very ragged, and was given a new dress at holiday time. She kept on wearing the old one, when, at



the souls and bodies of its little protégés ; for the Corlear Mission is also a Home for Homeless Boys, and a Refuge for Vagabond Children. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, at her own expense, has sent many children from it to the West and South, where they have found good homes. Not a few of them have written to Mr. Calder of their success and happiness.

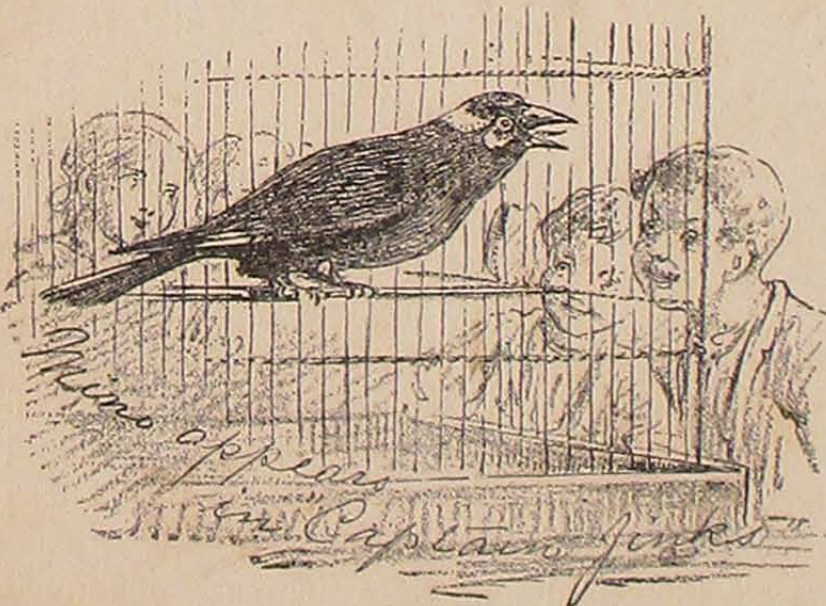
Some of these letters are amusing. One recently received from a boy who went to Virginia makes fun of a comrade who went with him, who "expected to find a kind of brown cow that gave pure buttermilk."

Every boy or girl ever connected with the Corlear Mission inevitably loves and gains some education in flowers ; and must be strongly influenced for good, by this devel-

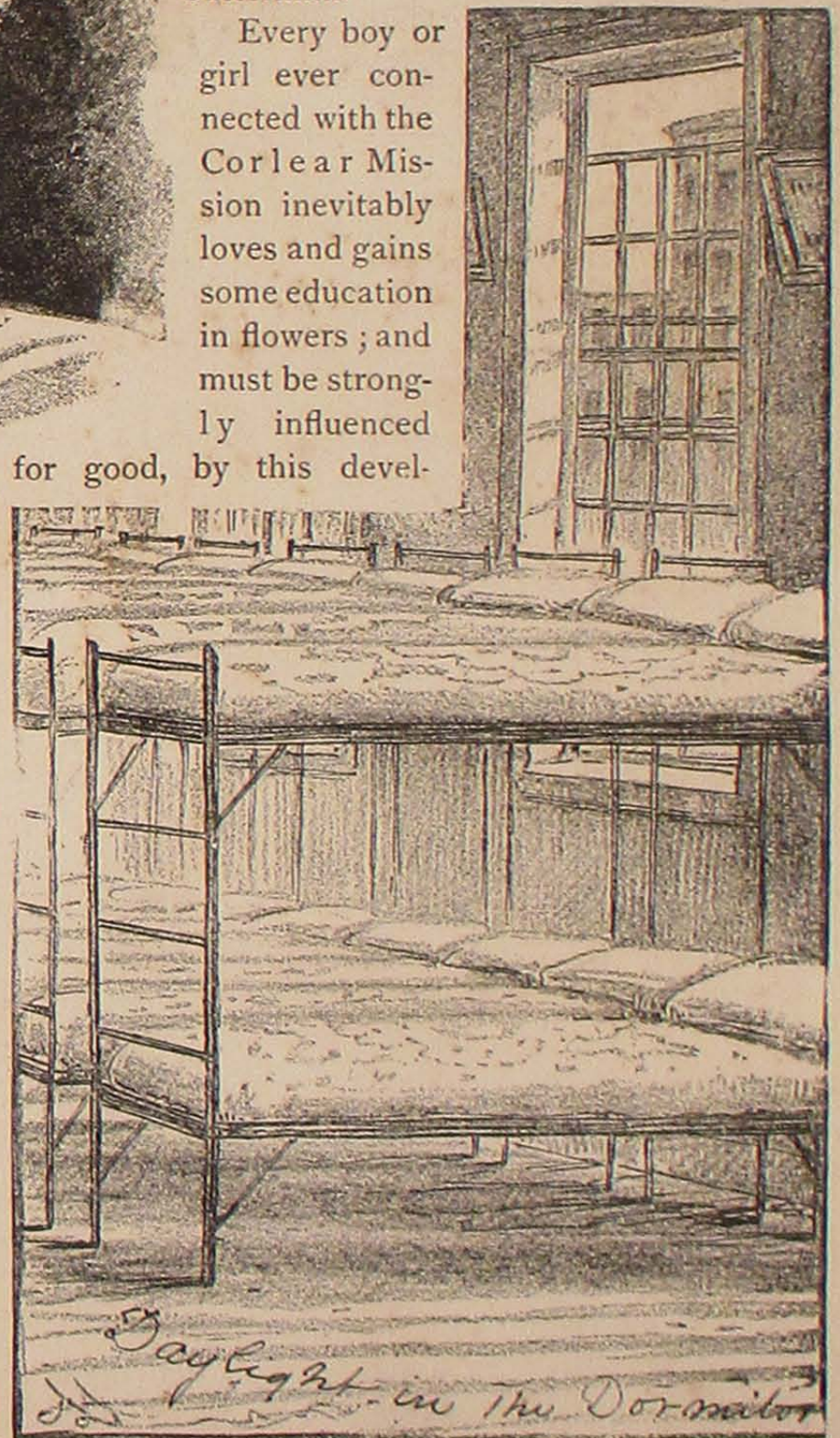


A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

last, it was learned that she had given her new dress to a destitute little companion whose father was out of work. These girls are all learning to sew ;

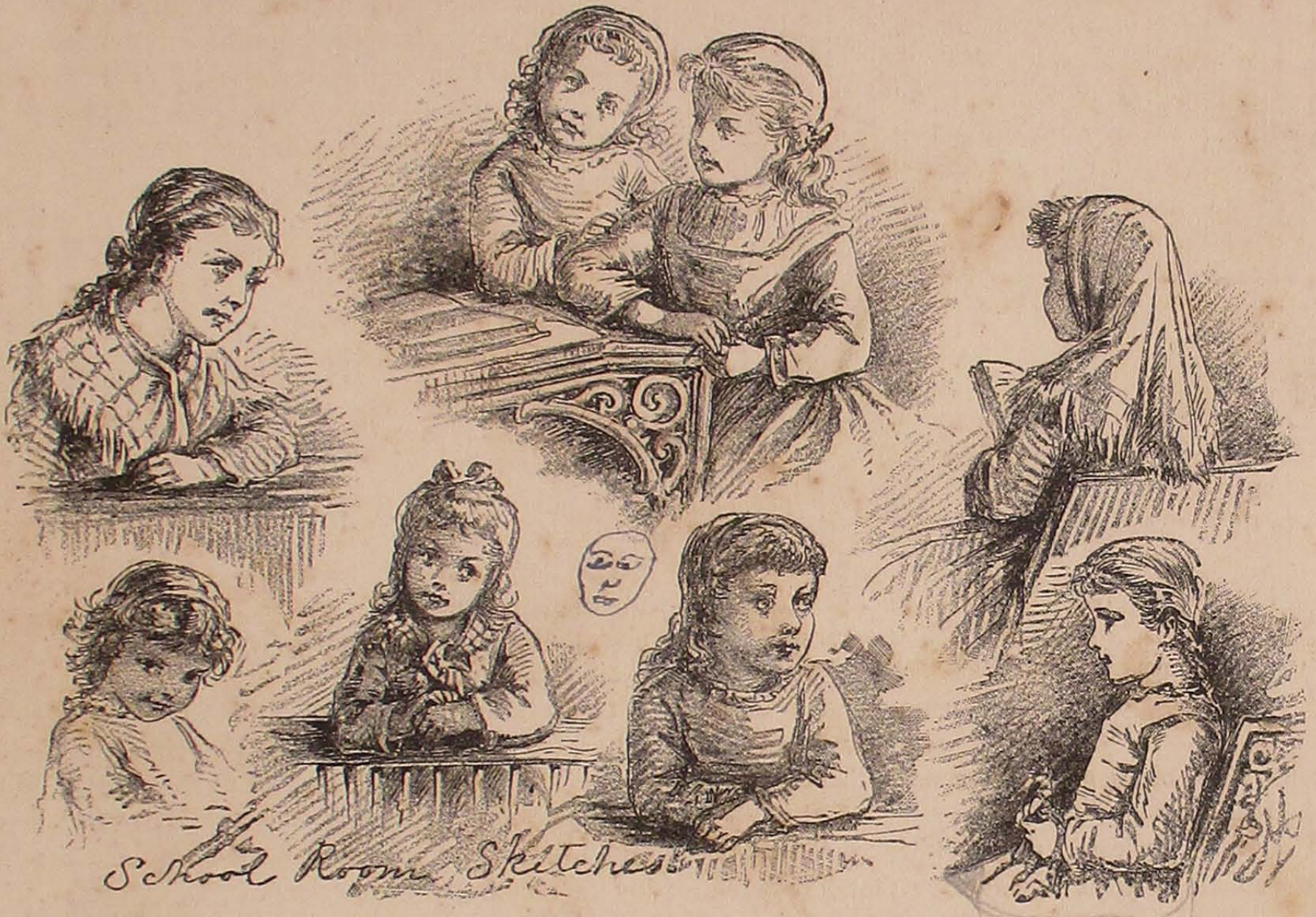


and the garments made are given to them at a merely nominal price, the central idea of the Mission, in all its departments, being to benefit both



opment of the sense of the beautiful ; and we would earnestly commend to all concerned in the education of neglected children, who live in the midst of un-

lovely and unwholesome scenes, this simple but most attractive and winning method of developing the best that exists in the soul of a child. For we are



sure there was never yet born a child so stolid that its eyes would not light up with both sunshine and intelligence at the sight of a rose or lily. Offer the

hope of owning the rose and the lily, and you then give the child something to live for, something to earn, something for which to behave its best.

Lizzie Pope



"And the tongue of the Mumb
shall sing."

THE BOSTON SCHOOL FOR
DEAF MUTES.
DEAF MUTES.

BY MARY A. PARSONS.

by Mary A. PARSONS

THE avenues through which we gain a knowledge of the outside world we call the senses. Two of the most important of these are Sight and Hearing.

The lack, or closing up of either of these doors of the soul is so great a misfortune that any individual, or community, seeking to repair such loss, even measurably, confers an untold benefit on humanity.

Asylums for the Blind, and Schools for Deaf Mutes, are attempts to break down the barrier that separates certain classes of unfortunate persons from the rest of the community, by general education, and by special efforts toward the removal of the disabilities caused by their infirmities.

Boston, honored throughout the world for her enlightened Christian benevolence, has among her public schools one especially adapted to the wants of Deaf Mute children.

The school-building is situated near the centre of the city, on Warrenton Street, near the horse-car routes, but removed from the bustle and confusion of the business localities.

Thither, during the regular school terms, daily flock from all parts of the city, and some from other

places, about seventy pupils, varying from four or five to sixteen years of age.

Those through whose action the school was established, felt that advantages to the children would result from their spending a part of the time at their homes, or among persons who speak, because they would thereby be constantly incited to make use of the knowledge gained in school.

That the younger pupils may be protected as far as possible in the crowded city streets, each is provided with a medal which may be suspended from the neck. On one side the medal bears the name of the child and his residence, on the reverse is inscribed "School for Deaf Mutes, No. 63 Warrenton Street."

Should the child lose his way he need only show this to a policeman to be set right at once.

The school is under the charge of a lady principal and seven assistants. Being in Boston it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that the discipline is strictly parental, and seems beautifully tender and motherly to the visitor; yet if the Love Principle were wanting in the individual teacher, no affectation could deceive, nor could the most conscientious discharge of mere duty supply the lack.

Deaf Mutes are naturally divided into two classes, —those born deaf, or who lost their hearing in in-

fancy, called Congenital Mutes, and those who learned to talk before the power of distinguishing the tones of the human voice was lost, called Semi-Mutes.

To the Semi-Mute, speech, even when it has been entirely laid aside for the language of signs, is only the learning over again a lesson once known, and memory makes the task easier than to the Congenital Mute, to whom spoken language is like a sealed book.

In this school, as in others, pupils are classed according to their attainments, notice at first being taken of the line of distinction already indicated, though, as the education progresses, the Congenital and Semi-Mutes are brought together as much as possible.

When the Deaf Mute child at first enters the school, if he has had no previous instruction, he is used only to signs. These, therefore, are at first employed, but it is only to lead him on to the comprehension of written and spoken language. For the pupil is to learn to *speak*, and to understand the speech of others, and he is to do this by watching the lips of persons when speaking.

In order to get an idea of the method of teaching beginners, let us enter one of the lower rooms and see what is done. The teacher holds a long oaken rod or wand, one end of which is used as a pointer, and the other as a call bell, if one may so speak. That is, when she wishes to bespeak her pupil's attention she taps on the floor with the heavy end of her rod, knowing that the children will feel the *jar* so made, and will all at once look in the direction from whence it comes. It is surprising how slight a tap on the floor will attract the attention of every scholar in the room.

Let us watch the *very first* steps. Luckily a beginner is present, a pleasant-faced little girl four or five years old. She has been there but a few days.

The teacher writes a column of words upon the black-board as follows:

Come.

Go.

Walk.

Run.

Jump.

Kneel.

Pointing to the word *Come* she beckons the child,

who understands at once and walks toward her teacher. Pointing at *Go* she motions her away, and the child goes back to her seat. At the word *Walk* the teacher walks across the room with the child, and then directs her to do the same alone. The meaning of the word *run* is shown in the same manner -- the teacher performs the act and the child imitates her. At *Jump* the child hesitates, so a little girl of about her own size takes her hand and jumps, and then the little stranger is quite willing to jump too. It is the same with *Kneel*; her companion shows her what the word means, but she will not need to show her many times, I fancy. If at all like the rest of her class she will learn to read written words, and to write them herself, very fast indeed.

Here is a class of Mutes who have been at the school several weeks, or a few months.

The teacher writes on the board various directions like the following:

"John, go to my table, get a book, and carry it into the hall."

"Charles and James, take the little bench, carry it to the hall door, shut the door, sit on the bench, fold your arms, and close your eyes."

What fun it is to the boys to do all these things, as well as for us who look on!

Instruction in speaking begins as soon as possible. One day, when visiting the school, my attention was attracted by a little girl I had not seen there before. She was twelve years old, and had lost her hearing only a year before. I asked about her, and her teacher, wishing her to improve every possible opportunity for speaking and understanding speech, requested me to speak to her, and introduced me, saying very slowly, but in a low tone of voice:

"This lady is a friend of mine."

The little girl shook her head and looked puzzled.

She was a new scholar, and probably was more easily embarrassed for that reason. After one or two repetitions Miss B. signified to her that she was to repeat the words after her. This she did readily till she came to the word "*mine*," at which the child shook her head, whereupon Miss B. gave the sound of *m*, then of *i*, then of *n*, after which the child nodded and smiled.

Now are you puzzled in your turn?

"Why! I thought you said she couldn't hear!

What was the use of giving her the sounds of the letters."

I don't wonder, you ask, but that was what is called "a knowledge of Visible Speech" enabled her to do.

"Visible Speech? Why, that means talking that may be seen, don't it?"

Yes, it is just that, and I wish you to get an idea of it.

The teacher shows the little Mute a picture, or outline, of a man's nose, mouth and throat. All these are used in talking, you know. In front of the pictured lips is a sign or mark, made to represent the breath blown out, as it is in giving the sound of the letter *P*, for instance. The mark or symbol is an arrow head. Any other might have been used, of course, but this is simple and easily made. Pointing to this picture of an arrow-head, and blowing out her own breath, the child easily understands that the sign of that arrow-head, and the breathing hard, or blowing, belong together, so he does it himself whenever she points to the sign. This is exactly what she wishes him to do.

But the *lips* move in sounding *P*. You know I told you there was a pictured nose, mouth and throat, before the child all the time while he is learning the use of the signs. This outline is always turned toward the right hand, so that a little curved line turning toward the right will easily stand for a picture, or hint, of the lip to the scholar.

Such a curved line is called a symbol of Visible Speech. The arrow-head, meaning the breath forcibly blown out, is another.

The teacher points to this little curved line of the lip and shuts her own lips. Showing the child that she does it whenever she points to the sign of the lip, he will imitate her. Putting the shutting of the lips and the breathing hard or blowing together, gives the sound of *P*. Try it, and you will see just what it is to give the sound of that letter.

Now let us take *T*. In giving the sound of *T* the point of the tongue touches the inside of the upper gum and is drawn back quickly, allowing the breath to be blown out forcibly.

In giving the sound of *R* the sides of the tongue touch the roof of the mouth, while the middle is depressed or bent down. This being harder to perceive, a little instrument of ivory is sometimes placed on the middle of the child's tongue to depress it, when

the sound will be given correctly. I saw this instrument used to help a little fellow give the sound of *K*. He was making an incorrect sound, but the moment the little manipulator, as it is called, pressed down the middle of his tongue, out came the *K* sound as distinctly as possible.

After a while he will comprehend that he can depress the middle of his tongue without the manipulator's help; and I fancy he learns the faster because he objects to its use. Not that it hurts him, but who likes to have his own tongue interfered with if he can help it?



EXERCISE WITH HAND-MIRRORS.

One of the rudimentary exercises of the school is with hand-mirrors. These enable the pupil to see how the tongue, teeth, and lips must be placed to produce the required sound — and after seeing how the teacher places hers, they learn by imitation to manage their own.

All uninstructed Mutes make sounds in the throat, where the voice is produced.

Do you know how voice is made? When you wish to speak, your breath is forced more suddenly out of

your lungs and against what are called the vocal cords placed in the throat.

The effect is voice — crying and crowing in infants, and speaking in older persons.

The vocal cords, blown upon by the air from the lungs, remind one of the Æolian harp.

The Mute is made to place his hand on his throat, when he makes his breath blow hard on his own vocal cords. He soon learns how it feels, and that he is

to do it when certain symbols on the boards representing voice are pointed

She spoke much as you do, yet lower, and with less of your confident readiness.

Now let us see what they are doing in Miss B.'s room.

Although the children are taught to watch the lips in those who talk, it would take a great deal more time to make a whole class understand a spoken direction than a written one, especially since some are much slower of apprehension than others.

For instance: here is a long sentence, which, if repeated till every member of the class clearly comprehended it, would consume a great deal of school-time. Written on the board each scholar takes it in at a glance.

This is it: "Miss F. wishes each member of the



THE FIRST STEPS.

at. When the child has given the sound of one letter he has mastered a lesson in Visible Speech. All the rest is a work of time and constant practice.

Now don't you begin to see how the little girl I talked with could be helped by having the sounds of the letters given her?

I asked her how she lost her hearing. She replied that it was by having scarlet fever.

"Were you very sick?" very slowly, and repeated, once or twice.

"O, yes!" she answered; "they thought I would die."

class to tell what he or she did last Saturday."

Of course this is an advanced class. One gives quite a minute and neatly-worded account of a stroll in the woods; another speaks of a ride; while another of a walk to Lynn.

Those who have nothing they think will be of interest, or sound prettily, are as much inclined as other children would be in like circumstances to say:

"I didn't do anything."

"What!" asks the teacher, smiling, "did you sit so (folding her hands) all day?"

This brings out an answer from a boy that he was

"sawing wood in the cellar," while a girl tells naively how she was "minding her baby."

There are classes in reading, dictation, geography, arithmetic, etc., as in other Grammar schools.

Gymnastics are used for exercise, and the children seem to enjoy them. Of course, at the Deaf Mute School they write compositions, for what would school be without them? They write some very fine ones, too.

One on "Why should animals be kindly treated?" received one of the highest prizes offered by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the pupils of the public and private schools throughout the State.

Specimens of their compositions are given. These are in the form of letters. You will see that the children express themselves very creditably on the whole.

You will also notice that their mistakes in the use of language are not such as a little child who can hear would make, but rather such as a foreigner, who did not understand English well might fall into.

The first letter given is from a little girl who was born deaf, and you will readily see the difficulty Congenital Mutes meet in acquiring language; which indeed is not to be wondered at, since they hear nothing, whereas ordinary children learn to talk wholly by imitating what they hear.

BOSTON, *Thursday, Oct. 19, '77.*

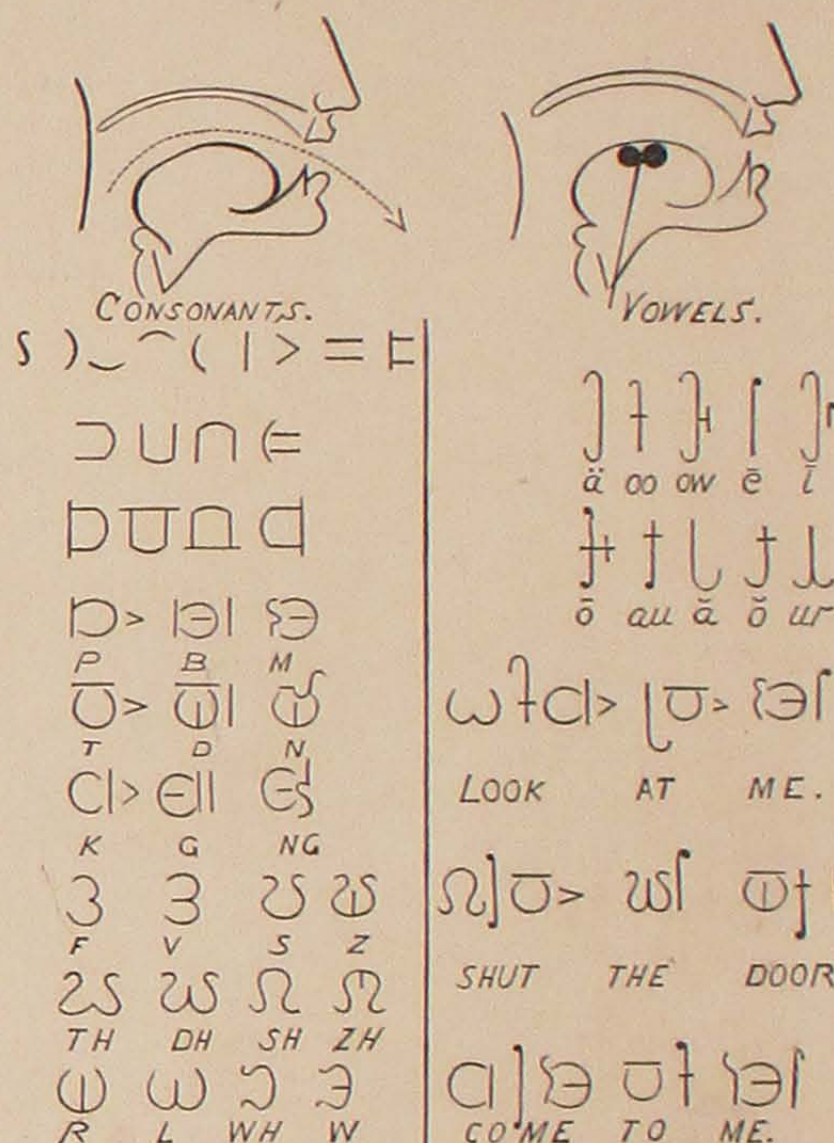
MY DEAR MISS FULLER: Ella Towle did not come to school, and I think Ella was sick. Miss Bond has gone to Philadelphia. Miss Kate Williams went to Philadelphia and one week. Ella's father was dead. Jennie W. was said to Annie Ella's father was sick. Bella's mother will come to house and, I think Grandmother said Annie will bed asleep and Miss Kate Williams will write and gave me paper. I think Miss Kate Williams will said Annie will try to be good, and Monday one week yesterday Charlie didn't come to school and bought boots 2 dollars half and His boots are pretty

Good by from ANNIE WHITE.

BOSTON, *Thursday, Oct. 19.*

DEAR MISS FULLER: Yesterday when I was going home from school I went to the depot with Jennie and when I got home from school I went out to play

for a little while. When I came in the house I had my supper, then I sat down and I was reading my book, and I read it all last night. I was playing with my little kitten. When I was playing house I had to go to bed, and I went to bed at ten o'clock. And when I got home from school I went to the store for some apples, and when I came in the house I was helping my mother to make apple pies and she made



SYMBOLS OF VISIBLE SPEECH.

three for me, and I had a great many apples. I had two apples to myself, and when I ate them I went to take another one to eat and that will make three.

MINNIE E. MORIARTY.

BOSTON, *Oct. 23, 1876.*

My name is Bertie Huckins, and I am almost eleven years old. I was taken with the scarlet fever when I was about eight years old, but one of the doctors who visited me spoke about this school, and I went when I was well.

One day one of the girls in my class named Mary Carlton gave me a little kitten, whom I named Tabby. I fed her on bread and milk at first, and often some

meat cut very small. She grew fast, and I had nice times with her.

One day my gentleman brought me a mouse, because he wanted to be praised. My Grandfather gave me a rabbit, but I would rather have a new sled named the Rover, or a pair of new skates. I had a hard time making Bunny, as I called the rabbit, a good house. When it was finished I thought it was large enough for the rabbit and kitten, and I wanted them to be friends, but I had to make the slats closer to prevent the little Tabby from creeping out. Once Tabby bit Bunny's ear; she fancied it was too long. Wasn't she thoughtful enough to think of it? But now they are both sent away. I may never see them again.

I often asked my father to buy me a sled or a pair of skates, but he could not get them for me. I would like to have them very much.

My Grandfather lives in Cambridgeport, and I often go to see him on holidays. One day he made me a little cart with iron wheels because I had no play-things.

My uncle has a dog named Brownie. He is a nice large dog, and is always glad to see me. He barks in the morning until some one comes and lets him free from his confinement near the house, then he will run to my room. I always have my door open a little way, and Brownie pushes it open with his head, and after a good-morning which is no other than a bounce on the bed to wake me up then licks my face as if to say good-morning, he goes to his master's room and does the same, and walks away. Not a happier dog in the world was Brownie.

I have written all I can think. I hope it will suit you.

With Resp't,

A. H. HUCKINS.

This admirable school is free to all Deaf Mute children living within the limits of the City of Boston. Any child in the State of Massachusetts, however, is allowed the benefit of attendance on payment of the annual sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. Even this moderate tuition will be paid by the State if application be made to the Governor by parents or guardians, stating their inability to meet this in addition to other necessary expenses.

Children from other States will be admitted on the same conditions, the blank form of admission—a

copy of which is appended to this article—being filled by the governors of such States.

Being a day-school no provision is made for boarding pupils, but they can find homes in private families by paying from four to five dollars per week.

I cannot better close than by giving an account of a conversation between two of the pupils. The teacher heard one little girl ask her classmate if she would like to hear.

"O, yes!" she replied, eagerly.

Then a cloud came over her face, and she asked her teacher:

"Couldn't I come here to school if I could hear?"

"No," was the reply.

"Then I don't want to hear!" she said.

If she stays long enough, however, the outside world will not seem so utterly devoid of interest to her, for she will have learned to take an intelligent part in its word and work.

APPLICATION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES.

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To his Excellency the Governor.

I, _____ of _____, in the County of _____, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, respectfully represent to Your Excellency, that my* _____ aged _____ years, is a DEAF MUTE, and cannot be properly instructed in the Public Schools of this Commonwealth, and that I am unable, in addition to my other necessary expenditures, to defray the expense attending its instruction and support. I therefore respectfully request that your Excellency will send it either to the American Asylum at Hartford, the Boston School for Deaf Mutes, or to the Clarke Institution at Northampton.

(Signed).....

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The undersigned, being acquainted with _____, a resident of this _____, are of the opinion that the foregoing statement made by him is true, and that he is entitled to the benefit of the Legislative appropriation for the education of deaf and dumb persons.

} Selectmen of
}

I hereby certify that the above named _____, a deaf mute, is free from all contagious diseases, and, as I believe,

* Insert name of son, daughter, or ward.

from all immoralities of conduct; is neither sickly, nor mentally weak, and is a fit subject for instruction at the expense of the Commonwealth.

M. D.

NOTE. — The first of the above declarations must be signed by the parent or guardian of the applicant; the second by the selectmen, or a majority of them, of the town, or by the mayor of the city, where the applicant resides; and the third, by the family physician, or some other competent medical practitioner. In case the request for admission is granted, the parent or guardian of the proposed beneficiary will be forthwith notified, and a Warrant will be forwarded to the Principal. The time for admitting pupils is at the close of the summer vacation, — at Hartford, on the second Wednesday in September; and at Northampton, on the third Wednesday in September, when classes are formed. Pupils can be admitted to the Boston School at any time.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED BY PARENT OR GUARDIAN.

1. Name of parents.
2. Residence.
3. Birth-place of parents.
4. Were they deaf and dumb?
5. Have they other children deaf and dumb?
6. Name of child?
7. Birth-place of child.

8. Was the child born deaf and dumb?
9. Has the child ever spoken?
10. If it has, when was hearing lost?
11. What was the cause?
12. Has the child ever been at school?
13. How much has the child been taught?
14. Is it preferred to have the child sent to the American Asylum, Hartford, the Boston School for Deaf Mutes, or the Clarke Institution, Northampton?
15. Is the child mentally weak?
16. Does the child now speak — if so, how many words?

REMARKS.

ACTS OF 1871, CHAP. 300.

AN ACT RELATING TO DEAF MUTES.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:

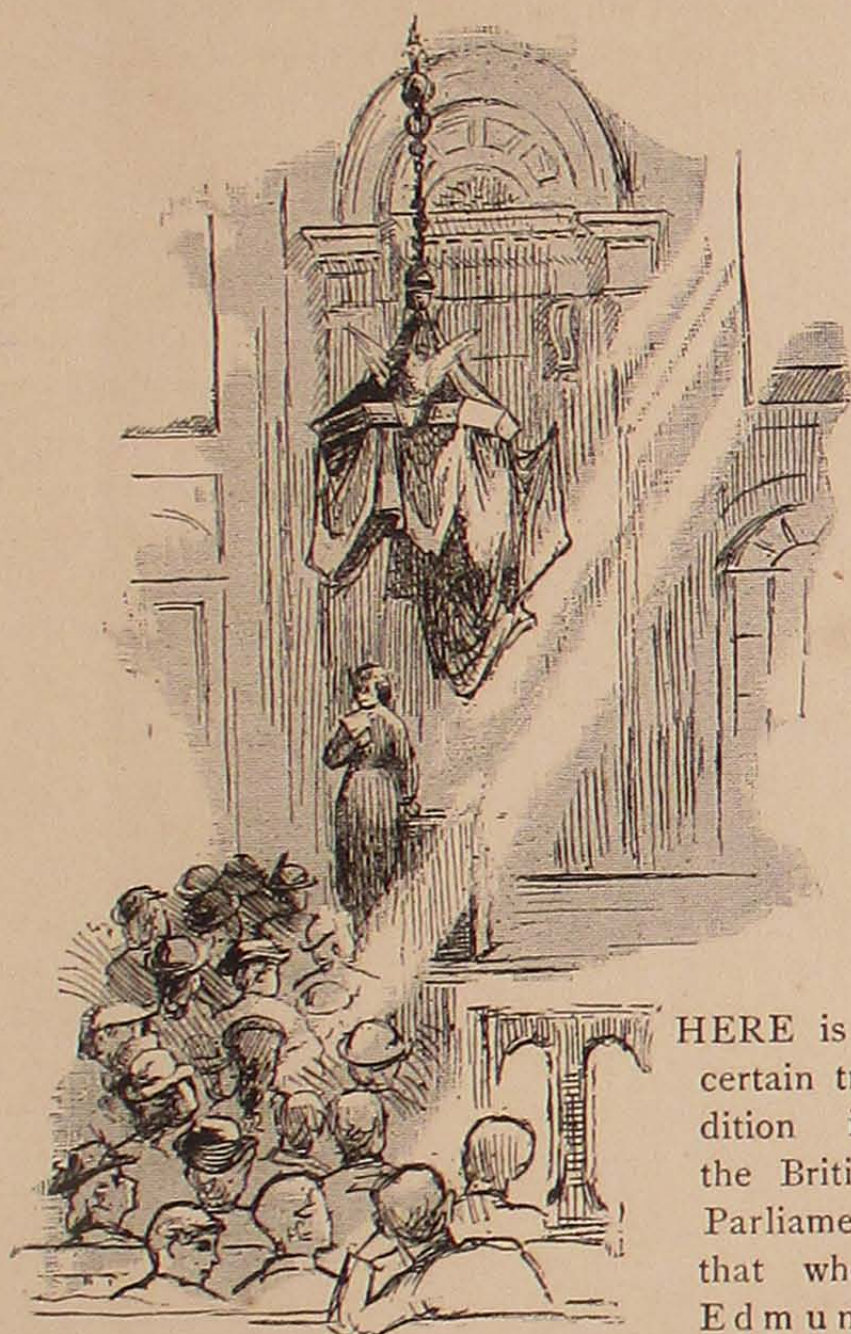
SECT. 1. No beneficiary of this Commonwealth in any institution or school for the education of deaf mutes shall be withdrawn therefrom except with the consent of the proper authorities of such institution or school, or of the Governor of this Commonwealth.

SECT. 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Approved, May 17, 1871.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR AT THE OLD SOUTH.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.



UNDER THE OLD SOUNDING-BOARD—LISTENING TO MISS BAKER.

HERE is a certain tradition in the British Parliament that when Edmund Burke undertook to

describe a scene of unusual excitement he would say it was "as hot as the Old South Church in Boston."

If you have heard any of Miss Baker's charming Saturday lectures to the Boston children, you will not wonder at his strong expression; for, from the very beginning of its existence, the "Old South" has been the scene of some of the most stirring events in the history of our country.

The very soil upon which the old church stands seems imbued with the spirit of freedom! Here, in

early colonial days, stood the fine old mansion of Gov. Winthrop; and when, a few years later, the estate passed out of the hands of the Winthrop family it became the property of John Morton, the faithful preacher and beloved pastor of the First Church in Boston.

After his death there was a division in the church, and a few brave souls who inherited the true Puritan spirit determined to submit no longer to arbitrary rule, but to worship God as their own consciences told them was right.

Among the number was Mary Morton, the widow of their former pastor; and when, in 1670, the little band of seceders were ready to build a church, she offered to give them for that purpose a part of her garden lot, on the corner of Milk and Washington Streets. From its location it was called the *South* church, and the title of *Old* was prefixed when, in 1717, a *new South* church was built on Summer Street.

After fifty years had passed away the little church was no longer able to contain the rapidly increasing congregation, and so, after a memorable day of fasting and prayer, the old building was taken down and a larger one erected in its place.

This second church, constructed partly from the materials of the old, was completed and consecrated in 1730, and is the very same edifice in which, to-day, the Children's History Lectures are delivered.

Just think what wonderful tales this famous old building could tell us if, by some sort of Edisonian magic, its dingy walls could be converted into "talking machines."

First of all, I think the old sounding-board would reverberate with that brave patriotic remonstrance of James Otis against the impressment of our seamen. It was in the summer of 1768, and, as Fanueil Hall proved too small to hold the crowds of excited people who demanded redress for their grievances, they adjourned to the Old South Church; and here it was those bold words of Otis rang out:

"If we are called to defend our liberties, I trust we shall resist even unto blood!"

Only two years after the stern necessity came; for, you remember, it was on the 5th of March, 1770, that the terrible Boston Massacre occurred. We will not dwell on the horrors of that fearful night, when the fierce soldiers and the enraged citizens met in hand-to-hand conflict and stained the streets with their blood. But let us not forget it was in the Old South Meeting-house, next day, that an instant removal of the British troops was demanded, and through the persistency of Samuel Adams the demand was complied with. No wonder that after that the English used to say, "Beware of a Boston town-meeting that assembles in the Old South Church! Whenever the people meet there they are

always sure to compass their undertakings!"

Can it be that this subtle, indefinable power still lingers about the old building?

However that may

be, of one thing I am very certain: those who have listened there to Miss Baker's eloquent lectures delivered to the Boston children will not soon forget the patriotic impulse they inspired.

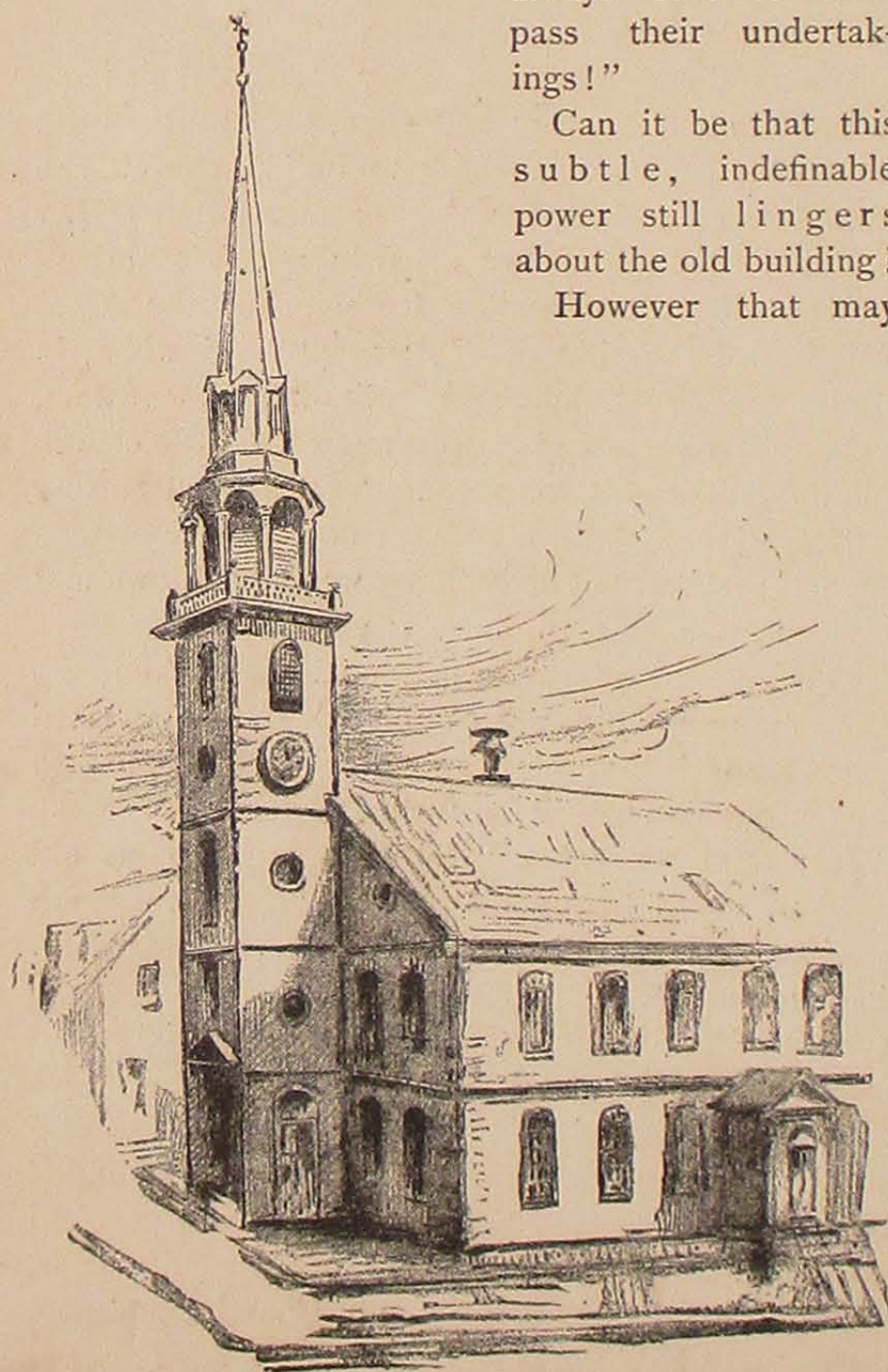
It was a happy thought to have them given under the same old sounding-board that had echoed once to the voices of Warren and Quincy and Adams. For never does an historic name or event become so real to us as when we stand upon the very spot where the brave words were spoken or the noble deeds accomplished.

You of my readers who are well-versed in colonial history will remember that on the first anniversary of the Boston Massacre a solemn commemoration of the day was held in the Old South, and an oration delivered by James Lovell, principal of the Latin School. Master Lovell, by the way, was a staunch patriot, and in times of popular excitement he would frequently dismiss his school and advise his pupils to repair to the gallery of the Old South Church, where they could learn more practical lessons than those contained in their Latin Grammars. I have no doubt the boys fully agreed with him on this point; and it is an interesting fact that some of their names were afterwards enrolled among the brave men who fought at Lexington and Yorktown.

When the second anniversary of the Boston Massacre came around, young Joseph Warren was invited to deliver the oration. The people first gathered at Faneuil Hall, as it happened to be the forenoon of the old-time "Thursday lecture;" but at half past twelve the meeting adjourned to the Old South.

With this first oration of Warren's most of my young readers, I imagine, are very familiar; for what American boy has not declaimed passages from it at some period of his school life!

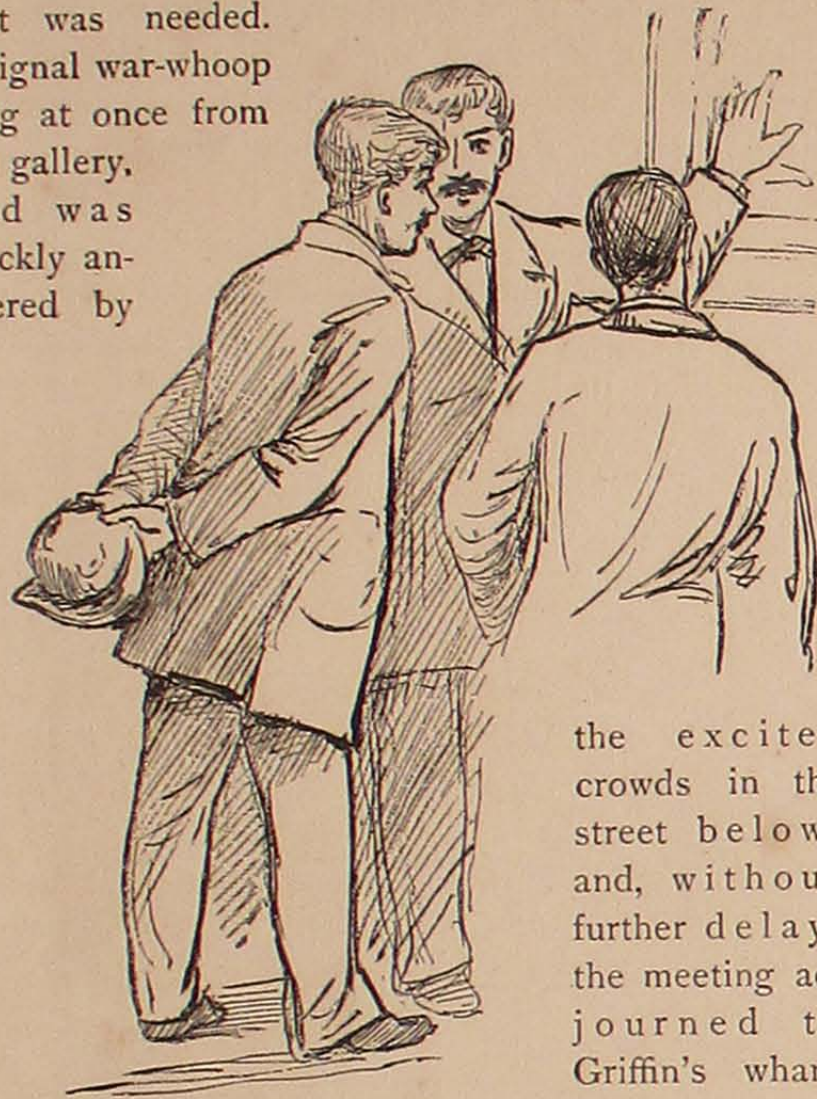
In the following year, 1773, the Old South became the scene of many turbulent town meetings, for the three pence a pound on tea had proved "the last straw!" and, before the final outbreak and the well-known "Tea Party" in Boston Harbor, every measure had been discussed, and every plan of action decided upon in the meetings held at the Old South Church. When, after repeated requests, the excited citizens were still refused their just demands, Samuel Adams, "the great incendiary," rose from his seat in the church and said with marked emphasis:



THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

"This meeting can do nothing more to save the country!"

The words proved just the sort of lucifer match that was needed. A signal war-whoop rang at once from the gallery, and was quickly answered by



STUDYING HISTORY. — LOOKING AT SAMUEL ADAMS' PORTRAIT.

the excited crowds in the street below; and, without further delay, the meeting adjourned to Griffin's wharf, where, as you remember,

the whole cargo of tea was thrown overboard.

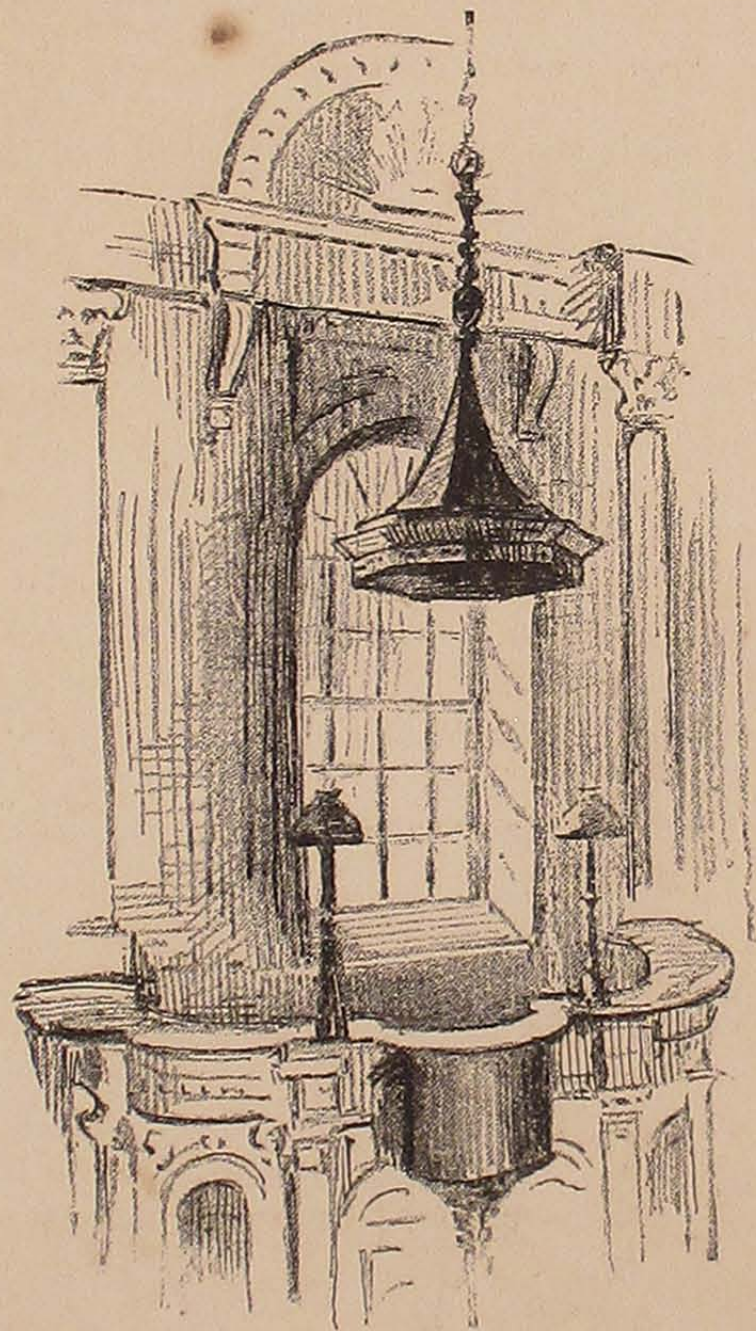
Then followed the famous "Boston Port Act," when an attempt was made to cut off our brave little city from communication with her sister colonies. But, as Hancock said that same year in his oration at the Old South, "A wise and a brave people, when they know their danger, are fruitful in expedients to escape it."

Though the streets were filled with British troops, though war-ships blockaded the harbor, "King George found he had, indeed, sowed dragons' teeth when he attempted to starve Bostonians into submission."

The fifth anniversary of the Massacre drew near. The citizens were determined to commemorate the day as usual, but the British officers declared that it would be at the cost of any man's life even to mention the subject. Joseph Warren, however, volunteered to deliver the customary oration at the Old

South, and the offer was gladly accepted by the patriots.

The anniversary this year fell upon Sunday, so they waited as patiently as they could until the following morning. By half-past eleven that memorable Monday, the Old South was crowded to its utmost capacity; and in the pulpit, which was draped with black, sat Adams and Cooper and Hancock. British officers filled the aisles, and were courteously offered the front pews. But at the appointed hour no orator made his appearance. The audience began to grow very uneasy, and there were many

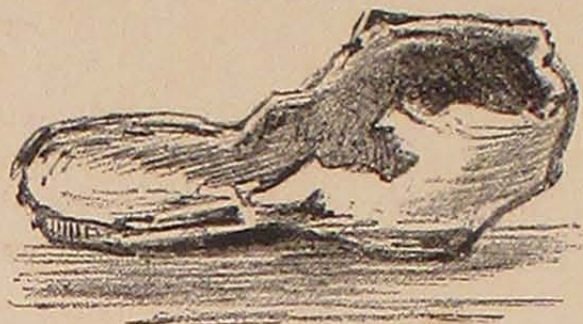


PULPIT WINDOW THROUGH WHICH WARREN ENTERED.

anxious glances toward the door, when suddenly, to the blank astonishment of all, Warren stood before them. Knowing well the danger of forcing an entrance through the aisles, he had taken a ladder, opened the great window just behind the pulpit, and

quietly passed through to his seat on the platform.

You could have heard a pin drop in the sudden silence that followed. Not one of the British officers dared molest the young patriot; and although, after Warren had begun his oration, one of them, seated



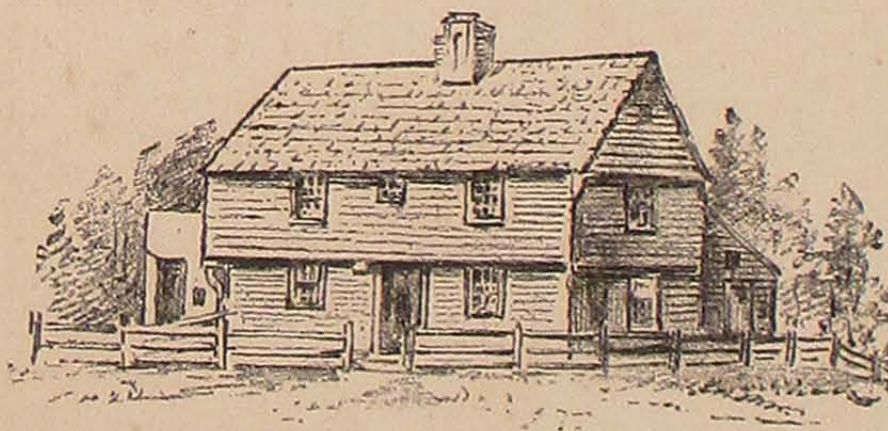
THE LITTLE RED SHOE. — RELIC AT THE OLD SOUTH.

on the pulpit stairs, held up a few pistol bullets with a threatening menace, the speaker did not stop his discourse, but simply dropped the leaden shot into a white handkerchief that lay on the desk.

The noisy regiments, returning from parade, tried to drown the orator's voice by a simultaneous drum-beating outside. But it was all to no purpose — the burning words were spoken, every one; and when the cry of "Fie, fie!" in the audience was interpreted "Fire, fire!" and the soldiers seemed about to lift their arms, Samuel Adams quieted the audience with the words:

"There is no fire but that of liberty which is burning in your own bosoms!"

It was only a few weeks after that the struggle for



IN INDIAN TIMES. — GARRISON HOUSE BUILT BY ENSIGN JOHN SHELDON, DEERFIELD, MASS., 1687.

liberty began in terrible earnest. The battles at Lexington and Concord came the next month, and were followed by the siege of Boston, when the Old South was made the target of every possible abuse from the British. The pews and pulpit were torn

out and burned; loads of gravel were thrown upon the floor, and the sacred building was converted into a riding-school.

But this year there would be no need of an oration in the Old South upon the fifth of March, for Gen. Washington had planned another kind of commemoration. Dorchester Heights would make a better platform than even the pulpit of the Old South, and henceforward the anniversary of the terrible Boston Massacre should be replaced by a brighter day in the annals of our country. As the astonished British soldiers left their riding-ring in the Old South, they little thought that, after a hundred years had passed, this same "Evacuation Day" would be celebrated there.

If any of my readers heard Rev. E. E. Hale at the "Children's Hour" on the fifth of March, I am sure they will never, never forget that grand day in our history when Washington raised the siege of Boston.

But besides all these interesting facts so closely connected with the Old South, other portions of our national history have been reviewed in this "Children's Hour;" and at Miss Baker's lecture on the 22d of February, among the distinguished visitors present was "Old Abe," the War Eagle, who furnished abundant material for talks of later historical interest.

On preceding Saturdays, The Ice Period, The Mound Builders, The Northmen, Columbus, The Early American Explorers, The Pilgrim Fathers, The Settlement at Cape Cod, and the Story of the Indian Captives have each been treated of in Miss Baker's simple, eloquent way.

Her audience, beginning with twenty-five children, in a Mother Goose House, which was erected in the gallery at the time of the first Old South Fair, had increased so that on the 22d of February there were about eight hundred children present,



LATER DAYS. — "OLD ABE."



and many others of "a larger growth."

The interesting relics with which the Old South is so abundantly furnished at present, afford many illustrations for the lectures.

For instance:

The "little red shoe" has a very touching history, and I would like to give it to you in Miss Baker's own words.

"On the morning of the attack on Hatfield there was not a happier child in the village than John Coleman's little four-year-old daughter Sarah. Her father had just bought her a new pair of bright red shoes for winter, and she was showing them with delight to her little sister when a painted Indian seized both the children.

"Their father's buildings were burned,

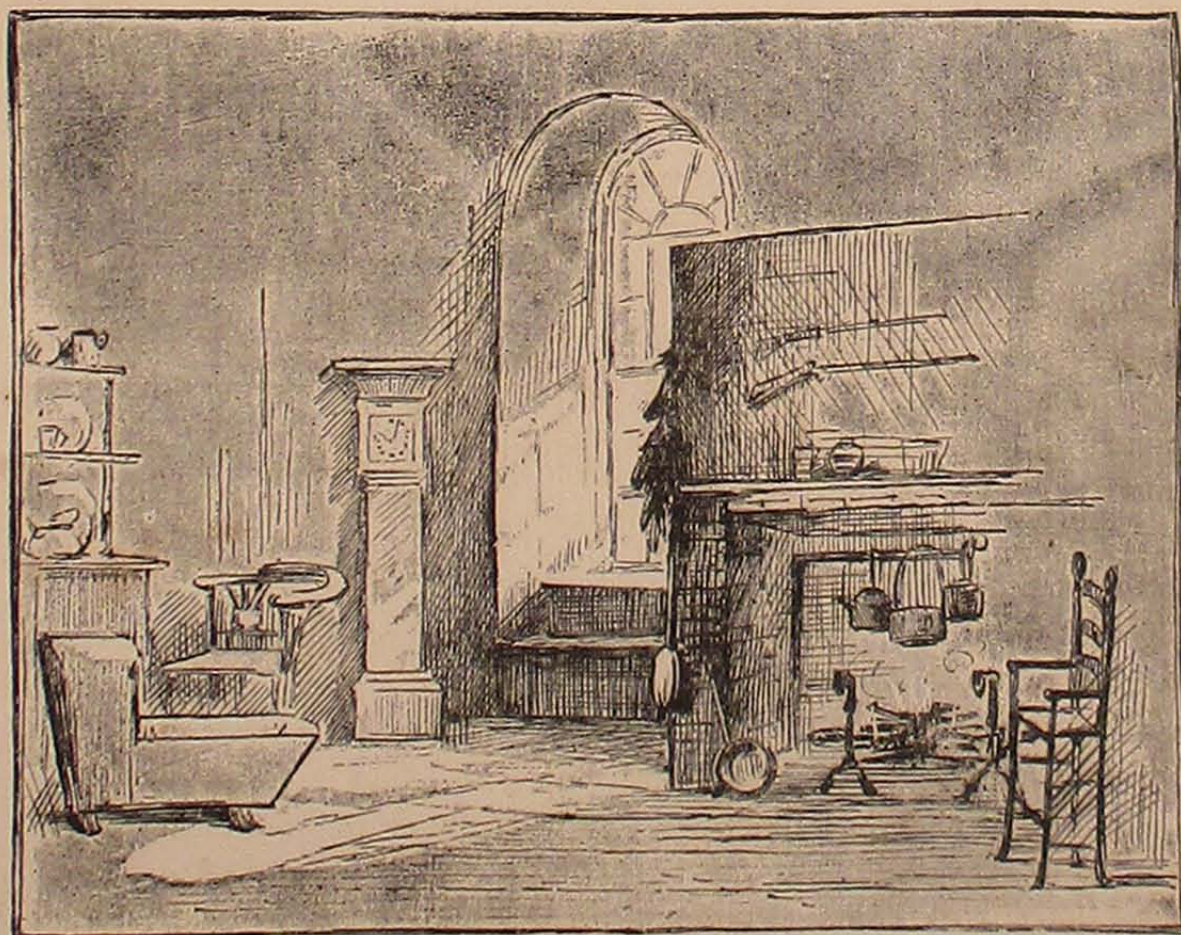
their mother and baby sister killed, another sister wounded, and the other two little ones were dragged away to Canada.

"All the way to Canada and back tramped this little red shoe on little Sarah Coleman's foot—but to Canada and back it never could have tramped had not her savage captor shown her much kindness. I like to think that, melted to pity by her forlorn condition, when her little feet were weary he lifted her to his brawny shoulder, or bore her tenderly in his arms; and that wrapping the shivering child warmly in his blanket, he drew her on a sledge over the icy rivers—softly spreading her bed with thick hemlock boughs when they camped at night, and selecting the choicest morsels from his hunting for her food, perhaps stinting himself that she might have more.

"Seeing her playmates butchered in cold blood on that fearful journey, the little innocent clung to her protector with the trustfulness of childhood, and it is not impossible that the two strange companions learned to love each other well.

"John Coleman's feelings when this faded, ragged little shoe—returned from captivity—crossed his threshold again one bright May morning, may be better imagined than described."

With talks like these the "Children's Hour" is made absorbingly interesting; and is it not a worthy



AUNT TABITHA'S OLD-TIME KITCHEN. — AT THE OLD SOUTH.

ambition, while trying to save the Old South, to devote a little time in endeavors to save the patriotism of the children, to whom the sacred old heirloom will one day descend?

The lectures have all been given to the children free of charge; good behavior at school and courtesy toward each other being the only conditions imposed by the ladies who inaugurated the course.

With the warm weather comes a little intermission; but when the schools open again in the fall the children are anticipating a continuation of the delightful Saturday mornings at the old church!

Meanwhile indefatigable efforts go on to preserve the dear old building.

In my brief history of the Old South I have not told you how, when vigorous efforts had just saved the building from the ravages of the great Boston fire, and almost before the thanksgivings for its salvation had died away, this sacred memorial of our National Independence was used as a post-office, and then offered for sale as a mere pile of bricks and mortar.

Perhaps some of you remember how much indignation at that time was expressed by the whole city as a body, and how after possession was purchased

for seven days, the old church was dressed with flags and crowded to overflowing!

The appeal then and there made for the preservation of this old landmark met with a generous response.

Nearly one half of the Old South congregation voted in favor of keeping it; but as the majority were unwilling to comply, certain individuals, by offering \$400,000 for the lot, and \$3,500 for the building, purchased the whole property from the Old South Society.

Of this large amount about \$270,000 have been already contributed; and while the public are working vigorously to redeem the Old South, it is no small satisfaction to know that the property rests in friendly hands.

It would fill volumes to tell you of the many ways and means that have been devised to raise money for this purpose. Large subscription pa-

pers have been headed by many of our prominent citizens, and Wendell Phillips, President Eliot, James Russell Lowell and Ralph Waldo Emerson have made eloquent appeals in behalf of the patriotic undertaking; while first, last, and always, the ladies of Boston, by their untiring exertions, have accomplished Herculean feats in "saving the Old South."



HISTORICAL RELICS AT THE OLD SOUTH.



OUT OF THE PAST. — AT THE "OLD SOUTH BALL."

At the Fair held in the building winter before last, \$35,000 were realized, about \$1,200 of the sum having been raised in "Aunt Tabitha's kitchen" and

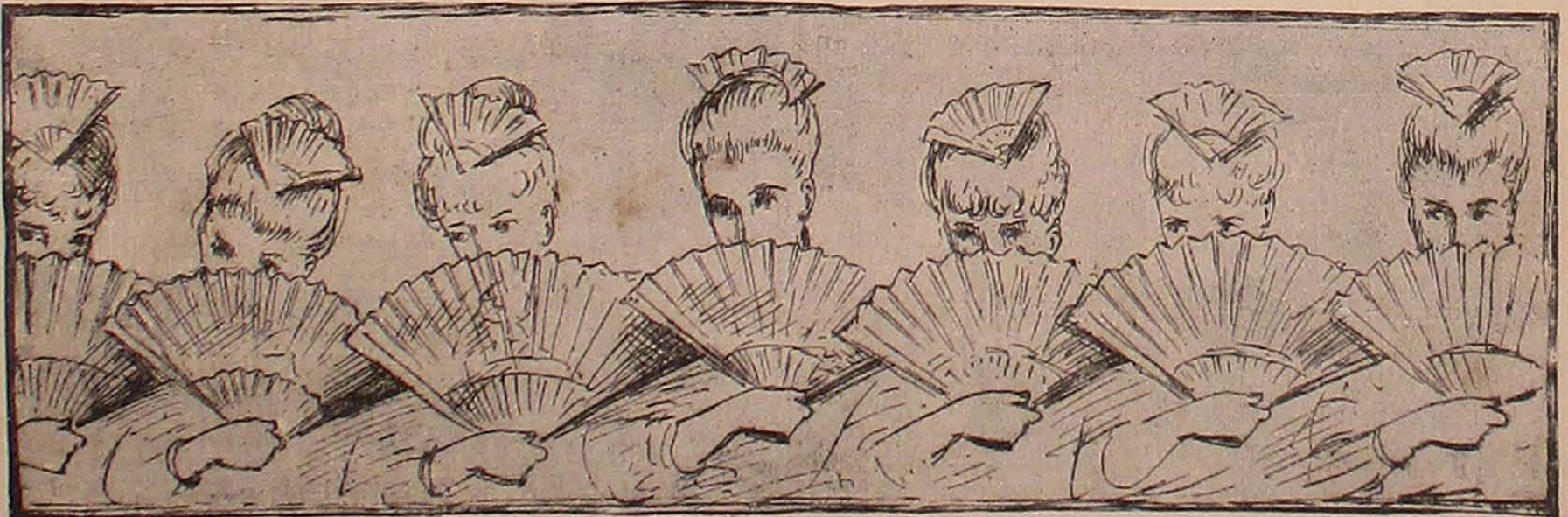
may still be seen a bonnet that Mother Goose used to wear, and also her watch and her porringer. A pair of Lady Washington's old satin shoes, a big blue

Mrs. Vinton's café. The children, too, contributed not a little by their entertainments in the Mother Goose house; and here just a word about Mother Goose herself, lest some may not remember the fact of her being, for many years, a member, "in good and regular standing," of this same Old South Church. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster; but you see she made a Goose of herself, or rather of her name, by marrying.

Her husband, Isaac Goose, had quite a farm on what is now Temple Place, and one of her daughters married Thomas Fleet, a printer in Pudding Lane. It was through this son-in-law that the songs and lullabies of dear Mother Goose over her own little children and grandchildren were put into book form and handed down to posterity.

At the brilliant Carnival of Authors, gotten up for the benefit of the Old South, when Louisa Alcott, as "Mrs. Jarley," exhibited the "wax figgers" with inimitable witticisms, and "Addison's Fan Drill" drew admiring crowds, the Boston children personated many effective scenes from Mother Goose, and one little fellow perambulated the floor in an artificial goose of enormous size but very ingenious construction.

Among the relics in the Loan Collection



COQUETTE LANE. — (THE FAN DRILL GIVEN AT CARNIVAL OF AUTHORS.)

cotton umbrella carried by David Cobb, an arm-chair that belonged to Gen. Washington, the cocked hat Gen. Brooks wore at the battle of Saratoga, a thimble of Thankful Holden's — how real these long-dead

personages must seem to the children as, after the Saturday lecture, they walk about the room and examine the quaint relics!

Here is the curious old vane taken from the



A FRAGRANT MEMORY.

Province House, that once stood nearly opposite the Old South.

The funny Indian figure, with big glass eyes and body of hammered copper, would shoot an arrow from his bow every time he heard the bell on the Old South Church — at least that is what Lovell's roguish school-boys used to say.

The children always like, too, to take a peep at "Polly Sumner," that wonderful Quaker doll of old English oak, that has been fondled by four generations of children, and is still as fresh and bright as ever!

And here is the old kitchen of a hundred years ago, with kettle and crane, fender, trammels, Dutch

oven and all! Here is an old cradle in which one of the "Tea Party Mohawks" was rocked when a baby; here is the toy gun that little Capt. Merriam, the boy soldier of Lexington, carried; here is Washington's cane; here is a remnant of the original flag that hung from "Liberty Tree;" a bit of Gen. Putnam's torch; the bell tongue that struck the first note for freedom; a map drawn by Paul Revere; and here — but where shall I stop enumerating?

The rare collection of relics at the Old South attracts visitors and adds to the "saving fund." I have only given a few hints of the rich treat that is offered, not to the children alone, but to all who are interested in the curiosities of American history.

Every winter the Old South Ball furnishes still another source of income to the Preservation Fund ; and lectures, readings, exhibitions of the phonograph, and numerous other entertainments, help to pay the accumulating interest, if not to raise the heavy mortgage.

The present year, which is the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the building of the Old South, it is proposed to hold another Fair in aid of its preservation ; for the endeavor of the Committee just now is to reduce the standing debt so far as to bring the annual payment of interest within a sum that can be easily raised by the various exhibitions held in the building.

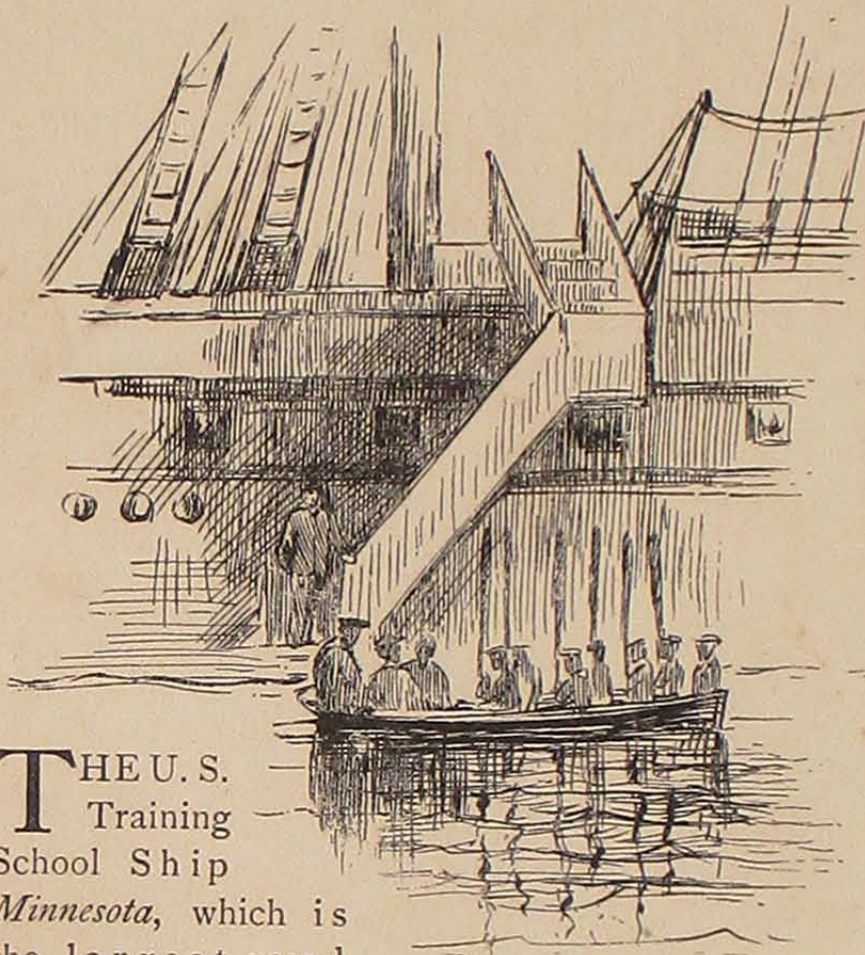
In regarding the Old South from a patriotic point

of view, we must not forget that besides the associations already mentioned, others of a still more personal and sacred character are connected with it. It is the oldest remaining meeting-house of the Puritans in our country ; here Benjamin Franklin was baptized ; here Whitefield preached when he visited New England ; and here the names of Dudley, Thatcher, Bradstreet, Vane, Peters, Cotton and Wilson become something more than vague historical characters.

Beautiful flowers are distributed among the children at the close of each of the History lectures ; but more precious still are the seeds of courage and self-sacrifice and justice and ardent love for native land, sown in these Children's Hours at the Old South.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL - SHIP "MINNESOTA."

BY MRS. ELLEN E. DICKINSON.



THE VISITORS' BOAT.

THE U. S. Training School Ship *Minnesota*, which is the largest vessel belonging to the American Navy, with the one exception of the *Franklin*, is now at anchor in the North river opposite West 23d St., New York City.

Captain Luce, the gallant commander, is the father of the School-ship system in this country, and the personnel of the Navy has been greatly changed under his influence. While in England he was very much impressed with the methods he saw used for fitting lads for the naval service; and on his return, with the assistance of his superior officer, Commodore Schufeldt, he induced our government to adopt these methods together with some additional practical ideas of his own, thereby securing to our Navy a thoroughly trained corps of robust, and intelligent seamen.

The *Minnesota* is a great ship — 308 feet in length, 55 feet in width; the depth of hold 32

feet; 6 feet between beams, and 3000 tons burden.

During the late war, the enemy fired into the *Minnesota*, after destroying another naval ship, the *Cumberland*, at Fortress Monroe, and she was barely saved by the timely arrival of a Monitor. She still bears the marks where two great cannon balls came crashing through her sides. So, with all her other attractions, the *Minnesota* is an historical ship.

This huge vessel, lying in mid stream, is a decidedly picturesque and formidable object, as the visitors' boat, with twelve lads rowing under the lead of a boatswain, is pulled up beside the stairway or ladder by which to mount to the upper deck.

The first impression after gaining the deck is of the great size of the ship; the second is of the exquisite cleanliness, and order, that are everywhere visible — the shining brasses, the neatly coiled ropes, and the spotless wood-work.

The decks of a ship count down instead of up. The first is the "spar deck;" the second the "gun deck;" the third the "berth deck;" the fourth is called the "orlop," and the fifth is the store-house, while way down in the hold, is the engine.

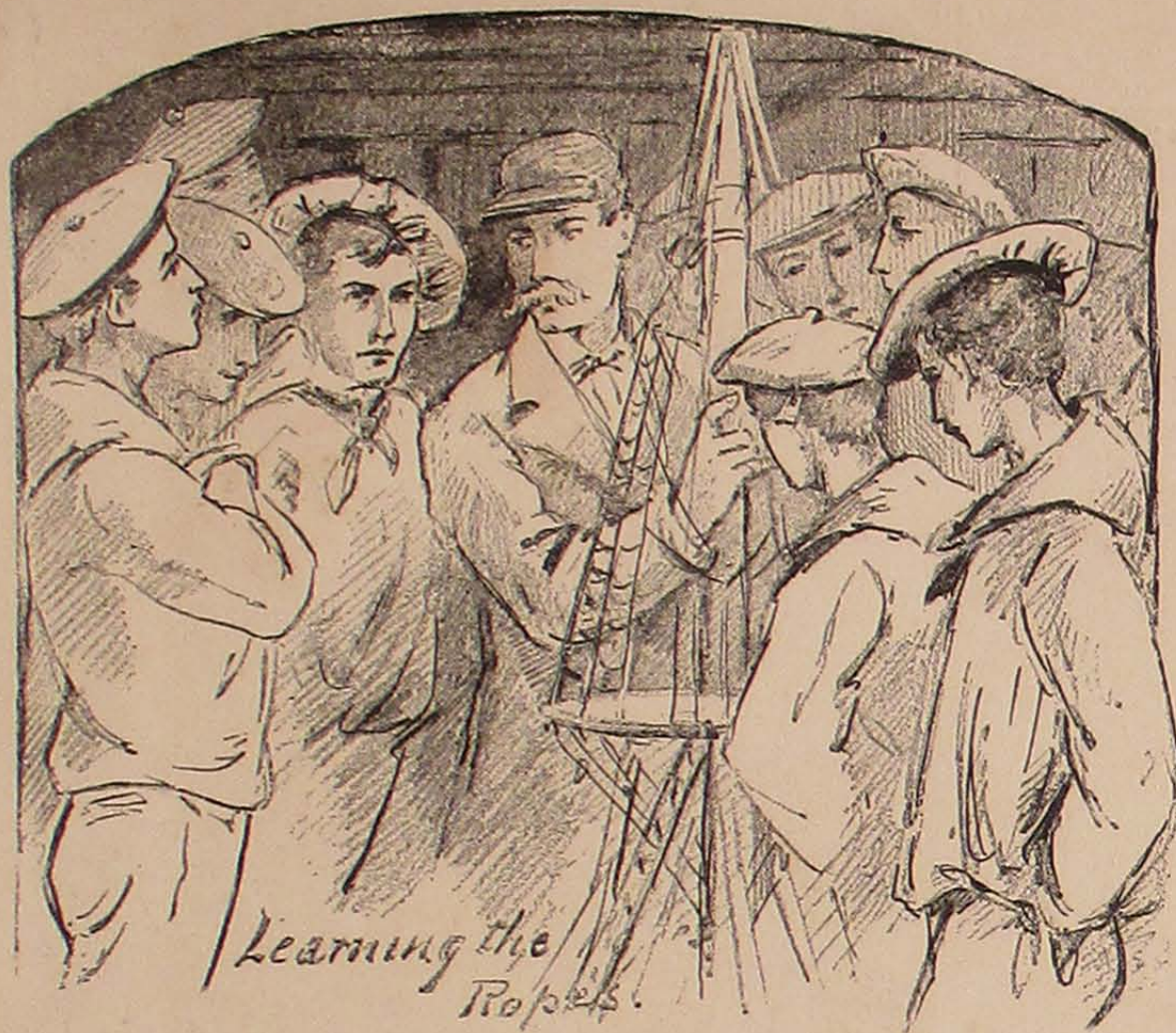
The Captain's cabin is on the spar deck, a charmingly fitted room, or suite of rooms, with artistic adornments, a piano, flowers, and birds.

This spar deck is used for many purposes, but the deck of the ship, the one of the most importance, as a meeting-place of officers and pupils, is the second or gun deck. Here are the immense cannon, with their iron muzzles peeping from the port holes, in a very suggestive, and impertinent manner — and there are forty-nine of these big cannon on the spar and gun decks; here take place the gun drills; here instruction of various kinds is given; here are held all religious services; here goes on much of the routine of daily shipboard life — in short, it is at once the school-room, the parlor, and the church, for the two-hundred and fifty boys now in training on the *Minnesota*.

On Mondays, at nine A. M. always comes what is

called the "gun drill," or exercise. Already the boys have breakfasted, put the ship in order, washed their

the lads, with critical eyes. Each boy has either a gun, or battle axe, and seems expectant of command.



A bugle-note sets them in action. In a twinkling all have moved to the cannon, (seventeen to each gun) the ropes are loosened, and they are dragged back from the port-holes and prepared for firing.

Again the bugle sounds and the great cannon are run into place. Then comes a click—caps have snapped—there is no powder, however. Now comes the order to "clear the deck." That means to push the cannon and fixtures close to the side of the ship—as it might be very necessary to do in a naval battle when great hissing balls come flying down through the centre of the ship.

All this has taken but a few moments. At a fresh signal from the sweet bugle, the boys rush up to the spar deck as nimble as so many

clothing, hung it in the rigging to dry, and prepared themselves for this parade. They stand in four

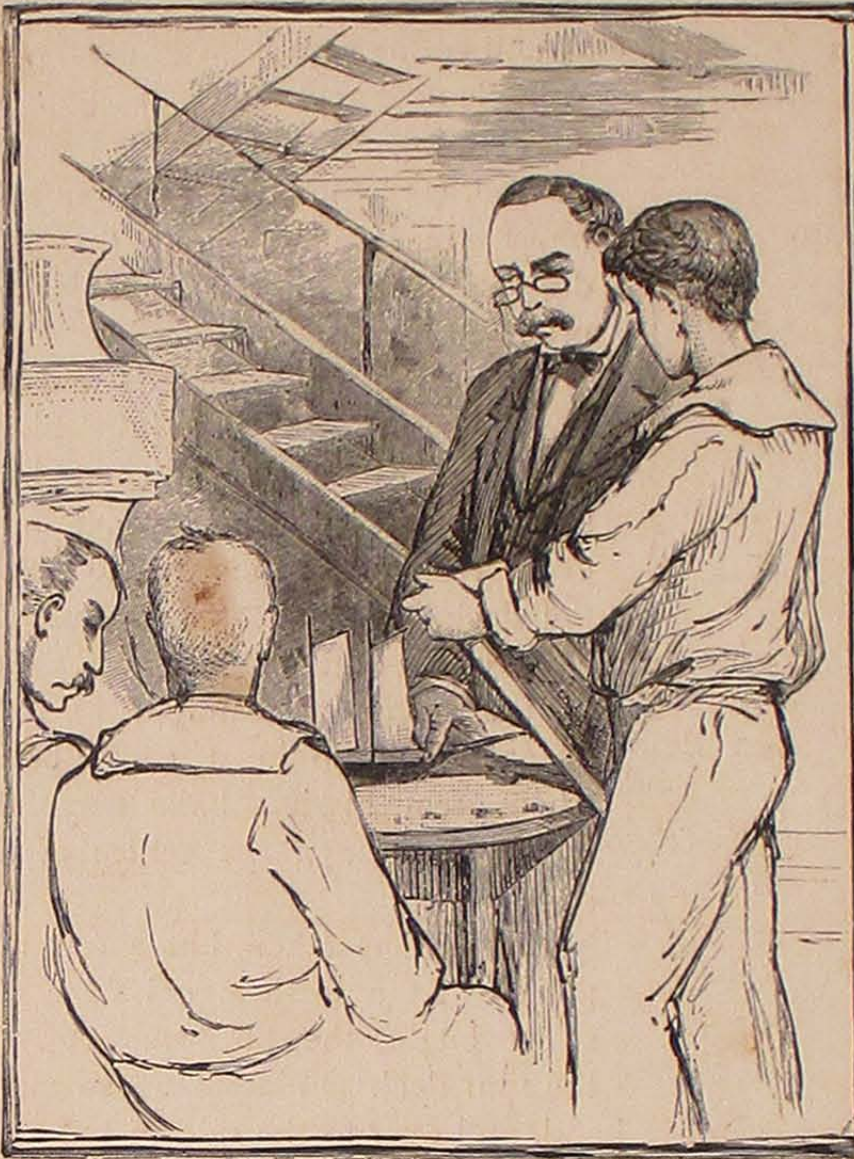
cats, sword in hand, and over to the side of the ship to cut off the heads of a supposed enemy, and then



MANNING THE GUNS.

lines and facing each other, with several officers in attendance, who examine the personal appearance of

throwing down the swords, catch up guns, and, with all the hot rush of battle, fly to the other side where



A LESSON IN SAILING.

a quick order from the officer bids them go.

A few old seamen have mingled in this drill, certain of them having a decided resemblance to "Dick Dead Eye," the growler in "Pinafore."



THE MUSIC LESSON.

"We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty"



THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.

One of these ancients is called "Pop Bolles," and his main duty seems to be, spy-glass in hand and standing on the bridge, to watch the boats coming from the shore to the *Minnesota*.

Each day of the week has its particular duties and also its pleasures. Instruction in Navigation, and several branches of

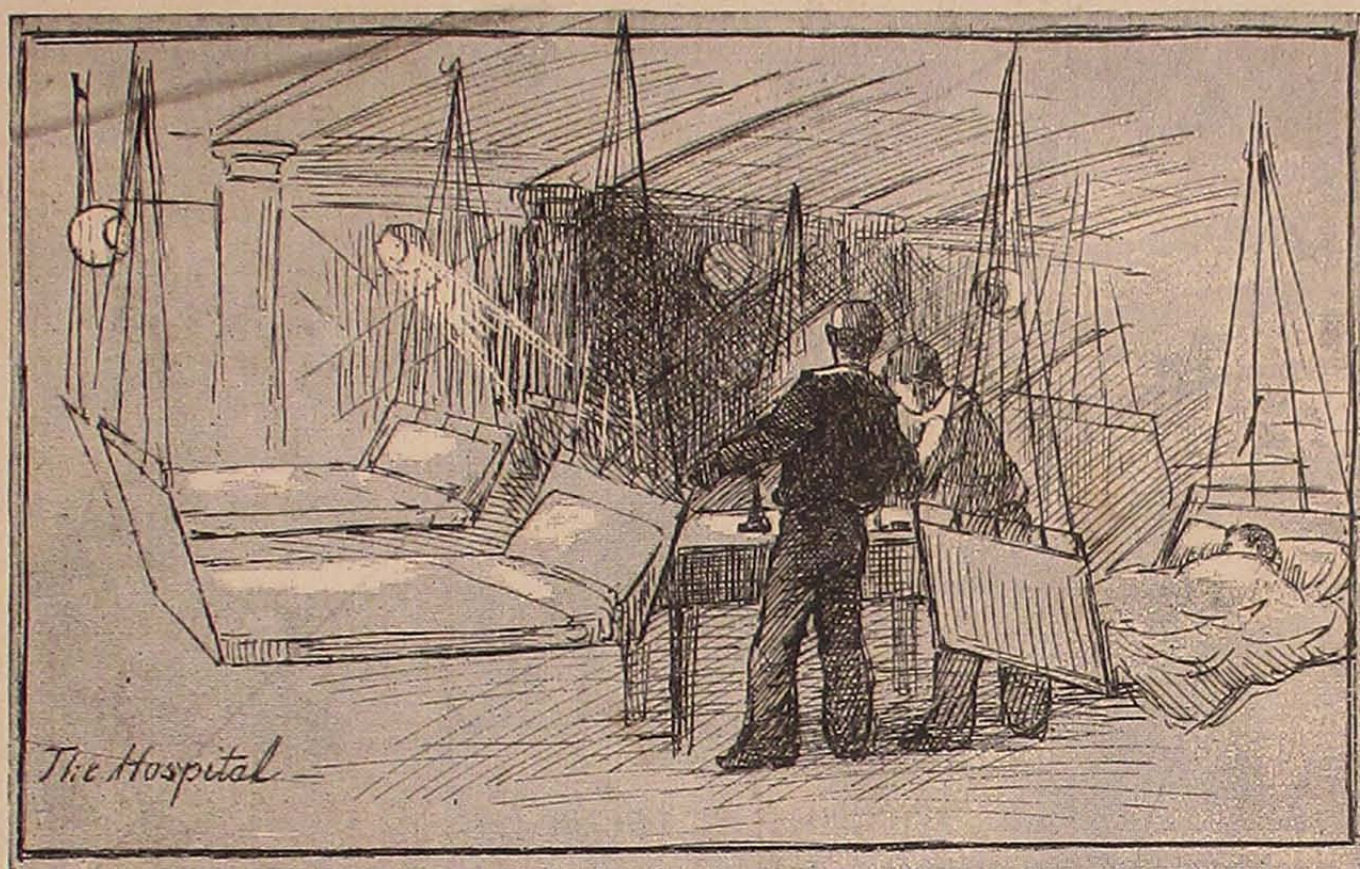
common education are given on the gun deck. For the first, there is a painted round table showing the signs of the compass, a miniature boat being moved from point to point on the table during instruction. There are several Naval School-masters on board; and in ordinary instruction half a dozen classes are sitting each in a half circle with its special teacher in front, all the classes reading, or giving a recitation in geography—it being in fact one big class with many teachers.

There are two "Gatling guns" on this deck, a kind that fires five hundred shots per minute, and resembles a fluting machine in appearance.

Here too, on Sundays, the boys "rig church;" that is they place long spars, or poles, on buckets to serve as pews for themselves, and arranging chairs and benches for the officers and guests, they bring out the little organ from its corner, and drape flags so as to shut the congregation in.

Every Monday evening a master comes from the shore to give a music lesson to the boys, when the same arrangement of seats and organ is made, but the flags have no part in it. The deck is then well lighted with lamps, and "Nancy Lee," solos, duos, chorus songs, etc., are given with a hearty will, and in admirable time. "Good night ladies, sweet dreams," is the closing song. This instruction is repeated on Thursday in sacred music. Saturday evening is given up to dancing, in which many of the young sailors are exceedingly graceful.

in training being manufactured on board the ship. At 9 o'clock, P.M., the open space of the central



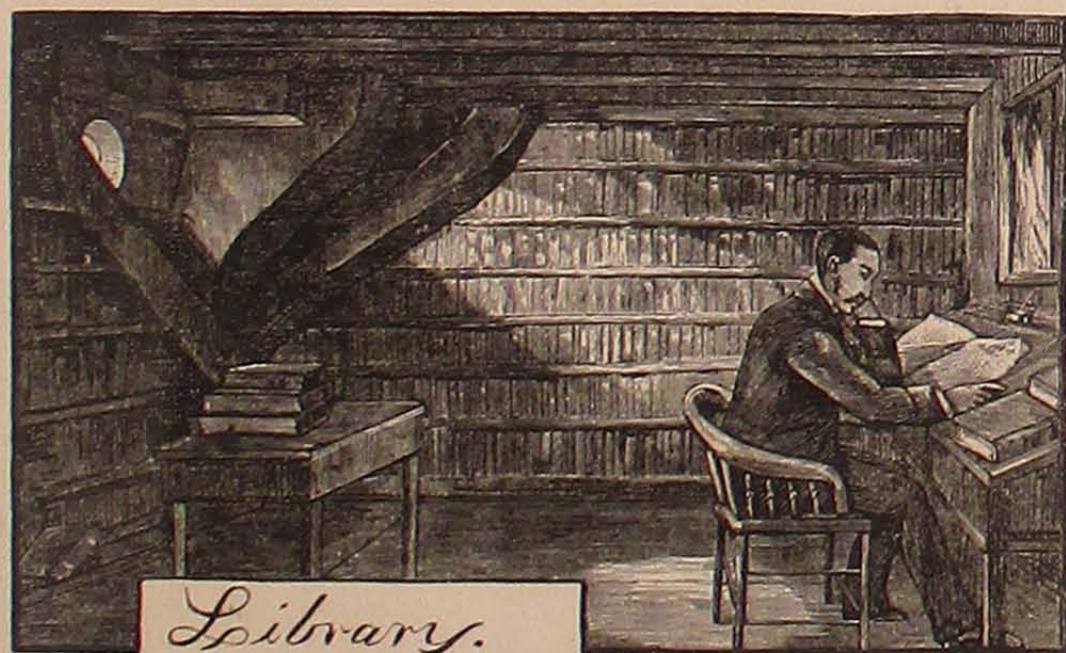
part of the gun deck becomes the bed chamber for the boys; here they swing their hammocks, bringing them down from the spar deck where they have been airing all day.

The berth deck is distinguished by the officers' quarters, their dainty state-rooms and fine dining-room, the library, the paymaster's quarters, apothecary shop, paymaster's office, etc.

Here also are the great ranges or "galleys" for cooking, with huge boilers, bake-pans and other appointments; and here the boys eat. Seventeen boys "mess" together, and each "mess" has its own chest, with plates, spoons, forks—in short, everything which they use on their table.

This table is composed of a number of boards which between meals are folded together and fastened up to the ceiling, and are easily fitted together for use, swinging on ropes exactly as the hammock is fixed for sleeping. This folding up of the boards is to give room between meals.

Forward, on the same deck, is "the sick bay," the Hospital—a gloomy, dark place—where attendants are always ready to coddle the ailing lads. Each boy has a box called a "ditty" in which to



The executive offices are also on the gun deck, as well as the little rooms where the clothing and the shoes are made—everything worn by the lads

keep his little treasures ; these are numbered and have keys.

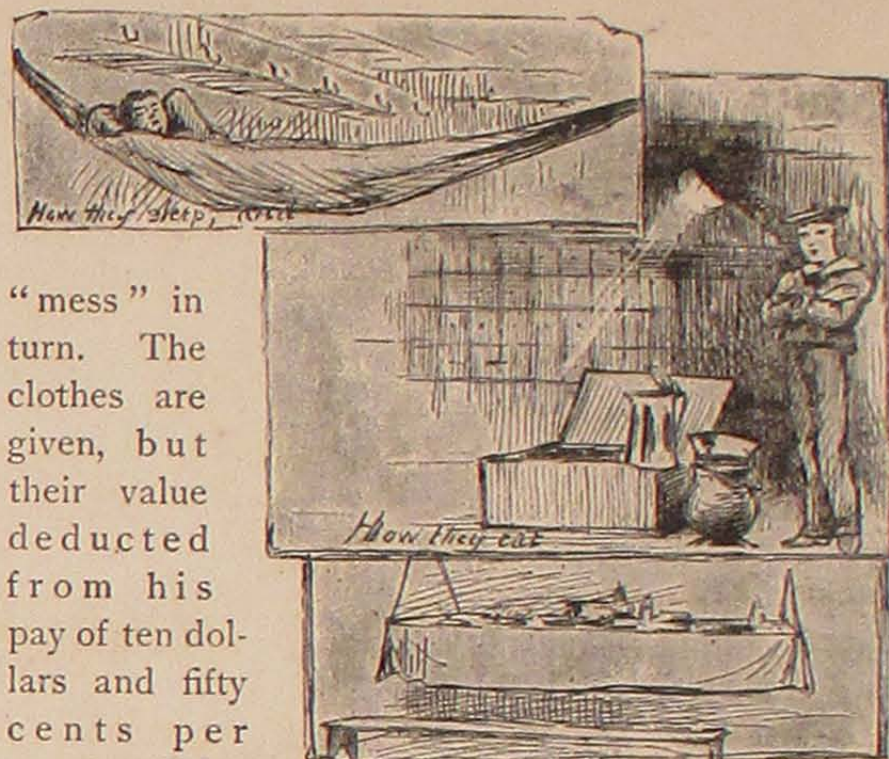
Close to the Hospital, on either side of the entrance, is a dark closet or cell for punishment when solitary confinement is ordered. There is nothing in these dark cells — no furniture, and they are unspeakably dismal even to look at.

The "orlop" is a deck of many uses, and has

store-rooms. Here, too, boys are punished for grave offences — desertion, for instance ; for such a crime they are put in irons.

The boys all are of American birth. They enter this service at the age of fifteen ; and without the express permission of the Secretary of the Navy a boy once in is not allowed to leave until he is of age. He must be able to read and write, and be of sound physical condition. On enlisting, a bath is re-

vaccination. Each boy is required to take care of his own clothing, and to learn how to cook for his



"mess" in turn. The clothes are given, but their value deducted from his pay of ten dollars and fifty cents per month. The

dress of the boys on all the Training ships is of blue flannel in cool weather, and white linen in warm weather, sailor fashion in cut and style.

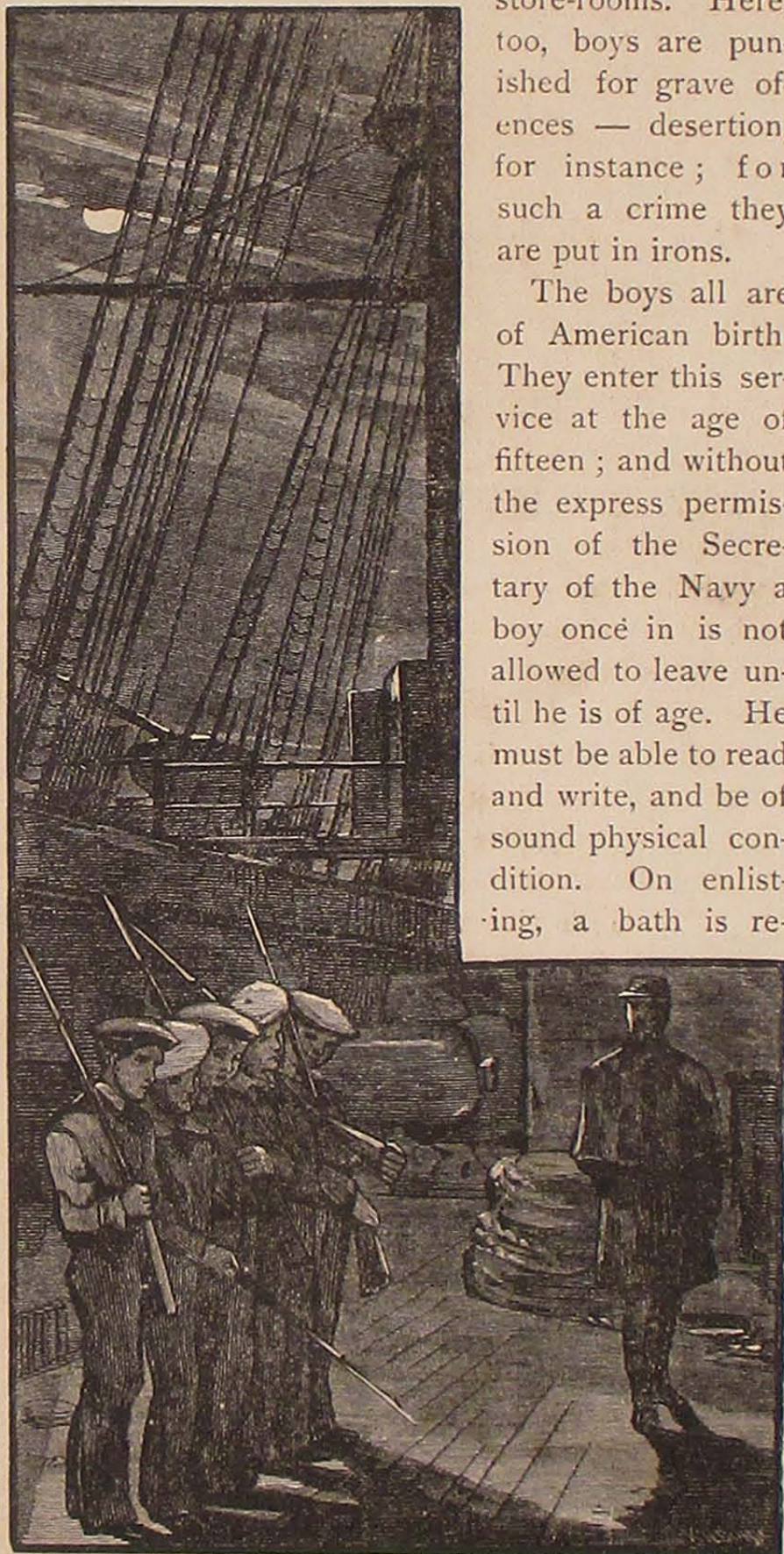
Each boy must attend a religious service every Sunday if in health, and must be present at prayer-time each morning. He rises very early, and retires early, at 9 P.M.

Captain Luce believes in *Object Teaching*—"Seeing, and acting"—rather than getting much knowledge from books, although the lads are given a good common education and are taught seamanship, gunnery, machinery, fencing, boxing, diving, and music. Miniature sails, masts and rigging are used to teach them "the ropes," those intricate ladders that lead to the very top of the masts.

It is a comical sight to see the new recruits being trained by an under officer ; and their ignorance of nautical terms is a perpetual amusement to those longer in the service. Woe to the boy who says "stairs" for "ladder," etc.

Every time a boy meets an officer he must touch his cap with his hand, or give the military salute even if he has to do this a thousand times in a day.

There are three Training ships, the *Pensacola*, stationed on the California coast, the *Saratoga*, now on a cruise, and the *Minnesota* ; all are liable to be ordered here and there, and all take their orders from the Secretary of the Navy. On all these, the



A SQUAD OF BAD BOYS.

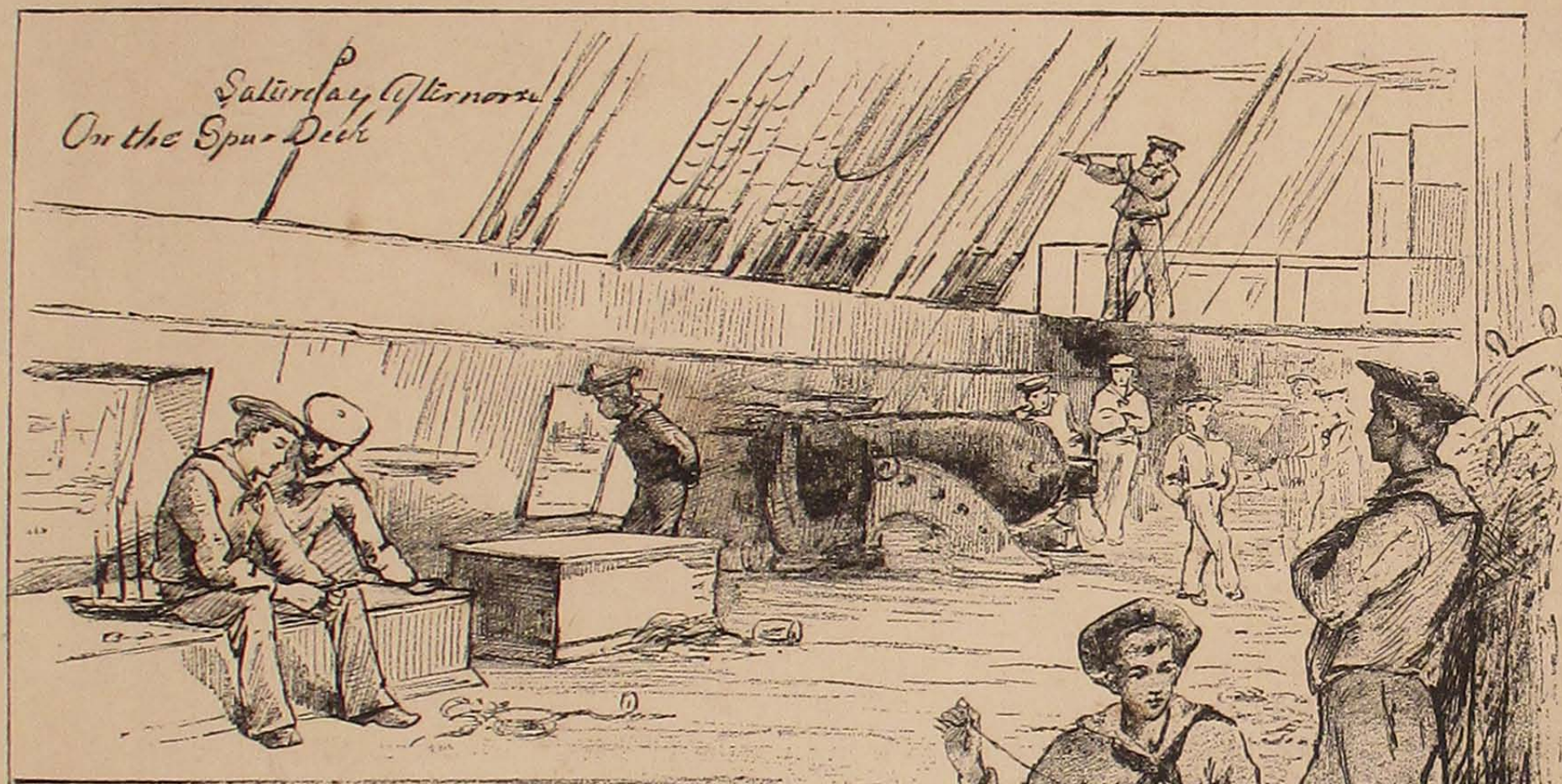
quired, a thorough examination by a physician, and

boys are enlisted to serve in the Navy until they reach the age of twenty-one. Sons of naval seamen and of army soldiers are given a preference in enlistment. The Navy allows the enrollment of seven hundred and fifty boys annually. After a year's training they are very likely to be transferred to naval ships going on long cruises.

The discipline is not at all like that of the school at Annapolis, nor do the boys graduate with the same

rank as those at Annapolis; the latter being intended for officers in the Navy, the former as naval seamen.

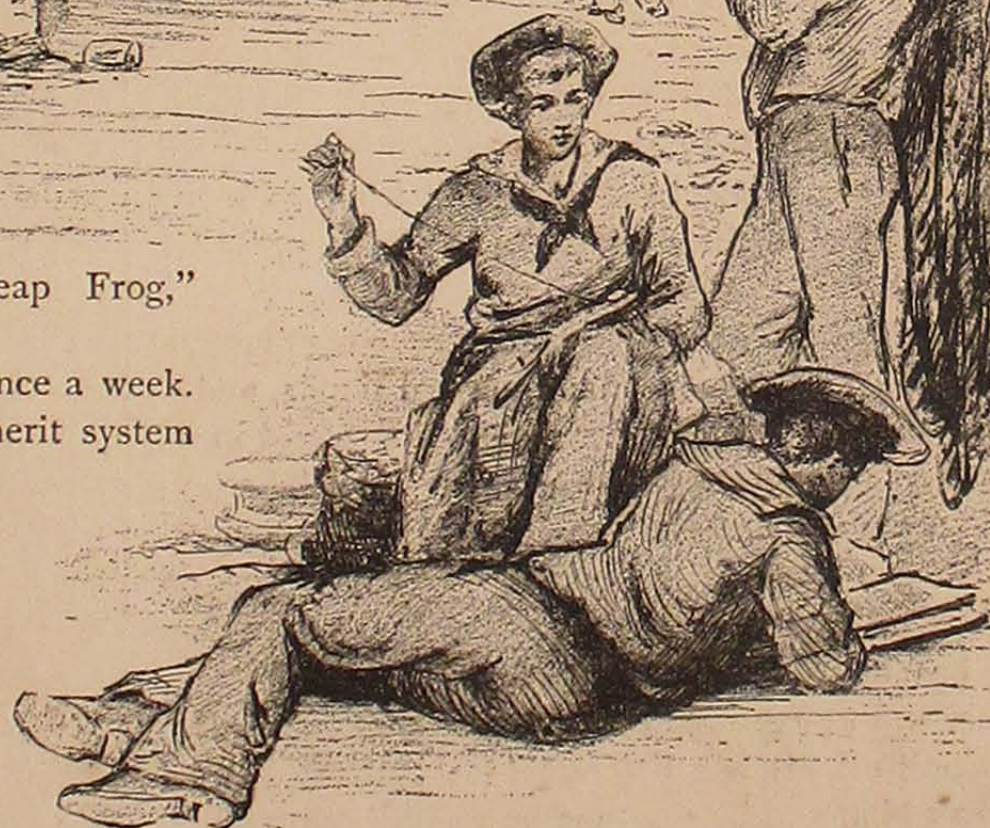
Good food, and plenty, is furnished to the boys, coffee twice per day, and ample time for eating. Recreation is also systematically provided for. Saturday is "Lazy Day." Then they mend, read, write and lie on the spar deck in the sun, sprawling about like beetles. In the winter evenings they have lectures and games. Cards are not allowed, but checkers



and romping games in plenty, such as "Leap Frog," "Shinney," and "Bears let loose."

The boys are also permitted to go on shore once a week. The discipline is mild, but very firm. The demerit system is used, and a boy can work off demerits by standing on guard during meal-times, or in the evening. There is a curious method of enforcing order by having what is called a "Lucky Bag." All stray articles go into that *omnium gatherum*, and at the end of the week it is opened by an officer. If a boy claims his own, he is given a certain number of demerits. If he does not, his property is sold to the highest bidder.

American boys trained on these ships for naval service attain a high degree of physical development, and their moral nature is brought out, while the routine is so admirable that a happier, jollier set of lads would be difficult to find than those at pres-



ent in training on board of the *Minnesota*.

All instruction is given free to those enlisting in the School-ships, and a boy's pay increases with his years. At twenty-one, he decides whether he will remain in the naval service, and it is very unusual for those thus educated to adopt any other life.



BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

IF you happen to be passing through Ashburton Place, in Boston, on a Sunday afternoon, at about two or four o'clock, you cannot help noticing that there is some attraction there for Chinamen, who may be seen in little groups at the entrance of the Mount Vernon church. And if you should enquire into the meaning of it, you would be told that in the chapel below is held the Chinese Mission School. The time is half-past two, but they are apt to arrive earlier, and shyly drop in and have a chat with their teachers before taking up their lessons.

To really get a good idea of the school, one ought to anticipate these more than punctual pupils, and be on the spot first, and go down and take a seat in the room and see them come in — as we did. There we found a company of ladies and a few gentlemen, who are volunteer teachers, together with the superintendent, Miss Harriet Carter, who started the school and has always had charge of it. She was on the watch, and as each scholar appeared in the vestibule — taking off his hat before he reached the door — she saw him, and by the time he was half way up the aisle had met him and given him her hand; then he passed on to his teacher, where he had a second kindly greeting which put him at his ease and sent a smile all over his face.

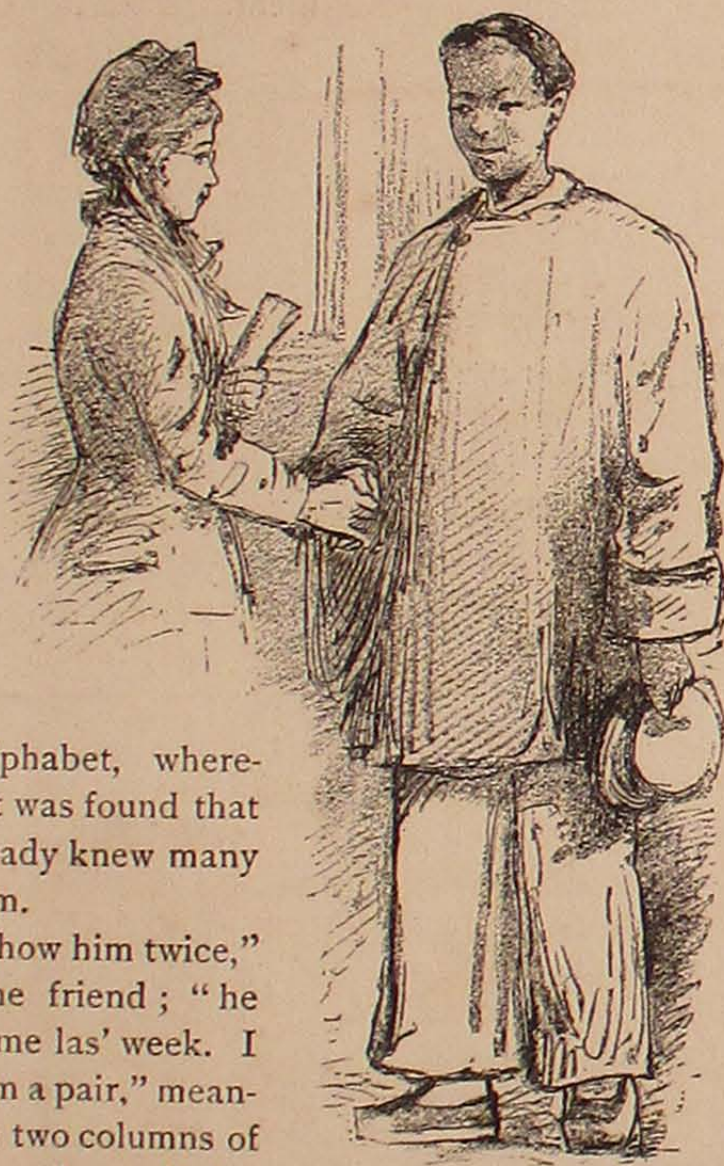
Then they came in by twos and threes till there were about thirty present, of all ages from twelve to

forty; each received his slate and primer, and school begun; but as everything is conducted in rather a social and informal manner, we were made free to pass round from seat to seat, ask questions, speak to the pupils, hear all there was to be heard, and see all there was to be seen.

Two of the number were dressed like Americans, though one of these retained his queue, tucked round under his hair, which he had allowed to grow. The others were in their Chinese frocks, usually of dark blue cotton, worn over a white one which showed under the skirt and sleeves; and they all had on the most immaculate white stockings, and queer shoes with the thick soles made of many layers of felt, sometimes even to the number of seven, and whitened with pipe clay. Their complexions were of various shades of yellowish brown, and the faces varied as much in character as an equal number out of the same class among our own people, notwithstanding the frequent assertion that Chinamen all look alike. There were some very animated countenances among the boys, who were from eighteen to twenty years of age, their small eyes twinkling with suppressed roguishness; there were also stolid faces and sharp ones, but not one which did not brighten up over the strange page whose characters were being patiently interpreted to them. All had their hair shaven except on the crown, and wore their queues wound in a

tight braid twice round their head. Taken altogether, the many dusky faces, with the small wide-apart black eyes and peculiar features, gave a very strange and oriental look to the assemblage, so that a missionary's son who was present, and who had himself lived in China, said he felt quite at home.

One of the oldest men had brought a new scholar, who was almost a middle-aged man, newly arrived from San Francisco; and it was amusing to see the kind of patronage and over-sight which the more experienced one manifested towards the new comer, who at once had a teacher assigned to him and the primer put into his hands, and was made to repeat the letters of



THE WELCOME.

the alphabet, whereupon it was found that he already knew many of them.

"I show him twice," said the friend; "he jus' come las' week. I lent him a pair," meaning the two columns of large and small letters; "I tell him all the same; but he no understand now. Bime-by he learn."

But he did understand pretty well, and he was so eager to learn that he bent over the A B C's as absorbed as if it was the one concern of his life to learn them.

"You tell them to him in Chinese," said the teacher and so the list was run glibly over, and then in

English; but when he came to the *v*, he could not speak it. It is the letter which troubles them more than any other. He called it *b*; then pronounced it *we*, and finally after the teacher had made him watch her lips while shaping it, as they do at the school for deaf mutes, he enunciated an explosive "*ah-ve!*"

After the pupils have acquired the alphabet — which they do quite easily — a good deal of the instruction is by objects; and as they have as a race quickness of perception, they catch at the idea at once. As each one has his own teacher, the progress is very encouraging; however they are such a roving people, and their attendance is so irregular, they are not to be depended on as permanent scholars. Miss Carter began with two, in the autumn of 1877, and has had at least one hundred and fifty in her school, many of whom are now scattered through the eastern cities, and from Boston to San Francisco, while some have gone back to China.

It is not expected that they will acquire much besides the simple knowledge which will enable them to read and write and use their English for business purposes. Each is furnished with a writing book, with copies such as are used in our public schools, and they have such imitative faculties that they soon write a fair hand. Miss Carter asked Wong Yuen Sool to read the copy on the page before him. He complied thus:

"That is *m*, that *w*, that is *n*, and that is *u*; there are seven *m*'s, nine *w*'s, eleven *n*'s, six *u*'s" — Wong Yuen Sool was learning to read writing and to count at the same time.

Miss Carter keeps track of all her scholars who leave Boston, and "follows them up," as she says, writing to them, and receiving letters written by their own hands, or where they have not sufficiently qualified themselves to pen their own communications, dictated by others. They tell her about their business troubles or success, and express gratitude to her and good wishes for the school. Some of these letters are interesting and well-expressed, although like many foreigners who try to write in our language, they do not always put the verbs and prepositions where they belong. For instance, such forms as these occur: "I was received your letter;" "I cannot to go." One writes from China that "things are very different for what they are here," that is in America. One writes from the west: "I am in the business of my-

self," which is not so very much out of the way in stating the fact, as you will admit; "and I tell you that my business never going to be fail." If I mistake not he is the one who went to ride on Sunday, and met with a mishap, by which his buggy was broken; so he writes: "But I shall never take any more rides out the country again on Sunday because it is not right for me to do so."

One who has been in this country several years, and who has proved a very intelligent student, and fond of reading the Bible, wrote seven months after he had learned the alphabet: "I do like to you learn me write a letter and read and sing and study New Testament, learn about Jesus Christ. And I do hope you as long as you live and can you learn me every thing, instructed of my heart" — which has quite an Oriental finish. Another one writes: "I think I don't make progress enough in learning English it is a very hard language to learn think the Gospel of St. Matthew is to hard a book to learn English from." As there is no punctuation in the Chinese language, they are at a loss to know how to use it here, and are liable to leave the comas and periods out altogether as the above writer did, or scatter them in promiscuously like little Ar Dong who had never been to a school till within the year. Here is one of his first letters, which you must punctuate and get the meaning of yourself: "I go New York School, 14, Moutt, St. School avery Sunday one man from Chinese, He, not, Chinese, He, wife to the school, Last Sunday 13 Chinese men. He go Jersey City Washington St. I go Boston November School avery night." Now, this is fairly good for a Chinese boy of eleven; and though he



"A. B. C."

uses his commas so profusely in the beginning as to exhaust his supply, and mixes things up not a little, the meaning is apparent.

In addition to the instruction at the Mission School any of the pupils who choose call at Miss Carter's house on Sunday evenings — and week days also if they find it convenient. Besides she often gives lessons during her visits at their places of business. Their conduct and their treatment of her and the other teachers has always been respectful and courteous. One very intelligent man, who has been many years in this country, came the even-

ing of my visit to her, never having missed a Sunday evening during the nine months since he began

with the alphabet. He was now able to read a chapter in St. John of thirty verses without more than a dozen mistakes. He spoke of the Mission school, and said he "liked it welly much, and all the

Chinese like it welly much." After reading his chapter he spelled his column of words, giving the definition where he knew it, and asking when he did not, meanwhile following down the line of Chinese characters which were placed over against the English word. He came to *rebuke*; that he said, means "tell him not do jus' right. Same in Chinese." "*Atheist*," he said, "mean some people not believe they have God." The word *following*, he explains in this way: "Two men walking in the street; one man walk after the other."

All at once he confounded every one present by asking "*who*

made English letter?" As the explanation was not very clear, he was much troubled, and put on a sorrowful, resigned look as if it was something which was past finding out; but after a little thought he began again, putting his finger on the passage he had been reading: "You don't know nobody who made the letter?" I fear he was no better satisfied with the further explanation.

He had been to school fifteen years in China; we asked him about it. "In the higher school," he said, "go all day, go day time, go night time too. In the other school go before breakfast, go home get breakfast, go school again, go home get dinner, go school again, go all day school. Fourteen boys, sometimes twenty, go one man."

"And how about the girls?" was asked.

"Some lich (rich) girls go school; little girls, little

bit of girls, go with the boys—little bit of girls."

"And what do they learn at school?" was the next question.

"Learn every day what holy man say."

Now the "holy man" was Confucius; so the lady who was instructing him turned to a page in his book where were some of the sayings of both Confucius and Mencius.

"Yes," he said, "Mencius another man. *This* man," (pointing to the words of Mencius) "scholar. *This* man" (pointing to those of Confucius) "teach him."

The men and boys who have attended the Mission School, even if for a short time only, manifest appreciation of what is being done for them, and have a simplicity and docility that is almost amusing, while their politeness is something to be wondered at. "Glad see you," they will say to a visitor; "much obliged you come. Whatever the faults of the race, a want of courtesy will hardly be found in the list.

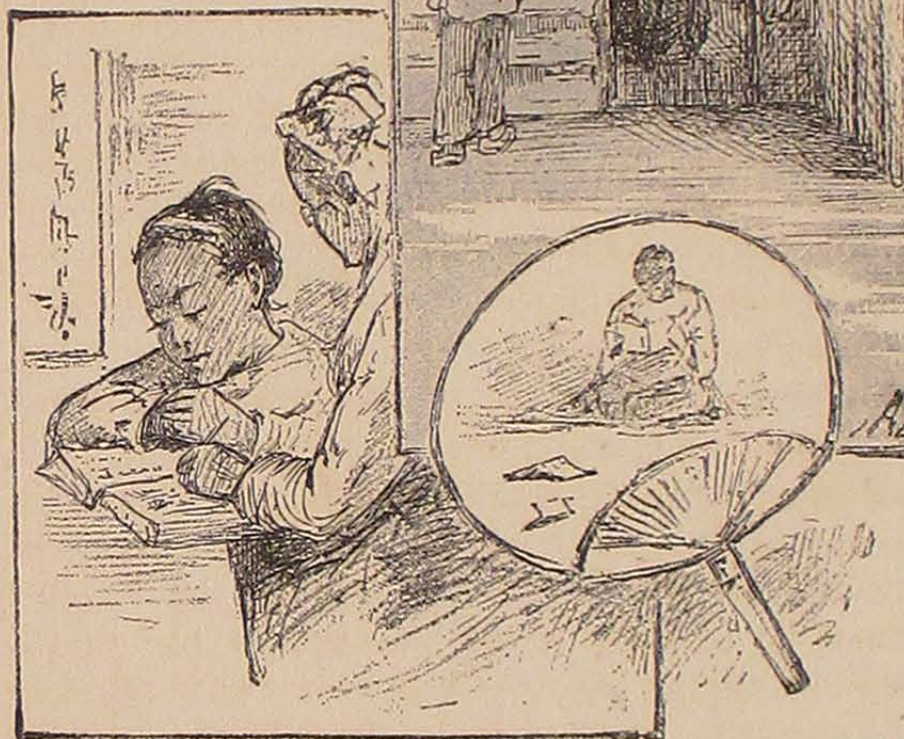
The first thing the superintendent does is to make herself sure of the name of the new comer, so that she may never be in the position she was once, when not being able to call by name a pupil she had never seen or heard of except as he came to school the Sunday before, he said; "You not member my *name*, when you know *me* so long?" So now at the second meeting she knows which is Ar Hoy, and which is Chan Shung, and can tell Wah Lung from Chin Sing as readily as we know our next door neighbors from one another. Some of them have a fancy for changing their names. There is one who is known as Charley O, and another who keeps a tea-store on Hanover street has given up his own and calls himself James Williams; him we saw at the school, dressed in an American suit. Their business names, she informs me, are often not their real ones; and the signs on the laundries give no indication of proprietorship; the sign of Hop Wah or Lee Sing may be that of somebody who is a thousand miles off.

They go to Miss Carter with their business perplexities, even inquiring about paying their taxes, and she looks into their grievances as far as practicable; and not a few have had the privilege of sitting at her table, where their behaviour is in accordance with the strictest decorum. On the evening referred to, three had taken tea there! one, a pleasant boy of perhaps seventeen, named Quen Tan, was probably



"FLOWER, SAMEE NAME MINE."

in a American house for the first time, but he watched to see how his two "frens" managed, and then did the same, though sitting at an inconvenient distance off from the table, as is the Chinese custom, and putting sugar and milk in his tea out of conformity to the ways of his hostess — the result of which was that it was probably disagreeable to him, as it was noticed that he left it almost untasted; it is amusing to watch their first attempts with a knife and fork, to which, however, they soon become accustomed.



Being very averse to touching with their fingers anything they are to eat, they manage to get the skin off from a pear without doing so, then cut it up and eat it with a fork, a very sensible way, after all.

But their experience can be no more awkward than ours with the chop-sticks. The superintendent said that at one time with a friend she visited some old pupils of hers at a tea-store in Springfield, and the Chinese insisted upon furnishing refreshment; they ran out and brought ice-cream and melons, and even procured milk and sugar for the tea, and set before the company a jar of something resembling preserved ginger, furnishing a pair of chop-sticks for each one; and when they found that she could not take anything up with them, they came to her rescue with a long darning-needle. The preserves in question were

betel leaves, prepared in syrup. Chewing this plant is one of the habits the Chinese have, which is a cause of their teeth being so dark. The betel is a vine which grows upon a tree-trunk like the ivy, and has a peppery taste; the leaves they wrap around a nut, shaped like a nutmeg, the fruit of the areca-palm, and thus is made up the betel-nut, which has a narcotic effect, and which they chew in either a boiled or raw state, and offer to friends as one does a cigar, or as formerly a snuff-taker would pass his snuff box. Of



this practice, however, she had seen nothing; the only things she had known her boys to bring to school to chew were pickled water-melon

seeds. Neither had she actual evidence that any of them used opium, though on enquiring after certain Chinamen, she received for answer that "they most dead;" in other words they were stupid with opium. Those who go to the Mission — and some of them, be it said, do it in the face of a good deal of persecution on the part of others of their countrymen — are taught not to smoke opium; and not to gamble, which is the universal national practice. Whether they really reform or not, they speak of those who do these things as "bad, bad boys."

On the evening above mentioned there were pres-



ent also Wong Yuen Sool, who keeps a cigar store, and who deports himself as well as most any young "Melican man" of his class, and Lau Yoo, his "fren." The former made himself very agreeable, and told many interesting things in connection with some of the Chinese articles on the table, which had come from her pupils as tokens of gratitude. There was a lovely fan for instance, and he told us that in China none but women carried those gay fans. The porcelain spoon he said was for eating soups with; the embroidered case, like a long, narrow bag, was for spectacles, which in China are larger than with us, and being dropped into this receptacle, are suspended to one of the buttons on the breast of the upper garment, or hung on the girdle beneath out of sight, where also the wearer carries his beautiful embroidered purse; the case holding his chop-sticks, and other small articles. There was a lovely little tea-pot, on which there were lines of Chinese poetry, which the men read to us. And then he told us about the strips of bright red paper which are tacked up on the walls in all the Chinese laundries and other places. "Cards, cards, New Year cards!" they all cried — "send New Year, I send my fren card, he send me card, keep up there another New Year;" in other words they are preserved until replaced by the token of the next New Year. One of the laundry men pointing to a decorative sprig of flowers, upon a hanging scroll, said, "Samee name as mine."

Since she opened her school, Miss Carter has made a practice of visiting all the places of the Chinese in Boston; not going too often, but looking after her pupils and also inviting others to come. In this way she has been to every one of the thirty-five or forty laundries, and to all the tea and cigar and fruit stores, using so much discretion and kindness that she never fails of a welcome. Once, when I accompanied her, we went to thirteen places, besides making a lengthy call on Mrs. Ar Foon of Chelsea, who was the only Chinese woman living in or near Boston until the arrival of Mrs. Ko Kun Hua at Cambridge. We met with perhaps thirty individuals, and unquestionably saw the highest extreme of intellectual and social caste in this region; and it may be the lowest also, for some of the laundry men are supposed to be of that class in their own country, while probably the majority fairly represent the mass of common people.

At the tea-store of Mr. Charles Ar Show, who has just returned from a visit to his native land after a residence here of thirty-three years we met two young gentlemen who are students at the Technological School. One of them is being educated here at the expense of the Chinese government; the other has a rich father, who is supporting him while he acquires a thorough knowledge of mechanics, with a view to its practical use when he goes back. One had been two years at East Hampton, and had profited by intercourse with cultivated people there; and both were in manners so refined and were so intelligent in conversation that they would be considered quite up to the level of the average Harvard or Yale student. They had often spoken of their plans for improving the mechanic arts in China, and evidently were given to dreaming dreams of what they meant to accomplish for their native country. Both thanked the superintendent heartily "for what you are doing for our countrymen." The subject of the education of girls came up; and these bright young men had the idea dropped into their minds that when they went home to live they would want girls instructed in the higher branches of learning, so as to be suitable associates for themselves. For, while it is considered a thing greatly to be desired in that country that the sons shall receive the very best education, since no man can rise to power without it, the daughters are left so far behind that our two students may hardly be able to find ladies, even of their own rank, who can understand what they are talking about.

The Chinamen here seem fond of telling news; they seem to know at once of the arrival in Boston of any one from their own land, with whom he is to work, and of every business change, and if any Chinaman is going to leave. The men in two or three of the laundries were full of news about some Wung, or Sing, or Hop, who had started that morning for China — they had attracted a good deal of attention on the street as they set out, with only one trunk among them.

At the shop of Wong Yuen Sool a lesson in English was given; and he managed well, only tripping over the word "*lazy*," which she wrote out and left for him to look at, and "*rough*," which was explained by passing her hand over paper and then over her shawl, whereupon his face lighted, and there came the usual response "*I know*," which is as common with

them as that other favorite exclamation, "*all right!*" In one of the laundries the Lord's prayer in two different Chinese dialects was hung on the wall, and the young man at work there read it to us in English, beginning at the top of the right hand column, and following down the picturesque columns row by row, seventy-three of those indescribable hieroglyphics being used. "God who *at* Heaven" was his form; and God is sometimes translated as "Emperor of Heaven" — that title representing their highest idea of power.

We went to see Moy Kwong in East Boston, who was most communicative of all, and more eager to learn than to look after customers. He was the man who was so anxious to improve every opportunity and begin on the spot, that once when the superintendent called on him, he sat right down on the floor in the middle of his laundry, and then and there began his lesson, presenting such a comical sight, with herself standing over him, that she could not help laughing. He now took up his book, which had both the English words and Chinese symbols, and gave us a lesson in the latter language. A single word, a gesture, or an exclamation conveyed the fact that he understood the meaning of the words in his spelling list. "*Grasp*" was one of them, and he clutched something in his hand, saying, "oh! I see! I see." Then came "*quake*," and so he shook and quivered, and said "*I know*"; then "*sharp*," at which he cried "*I know what 'tis*," and imitated the action of a blade; the flavor of something is explained quickly, "same as tea;" and when "*spruce*" was described, he dismissed it with a careless "oh! *I know tree*." indeed, some of his definitions were as original as that of another pupil who defined "*idiot*" as "nothing much." Meanwhile several customers had been in, and it was amusing to see how he would put on the most stolid look until the business was over and they had gone, when he wore another face altogether. But at last one woman entered, who was in a hurry for some shirts which he had not yet done. He dropped the book, vanished from the room, and was back again in less time than it takes to write it, with two hot flat-irons at the end of a long hook, one of

which he plunged into a pail of water to temper it, and then went to ironing with all his might, giving the other in turn a similar quenching which made a great sizzle, and using a bamboo knite like a paper cutter to slip up the pleats. He said he had twenty-four shirts to do that afternoon.

One man, though punctually attending the Mission School, still kept up the habit of burning incense — the place for which resembles a sort of bracket on the wall holding a shrine screened by a red curtain, with a picture on each side, probably of the appropriate deity. The incense or joss-sticks, on being lighted, burn with a slightly perceptible smoke, and hold fire a long time.

Our last call was on Mrs. Ar Foon, whose husband keeps a fruit store, the family living over the shop. She was a bright, plump, little brown woman of about twenty-five, dressed like American women, very social and confiding; and while she entertained us with grapes and pears in her prettily furnished parlor, she told us the story of her life — how she came away from China as serving maid for a child of the family that took her over, and all her vicissitudes since. She said that Chinese women sometimes came over as servants to the captain's wife, but usually go back in the same way, and she knows of none here now. She was from Hong Kong, and her husband from Amoy, and she could not speak his dialect at all; in her words, "*He can speak me, but I can't talk back*." She said the Chinese about Boston did not care to have much to do with them, because they had left off wearing "same clothes as Chinese;" but sailors from her native land came and stopped with them.

Among the beautiful articles she showed us, was a wonderful ivory ship with the crew on board, and a lady's work-box, in lacquered wood, with the daintiest outfit of ivory thimbles and silk winders, and reels for tatting; for, "oh, yes," she said, "ladies in China do tatting" — here, indeed, were specimens too many to name of the minutely finished and decorated handiwork of this strange people, who are destined, probably to come among us in yet larger numbers, and learn, who can doubt? — both material and moral good from our western civilization and christianity.

AT A DAY NURSERY.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

CAN you seem to see a pleasant house on a corner, with a large, sunny, front room lined with gay pictures of children and birds and flowers, with all kinds of playthings strewn around, and so many little children just about of a size that at first you can hardly count them, toddling about, dragging toy carts across the floor, riding rocking horses, tending dolls, doing almost everything?

And can you hear the indescribable and inextinguishable buzz and hum of all those piping voices,



LEFT FOR THE DAY.

as their owners are trying to talk and babble, and communicate their small wants and intentions to one another?

You must further imagine a dining-room, set out with tables so low and chairs so diminutive that a party of Tom Thumbs would be suited with the accommodations.

And you must go on and try to see, furthermore, overhead an airy chamber, with rows of cribs all dressed out in snow-white quilts and dainty square pillows; then a bath-room; then closets full of little clothes and every-thing for a child's comfort or needs. You must think of these places as bright, clean, cheery and attractive, like real homes for darling baby boys and girls.

Next you must think of a motherly woman and one or two kind girl-assistants, and a good-natured servant, who together take care of this house-full of children, all of whom have come to this lovely home from all kinds of miserable, filthy tenements, from families where cleanliness and fresh air, good food, pretty things, and pleasant ways and words are hardly known.

And yet, after all this preamble, do you know what a Day Nursery is?

It is a place where the young children of poor women are nursed and kept from morning till night, year in and year out, while the mothers are away at work. The children are taken not only free of all charge, but they are washed and put into clean garments (entirely clothed if necessary,) fed, amused, and taught to march and sing, and do many useful things somewhat after the Kindergarten system.

It is part school, and part play, and a great deal of being taken care of.

If I am not mistaken the plan was wholly a "Boston notion;" but it has since been imitated as all good charities are, till now there are similar institutions — if so they may be called — in several other cities, and they are on the increase.

It was started by some noble Boston women who wished not only to relieve the hard-working mothers, but to put the ragged, dirty, neglected, needy children in the way of growing up to a better and more useful life, with different ideas from any they could gain in their own squalid homes. And by starting them in the right manner, it was hoped that some influence might be had over the parents.

Miss Anna M. Balch, for now about seventeen years a teacher in the public schools of Roxbury, and

Mrs. Shaw, daughter of Professor Louis Agassiz, organized this beautiful charity; and the first Nursery was opened on Albany Street in Roxbury, about three years ago, and there the visitor will find the same obliging matron who has had charge of it from the beginning.

It is not the purpose to receive children before they can walk, but exceptions are made in extreme cases, out of kindness to mothers who are very poor and obliged to be away, and have no one to leave their babies with. Kindergartens are connected with the Nurseries, and as the children grow old enough they pass entirely from the charge of the latter.

Of course as infants of a year old are admitted and they may remain for several years, these little inmates rank all along in age; though sometimes they seem to be all of a size — a room full of babies. It is expected that all the youngest ones will have a nap in the course of the day; so they take turns by companies in being put to bed in the cribs up-stairs.

It is often an amusing spectacle when the time for the nap arrives. The little detachment of nappers usually reaches the crib-room in high spirits. There is nearly always a mad little frolic. Sometimes they run about to each other like so many elves, shaking hands, and crying, "How do you do? how do you do?" Sometimes there is a great Battle of the Pillows, the little ones standing up in their cribs and pelting each other. Five minutes more, and utter silence prevails. Each rosy rogue lies fast asleep.

Almost without exception, the hundred that I saw at the different establishments looked plump and rosy, which is owing in great part, no doubt, to the care they receive. When they are first brought, some of them are disgustingly dirty and in a condition most discouraging, but from that hour there is a new order of things. "They all are washed and combed," as one matron said, "at least four times in the day" — as soon as they come in the morning no matter how clean they are; before dinner; after dinner; and again before they go home. Every morning each has a clean apron slipped on which covers the

whole dress. The aprons are all of light-colored cambric or print — perhaps pink, or blue, or black figures on a white ground, so that the wearers look as fresh as can be. They really do not have much chance to go long with soiled garments, or to eat



THE FIRST THING TO BE DONE.

much more than one meal a day (except on Sundays) of the poorly cooked and unwholesome food their families live on.

The probability is that they seldom have much nourishing food except what they get at the Nursery; and, as some of them are there two or three years, this makes a vast difference with their healthy growth. They have breakfast at home, a breakfast of bread and tea, which the matrons who call there agree in saying is the chief food, or more properly, as said one, "bread and slop." The children will sometimes say, "I had bread and molasses and tea;" not often butter, or even milk. The very babies are fed on this "tea." They seldom have meat; when they do, they will speak of it. "Auntie" (as they call the matron,) "I had some meat this morning," or "I had some sausage." One of these ladies said that at one of the houses where she went she saw the

supper ready in the shape of a plate of great, flat griddle-cakes on the stove; and as the children one after another came in, they snatched one of these greasy cakes, tore it in two, and devoured it, and that was the way they took their meal. And where they had bread, they seized the loaf and pulled away a piece with their hands. Table-cloths she never saw; but once in a while there was an oil-cloth.

At the Nursery they have a luncheon in the forenoon, and at noon an ample, nutritious, nice dinner. The food is prepared in the house with great care, the bread being home-made and of excellent quality, both brown and white. When they are to have a sort of meat stew, the gristle and bones are taken out, the meat is chopped fine, and cooked till very tender and then some potatoes are put in. They have sufficient variety, all well-cooked — soup, oatmeal, rice, mashed potato, mush and other things, and always plenty of bread and milk.

And, oh! you should see those children eat!

While the preparations are going on in the dining-room, they are being made ready up-stairs — washed and brushed, and clean white linen bibs put on. They have a preliminary recreation of singing. The



GETTING READY FOR DINNER.—CLEAN BIBS.

teacher tells the story of the song, so that they will understand it, often making up her own music, which the older ones soon catch and the youngest ones try to, twisting their mouths into comical shapes.

Then they form a ring, and at the proper signal,

start down-stairs, singing as they go, hand in hand in a chain, the largest first and the tiniest at the end, with two ladies to guide them and keep them in order. At a touch of the bell they fold their hands; at another, they take their seats; at another, move up to the table and grasp their spoons.

They are not allowed to talk, but when they wish for anything raise their hands. For such children their behavior is admirable. And how hungry they are! Fancy the long, low, narrow tables, and forty children just able to manage a spoon; forty with their white bibs on eating bread and milk; forty shining faces, and little heads, some with crisp curls, some with hair combed straight back and held by a rubber comb, some with it braided in a tight queue and tied with a ribbon bow, and some kinky locks above a face as black as a coal. There are Irish and German, and Jew, and colored children, a good many Americans, and a few English and Scotch.

After the bread and milk is eaten, comes the smiling servant with an immense pudding-dish, and in it a mound of steaming mashed potato, light and white and hot and good, and every child has a saucer-full. Next, a slice of bread and a mug of milk to drink with it; and they eat and they drink till they can eat and drink no more. Then the dishes are carried away and the table-cloth; the bibs are taken off, and the matron begins to sing:

“We rise and stand behind our chairs,
And push them up to the table!”

With a start, and a whirl, and a push, it is done.

“And then we will march so gently along,
Up to our nursery play!”

And away the forty go in a winding chain up the stairs.

I was told that they always seem glad to come, and are contented almost from the first. The change from their dark homes is gratifying to them. Besides, everything is done to make them happy, and they become very fond of the matrons. One Sunday afternoon I went with one of those ladies to visit some of the poorest families in one of the worst localities, and the little children came running out from alleys and dark corners, calling “Auntie! Auntie! Oh! here is auntie!” till it began to seem like the magic influence of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

As has been said, the Nursery rooms are very attractive. Sometimes there is a canary, and the more noise there is the louder he sings, his small heart in the most demonstrative sympathy with the whole affair. Blooming plants are always in the windows — blazing nasturtiums, geraniums and verbenas, and such brilliant things, and all in reach of the restless fingers — but they never meddle with them! They are like all children, fond of flowers, and are continually asking auntie the names of the plants.

Now and then a big box of hot-house flowers is brought by their benefactress, Mrs. Shaw, and placed on the table till they go away at night, when each has a bouquet to take home. Then their enthusiasm breaks out in a long-syllabled “oo — oo — oo — oo — oo!” of delight.

To surround them with pretty things is part of the system of their infantile training. Mrs. Shaw's idea is that “If they are to be citizens, it is best to begin at the root.” It is meant that they shall have refining influences from the first. They are required to say “Please,” when they want anything, “Thank you,” and “Excuse me,” and to have kind and gentle manners towards one another.

When there are quarrels or acts of disobedience, there is some such punishment as setting the culprit in the corner with back to the rest, which is felt to be a great disgrace. Those in charge are not allowed to strike a child, or speak harshly, or use any severity; but misdemeanors must be punished in some way, and one of the matrons said her ingenuity was often taxed to the utmost to meet emergencies. She once laid a child on a shelf; and sometimes she took off the shoes and put the offenders to bed up stairs, or sent them down into the kitchen to tell their naughtiness and stay until they were penitent. As for the bad children who were guilty of swearing — and very small ones occasionally were — they had their mouths sponged out with cold water, and as they well knew what this treatment was for, it soon cured them.

Some days the whole Nursery would be tumultuous, just as schools will without apparent cause be in a state bordering on mutiny; or one child will defy the whole establishment, like a certain little Bridget who

threw herself flat on the floor, and straightened herself out, and bit and kicked like a vicious colt. And

I saw a pretty little Mary, pretty no longer, a mite of a thing not three years old, who stood like a post and scowled, and made her face as hate-



ON THE WAY TO DINNER.

ful and evil as if a bad spirit had got entire possession of her.

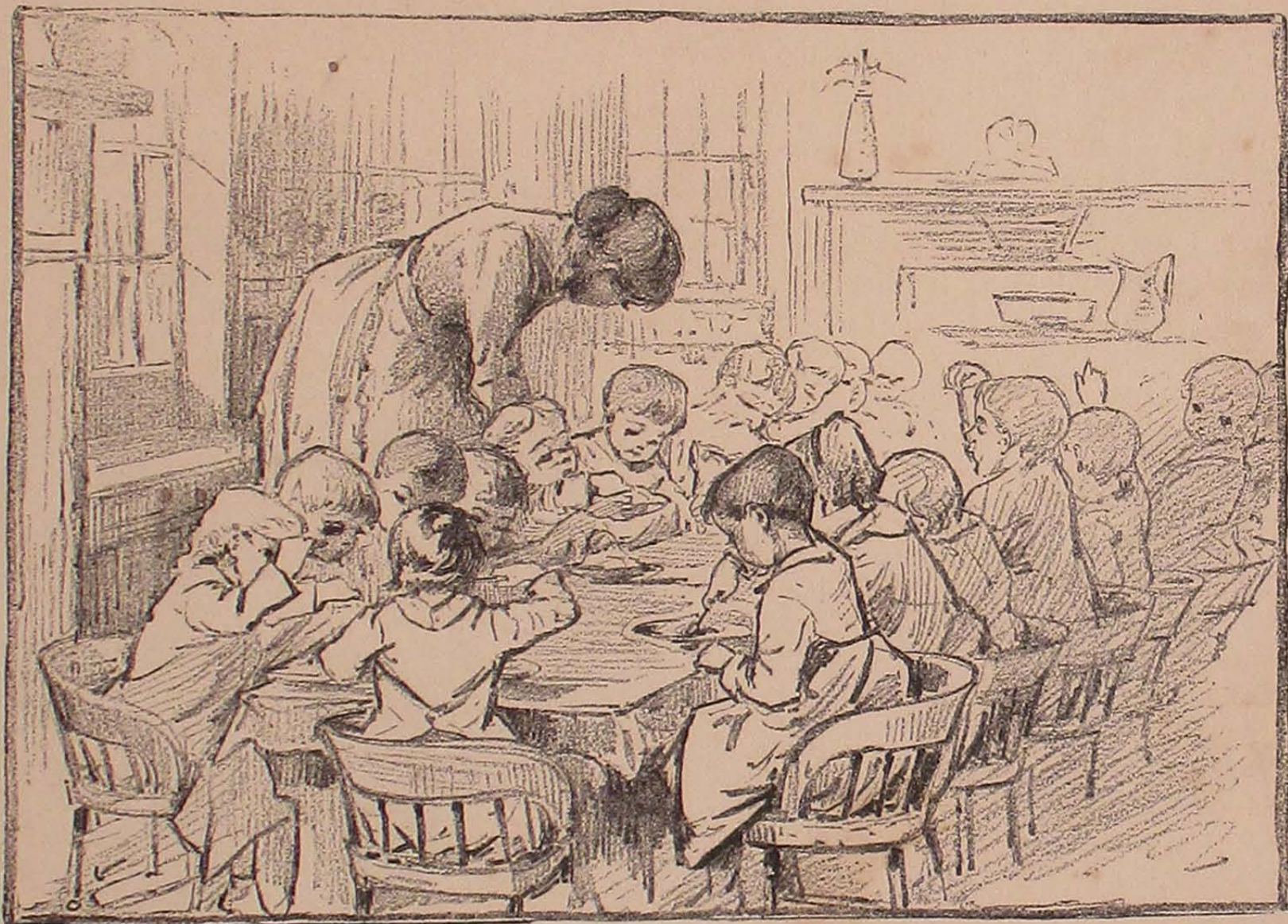
To meet all the needs, and to prevent unpleasantness, they have games and singing which brighten everybody up. They often “dance round the Barberry Bush,” singing:

“This is how we wash our faces,
This is how we brush our hair,
This is how we lace our boots,”

going deftly through all the movements ; or, two or three form a boat, while the others imitate rowing, all singing "Lightly Row." Or they play "school," or string great wooden beads of two colors. Sometimes to give them a change, they are set down at the tables where the smallest put blocks into different shapes, and the others work in worsteds. One little boy was doing this beautifully. He belonged to a family from Prince Edward's Island, and his mother was so stupid that she could not tell the birthdays of her children ! all she could say of her boy's age was that he "was

woman was given a pair of pillow-cases to make, and she went and sewed all the cloth into one immense bag, and thought she had done it right !

I don't know what there was *not* for playthings, besides handsome cloth picture books which they could take in their own hands, and others which they could look at, but were not allowed to touch. There was a great deal of story-telling and singing of simple songs suited to their child-minds, about things which appealed to their sense of beauty or kindness or were personal to them. They had a new book of songs,



AT DINNER.

born in haying time," and "the girl was born in the Fall."

From such families come some of the children whom these ladies were trying to teach neatness, order, and good-manners, and how to be industrious, and something about sewing. They are taught to sew on buttons ; and the tiny fingers, some as early as three, to sew patch-work over and over, with much painstaking and picking out of stitches on the part of the teachers. And the mothers of some of these very girls are so ignorant of how to do things — one

fully illustrated, with the simplest of music, prepared purposely for the Day Nurseries. Among these songs were some of the Mother Goose Melodies, such as "Little Bo Peep," and "Humpty Dumpty," also the pathetic story of "Cock Robin." And to these immortal old stories were added some new ones — nine original songs by M. L. Elliott, in the collection.

"Six little snails
Lived in a tree,
Johnny threw a big stone
Down came three."

That is one of them ; and that is all of it. One about "Dolly and her Mamma" begins thus :

"Dolly, you're a naughty girl,
All your hair is out of curl ;
Now you've tore your little shoe,
Oh ! what must I do with you ?
You shall only have dry bread,
Dolly, you shall go to bed."

But the prettiest sight I saw was a certain darling little girlie, and the prettiest thing I heard was the Irish song she sung me. The little girl was Jennie McGuinness, who was too large now for the Nursery and had been to the Kindergarten, and came in on her way home to see her dear auntie. She had always been a sensitive, loving, obedient, gentle child, who felt it so keenly once when the beloved auntie was sick in bed up-stairs that she observed the day, sitting silent, as if a grave sorrow oppressed her, although she was only four years old. She was at last allowed to go up and stand by the bed of the friend to whom this strange happening had come which she could not comprehend. Afterwards she asked, "Auntie, what did you have on? Did you have on a *white dress*?" The sickness seemed a kind of consecration to the wondering child.

It was this sweet Jenny came and stood by me and sung all she could think of the Irish songs, swinging her small body back and forth to keep time. She had a lovely face, such a tender mouth, and such limpid, blue eyes, and she looked like a picture, though her clothes were old and faded, for her mother was poor, and had "so many children she didn't know what to do." She had on a red hood rolled away from her forehead, a little plaid coat

with pockets, a blue and green plaid dress, faded striped stockings, and worn boots with the buttons coming off ; but she was a darling, and this is what she sang :

"Mother, it is eight o'clock—
Mother, can I go out?
Christie's at the corner,
Waiting to take me out.

"Throw down my bonnet,
Throw down my shawl ;
Throw down my Irish skirt,
I'm going to the Irish ball.



AT NAP TIME.

"First he gave me candy ;
Then he gave me pie ;
Then he gave me sixpence,
To go upon a sly."

While I was writing it down, the toddlers gathered round my knee—one of them with a doll dangling by one arm, and every one bringing some thing—a troop of Maggies and Patsies and Johnnies and Bridgets. Then the door-bell rang "*Ting-a-ling*"—and "Maggie Flynn" was called for—her brother had come to take her home. Then—"Ting-a-ling"—and "Nellie Malony, your mother wants you. She is going home from work." And so one after another, with a Good Bye, they departed, and silence fell on the house.

The toys were gathered up and put away for the night, the floors swept, and every thing was got in order for to-morrow.

And that is the routine of the weeks and months. There are no vacations except the annual holidays, and even then some of the matrons have actually been expected to take charge of children. One of them said that on Fast Day a boy came bringing his little sister, so that he might go and play, and he was so angry at her refusal to take his little charge off

his hands that he would not speak the next time he saw her.

And that brings up the question often asked—if the parents appreciate what is being done.

Many do and are very grateful, and begin to tidy up their poor homes and make their children neater; while others take it all as a matter of course, and a few have even been unfair in appropriating for older children the clothes worn home from the Nursery.

But the great-hearted women who control the enterprise keep on extending their work, from love to the little ones and hope in the future elevation of the class to which they belong. There are now Nurseries and Kindergartens sustained in this way not only in several of the poorer neighborhoods in Cambridge, Roxbury, Jamaica Plains and other suburban cities but also in Boston, where new ones are being established. Any one who cares to know can find out all about them, have the privilege of visiting them, seeing their workings and hearing the whole story from any of the gracious women who are in charge.



SOME INDIAN SCHOOLS.

BY MRS. THEODORA R. JENNESS.

A CERTAIN little boy, with whom I am compelled to be on rather intimate terms, notwithstanding his aversion to clean waists and school-books, being asked to bound the Indian Territory and describe its products, answered thus:

"Bounded on the north by Mississippi river and St. Louis; east by Kansas and Dakota, south by—I don't just remember now; west by Gulf of Mexico and Rocky Mountains. Products are pecans and razor-backs" (wild pigs), "and the Indian boys can eat the nuts and hunt the pigs with bows and arrows, and *never* have to change their clo'es or go to school, and I'd like to be a Territory Indian, so I would!"

Whether this idle little fellow drew his boundary lines correctly, you can see by looking on a map of the United States. That he was wrong in his belief that Indian children never have to go to school, I shall show by telling you about some Indian schools I visited while travelling through the Territory several months ago.

The western and central portions of the Indian Territory are given up to wild and semi-civilized tribes, while the eastern part is mostly occupied by the five civilized tribes—the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles.

These five are independent nations, ruled over by a

chief and council elected by the people, like the governors and legislatures of our States.

Even among the semi-civilized and wild tribes, mission-schools have been established; and in the five civilized nations schools are quite as numerous in proportion to the population as in the States. They are principally supported by the Indians themselves, who draw a large annuity from the United States—the interest upon money held in trust by our government, the sale money of lands sold to us by the Indians.

While there are larger institutions resembling our academies and local colleges, most of the schools are held in little houses scattered through the timber and the picturesque oak openings. To these little school-houses the Indian boys and girls trudge patiently from far and near.

Sometimes, it is true, a rabbit or a squirrel flies across the pathway of a little redman on his way to

cause a tardy-mark; and I have been informed that Indian children are, upon the whole, as regular in their attendance as white children, though the confinement of a school-room must naturally prove more irksome to these little red men and women, whose ancestors were rescued from a gypsy state but a comparatively short time ago.

One charming morning, just before Thanksgiving, I visited the Tullahassee mission-school, eight miles from Muskogee, capital of the Creek nation.



MOTHER ROBERTSON.

On the other side of the Arkansas river, which we crossed upon a ferry, we found a quaint old structure built of brick with curious little windows in the front, apparently designed to serve the double purpose of a fort or school as circumstances might require.

When we drove into the grounds the children were all out of doors. The boys were playing "shinny," laughing boisterously—the Creeks are a notoriously laughing tribe—while the girls were gathered in a circle playing something which resembled "drop the handkerchief"—only the girl who ran around the outside, briskly pelted the heels of the chosen one with nuts, instead of dropping a handkerchief behind her on the ground.

We were cordially received by Mother Robertson, as she is called, who, with her husband, has the mission-school in charge. For more than thirty years have this good Christian pair been laboring together among the Indians, accomplishing results that have been simply wonderful.

Mother Robertson was reared among the Indians. Her father was the Rev. S. A. Worcester, of Massachusetts, who went to Georgia as a missionary to the Cherokees in 1825, sharing their hardships for many years, and finally removing to the Indian Territory with the tribe after they sold their lands in Georgia.

"I played with Indian children when a little girl,



FIVE MINUTES OF NINE!

school arousing in his breast the love of chase so natural to his race. He starts in hot pursuit, forgetful of his duty, and there is a tardy-mark against his name that day at school. But white boys often

have worked among them since I grew to be a woman, and hope to be surrounded by them in my old age," said Mother Robertson, kindly patting a little Creek boy's head as he filed past her on his way into the school-room.

The apartments of the building were comfortably fitted up. The school-rooms, three in number, wore a particularly cheerful look. The pupils numbered over eighty, and ranged in age from nine to eighteen years. They boarded in the building, and were fed and clothed and taught by Mother Robertson, assisted by her youngest daughter and a lady teacher from St. Louis. The Creek Nation owns the building and the grounds; but the expenses of the school are paid by the Presbyterian Mission Board of the United States, the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher's church contributing a most liberal amount.

There is a farm connected with the school, on which the boys are required to work certain hours each day throughout the farming season, while the girls are busy in-doors, making beds and washing dishes, helping cook and doing laundry work. The girls are also called upon to mend the boy's clothes; and when I tell you that the boys are not restrained from climbing trees, and joining in wrestling matches—wise Mother Robertson remembering that they are boys, and Indian boys at that—no doubt you will wonder how the girls can find a minute's time to play or study.

"It's the dreadfulest work of all!" exclaimed a little girl of twelve, who bore the funny name of Nancy Goose. "If you've done something wrong you have to mend a boy's jacket to pay for it, and they do tear such crooked holes! Robert Stuart's blouse 'most always falls to me, and he has got the sharpest elbows that you ever saw. They will stick through, and 'taint a bit of use to try to keep 'em covered up."

Although a great proportion of the Creek children can speak English, they love to sing and chatter in their native tongue, and nothing gives them more delight than acting as interpreter between some proud old Indian who disdains to speak the English language, and a white person who is ignorant of Creek.

Many boys and girls, however, have entered the Tullahassee school without the slightest knowledge of the English language, and by diligent work have made good progress in their studies. I recall one little boy, who scarcely understood a word of English when he came to school the year before, and could

not read and spell in Creek, and now wrote promptly and correctly on the blackboard words of two syllables, and added figures numbering tens of thousands.

The regular course at this school takes the pupils through the primary, intermediate and grammar classes, occupying three years; but they frequently find ways and means by which to overstay their time and take a higher course of study.

"They don't *love* to work—these Indian children—but they will hoe corn, wash and iron, or do anything to be allowed to stay with us," said Mother Robertson. "One poor girl was so distressed on being taken home that she cried continually until her mother brought her back. She now stands at the great sink in the kitchen washing dishes. happy as a bird."

I passed Thanksgiving morning with the Cherokee



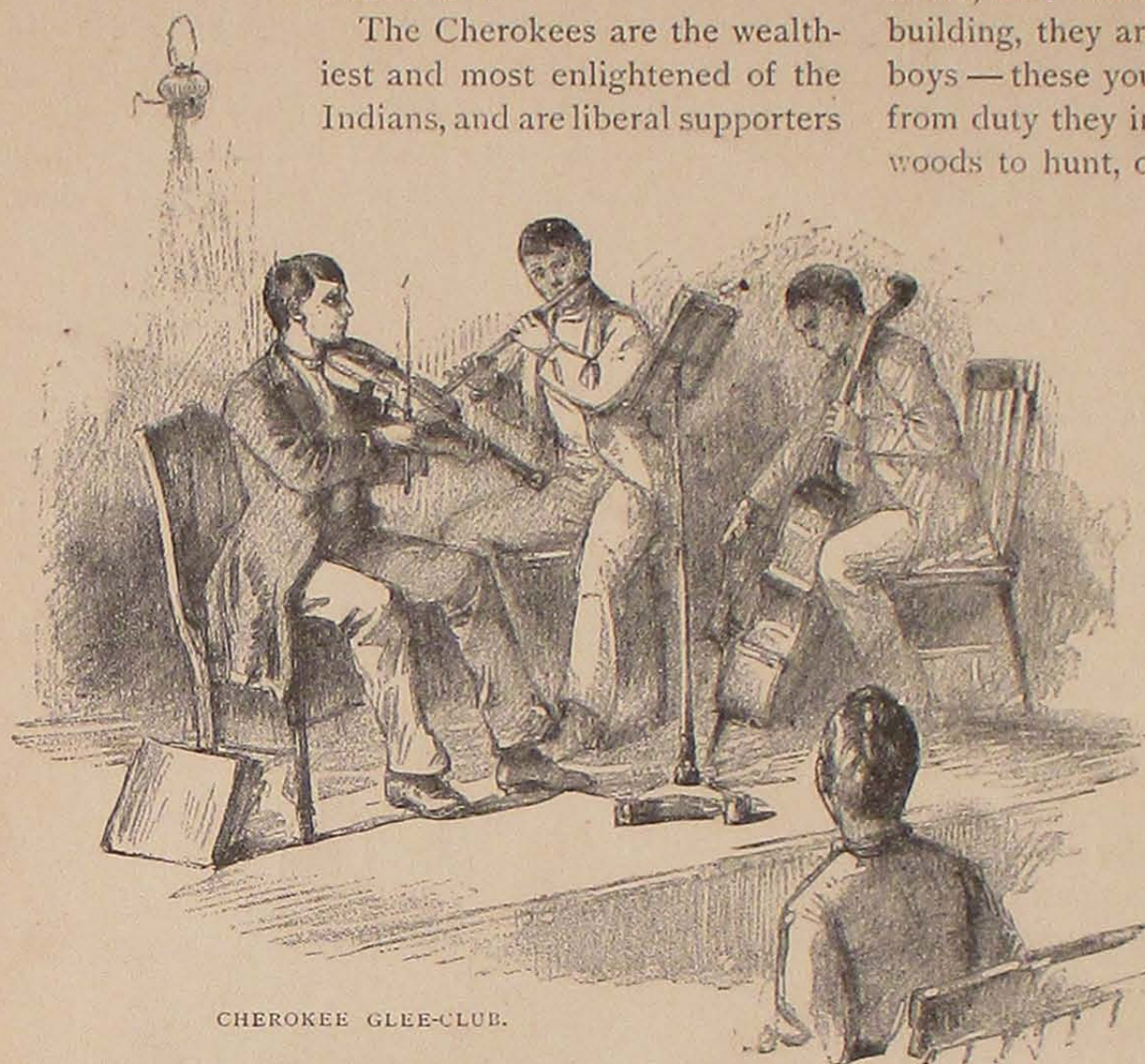
NANCY GOOSE'S TRIALS WITH ROBERT STUART'S BLOUSE.

boys, near Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee Nation. The seminary is a commodious brick building with wide porticoes, upheld by heavy pillars upon every side. It is delightfully perched upon a hill, looking down on woods and streams, and charming valley nooks—a real hunter's paradise, wild enough to suit the fancy even of an Indian boy.

A hundred boys are being educated at this seminary, paying two dollars a week for board, except the

primary scholars who pay nothing, and receiving their tuition free.

The Cherokees are the wealthiest and most enlightened of the Indians, and are liberal supporters



CHEROKEE GLEE-CLUB.

of schools and churches. They are mostly of a mixed lineage, many of their ancestors having been white men, and the boys and girls are like Caucasians, with soft dark eyes and hair and olive skins. I remember one—a chief's son—with a free proud step, and graceful form and face remarkable for its intelligence.

"His right name is Henry, but we call him Prince, because his father is a chief, and he's so proud," replied a boy of whom I asked about this handsome lad. "He don't take his turn a-waiting on the table like the rest of us. He used to have to, but he dropped the plates—a-purpose we all reckoned—so Professor Vann agreed to let him off if he would play the fiddle in the glee-club at our literary once a week. He's too proud to do that even, but he'd rather than pass round hominy to us hungry chaps."

There are but two women in attendance at the school, a matron and a chief cook, and the boys are forced to keep their rooms in order, mend their own clothes, scrub the halls and dining-room, and wait upon the tables, in return for the tuition allowed them by the government.

Though they are orderly and busy during study hours, and while attending to their work about the building, they are a happy, rollicking set of school-boys—these young Cherokees—and when released from duty they immediately betake themselves to the woods to hunt, or gather in a band in some retired corner of the building, creating harrowing music from base-violos, violins and horns, which instruments are always badly out of tune from violent exercise. If a Cherokee boy is not allowed to scrape a violin and hunt, you may expect to see a most unhappy youth.

There were four teachers in the school, all eastern men except Professor Vann, the superintendent, who was a native Cherokee. This really remarkable young man had gained an education in all the branches of a college course with no other aid than that found in a district school-house near his father's cabin. He had never been outside the Territory, save on one occasion

when he crossed the line into Arkansas; yet you never would have guessed this fact, so well informed was he by reading books of travel. I regret to tell you that Prof. Vann died suddenly a few weeks after I visited the school—an incalculable loss to the entire nation.

As it was Thanksgiving day, I heard no recitations from the classes; but I saw the students all assembled in the chapel after breakfast for devotional exercises, followed by short speeches from the teachers. Another interesting feature I will mention briefly:

At the close of the exercises one of the professors read from slips of paper, which he had required the boys to lay upon the table, the reasons for Thanksgiving which most impressed their minds. One little fellow in the primary class, who had but recently recovered from a dangerous illness, wrote as follows—I copy word for word from the original: "I am thankful to God that he has brought me up out of the valley and shadow of death and made me well again."

Another said: "I am thankful for hominy, and for a liberal lot of sorghum to eat on the hominy."

A junior of fifteen expressed himself in this way: "I should have been much thankfuller to-day if the

Pilgrim Fathers hadn't landed on Plimmuth Rock in 1492, for then the indian wouldn't have been cheated out of what was his by goodrights, but could have enjoyed iquil rights with the white man that surrounded him."

There are primary and preparatory courses occupying two years after which the boys enter the collegiate course, as it is called. I will give the studies of the senior year so that the older boys who read this sketch may see how far they are ahead — or possibly behind — these studious young Cherokees:

First Term.—Geology, Latin — Cicero — Greek or German, Mental Philosophy.

Second Term.—Political Economy and Civil Gov-

disappointment of his comrades, though they did not grumble and cry out "foul play!" as I have heard white boys sometimes. One pleasant trait of character which Cherokee boys possess is their exceeding love of peace. They seldom quarrel, and are polite to all with whom they come in contact.

While in the yard we saw a group of boys gathered around a pony on which two of them had placed a youth who had a red shawl pinned about his shoulders, covering his arms from sight. The latter did not touch the pony's bridle, which was fastened to the pommel of the saddle, but chirruped to the little animal, who started off upon a careful trot.

"Is that boy ill?" I asked the lad who had sup-



TARGET-SHOOTING.

ernment, Latin — Horace — Greek or German, Moral Science.

There is a weekly drill in elocution through the course; and the students are required to write essays and orations, and be ready to debate a question at the meeting of the literary club, whenever called upon.

After the exercises in the chapel, we went into the yard to see some little fellows practice target-shooting with their bows and arrows. We wedged some pennies into split sticks, driving them into the ground, and, measuring off the distance, asked the boys to shoot. One of the smallest boys won both the pennies in the first charge, and several afterwards, to the

plied me with a bit of news about the chief's son, and who had from some cause followed me around, at a respectful distance, ever since.

"No, ma'am, he's well now, but he's lost his hands and feet. He got thrown off a frisky horse last winter way back in the timber where there wasn't anybody passing. He was hurt so bad he couldn't walk, and had to lie there on the ground all night — right in a raging snowstorm too. When they picked him up next morning he had frozen his hands and feet and had to have 'em taken off up to his elbows and knees. He bore it like a brave one though, and wouldn't take a sniff of chloroform."

"Does he attend school now?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am, and he's right up with the rest of us. He's a prime book-keeper, writes the neatest hand you ever saw—slips the pen into a band strapped round his arm above the elbow, and beats the rest of us that have two hands. He's got a trained pony, and the boys are good to him and help him round so much you'd think he was some kin to all of 'em."

After the dinner of roast turkey, oysters and plum-pudding, the boys received permission to attend the girls' reception at their seminary, three miles off. We followed the popular rush, and found the girls arrayed in their becoming best, gathered in the nicely furnished parlor of the school.

This building is a twin-sister to the boys' seminary, and very much the same inside, except that here and there are scattered little ornaments and bits of fancy work, displaying feminine taste, of which the boys' quarters are conspicuously bare.

I had heard unsparing praises of these little Cherokee maidens, but was not prepared to find them so unquestionably nice in personal appearance and behavior.

"We had to hurry through our dinner, and had scarcely time to do our hair and dress," said one of them as she tripped down the stairs in something of



A CHEROKEE MAIDEN.

a flutter, putting up her hand to poise a bright-winged butterfly among her glossy braids, and giving her claret cashmere a rather nervous little shake. "That dear old sleepy chief of ours has preached to us two hours in Indian—he can speak English, but he won't—and we couldn't understand *one word!* None of us speak Cherokee," she added, for I must have looked surprised. "My mother was educated in New Haven, and was a pet of Catharine Beecher, who used to come and give the girls long talks and good advice. So of course she wouldn't have come back and gone to speaking Cherokee!"

This was an ex-chief's daughter, whose father's father had been a Scotchman of high birth; and with the blue blood of this ancestor she had inherited her mother's piquant beauty, rendering her a veritable little princess.

The course of study which the girls pursue is very like the boys', except that their attention is devoted rather more to music and special feminine accomplishments.

A Cherokee woman, called the manager, directs the household matters at this school. There is a preceptress and a music-teacher from the States, and two assistant teachers—Cherokee girls, who have been educated in an Eastern school. These girls, not twenty years of age, teach languages, philosophy and mathematics in a thorough manner, and by their graceful, dignified deportment exert a strong influence in the school.

There is conferred each year upon the member of the primary class the board deems most deserving, a scholarship by which she is enabled to complete the higher course of studies free of all expense. Many of these little girls have come from backwoods cabins destitute of comfort (there are no cities in the Territory, and the little towns are few and far between), and you can readily imagine what delight they take in being pupils in this pleasant school. One of them sang very sweetly and recited in an interesting manner at the impromptu exhibition which came off at our request Thanksgiving evening.

"She has won the scholarship this year, and we are all so glad, for her mother is a poor widow, and the child is eager for an education," whispered the younger Cherokee teacher who sat next me in the seat.

PARENTS' REFERENCE PAGE.

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